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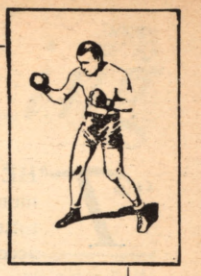

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Annually, for the last eleven years, "The Ring" has compiled a rating of world boxers that has been the last word in selections. The Ring's Annual Ranking throughout this long stretch has stood the test with close to 81% of its leading choices in each division coming through.

This astonishing record proves that the method followed by "The Ring's" staff is the ideal method for selecting the world's leading boxers. It is based on ratings alloted the boxers by one hundred and two of our best correspondents throughout the world, men who are recognized as leaders in their profession. Then comes the final compilation by "The Ring's" editorial staff consisting of Eddie Borden, Daniel M. Daniel and Nat Fleischer. That assures us of a rating which cannot be beat. There are none who follow world boxing more closely than Borden and Fleischer.

Annually, the eyes of the boxing world are focused on the February issue of "The Ring" for the year's rankings, and in our next number, our readers will again find the "All America" choice. Don't miss it.

Watch for it. If you are a manager, a promoter, a sports writer, a boxer or only a reader — You will not want to miss this feature.

There is no greater publicity and honor that a fighter can get than to have his name appear among the elite in

THE RING'S
ANNUAL RATING OF BOXERS

In addition, there will be heaps of photographs of the leading fighters and photographs of the year's most thrilling battle.

The issue of the year, That's what the February issue of "The Ring" will be.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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An Open Letter to

"THE beaten champion, through puffed and bloody lips, mumbled something about not being in shape as his tottering figure was helped out of the ring,"—Fateful account of a great ring battle just a few years back. And who was it wrote that immortal verse called "The Playboy's Lament" and sent it down to posterity? Was it Keats or Browning or, mayhap, was it Ace Hudkins or the late Harry Greb? Or it might have been Maxey Rosenbloom himself.

At any rate this is it:

"Which is the right life,
The simple or the night life?
When, pray, should one arise,
At sunset or sunrise?
Which should be upper,
My breakfast or my supper?
The simple or the night life—
Which life?"

And all of that strangely subtle little question inspires this open letter to Max Baer, heavyweight champion of the world—Mr. Baer, the luxuriant luxurist, somewhere on a safari, somewhere on his endless divergings around the Western World.

Dear Mr. Baer:

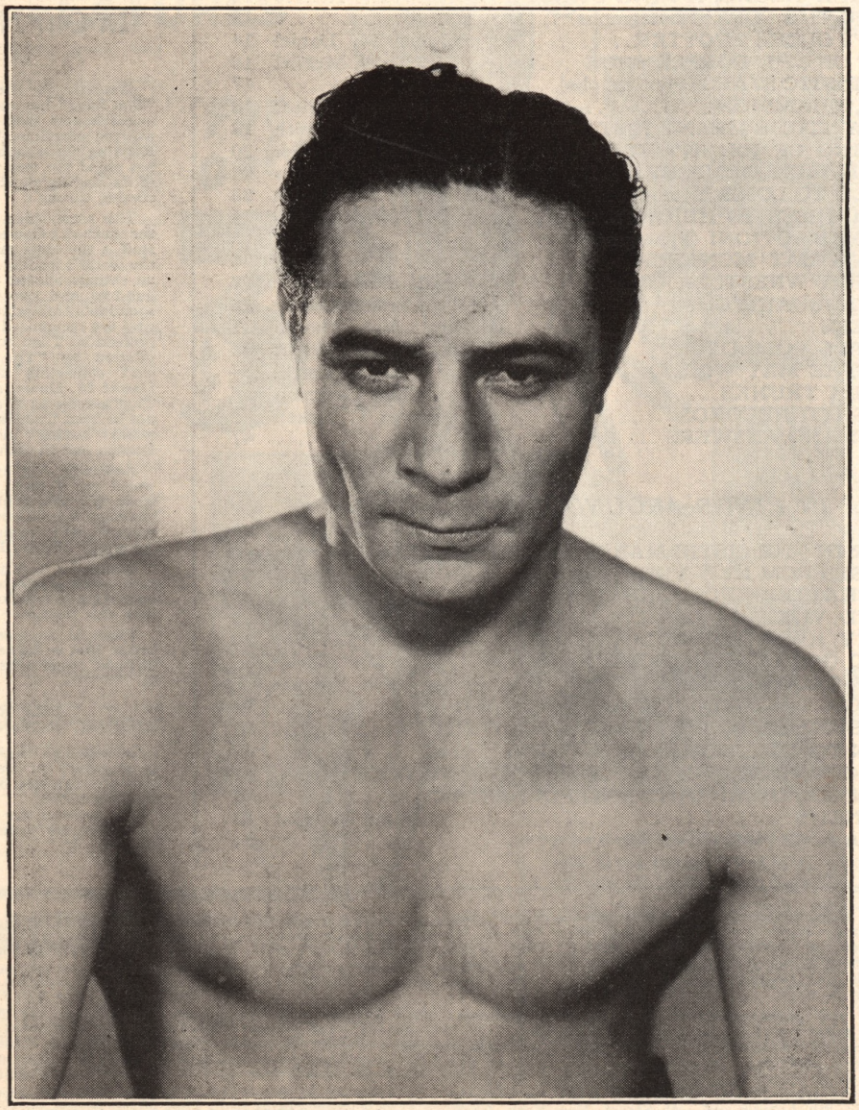
It is not the purpose of this communication to complain in any way about your general scheme of life, which of course is your own, but we would call your attention to the indisputable fact that idleness has killed more champions than have blows from an opponent—not at all, you understand, in the sense of physical demise, but as a source of ending their athletic careers. It has occurred to me to sense the danger of your situation and to say something about it. People are talking and as a friend of yours, I am alarmed.

What Kismet has in store for you is unforetellable but, Max, you can't make a fool of the truth. The social lion quickly becomes the fistic lamb.

Harking back to the distant past, we recall that most all of the champions have failed through sources that could be traced directly to luxurious habits, not necessarily of a vicious nature, you understand, but yet luxurious to the degree that said champions were taken out of the beaten paths that should be trodden by all real champions—the paths of rectitude, of fortitude, submerging one's self in the general cleanliness that all good athletes are called upon to observe.

There came, initially, the mighty John L. Sullivan, first man under the Queensberry code to make the five-ounce glove a prominent weapon of warfare. John at one time was a man of wonderful parts and the fear of him made his mere name a terror in all paths that fighters sought. But he sagged away, oh, so far! Even in his salad days, when he was looked upon as unbeatable, he had a terrible time with a man who wasn't really great—Jake Kilrain. And he couldn't whip a mere middleweight in the person of Charley Mitchell, bare knuckles and all, in an encounter that really should have been easy for a man with such a reputation.

John lost his title to a bank clerk of few physical attainments—James J. Corbett—but a man who outsmarted him by living a lowly and discriminating life, if not of the godly sort, at least of the righteous. You see, Max, Sullivan died athletically of what might be termed dry rot, although John never could be categoried as among the "drys" as we came later to know that expression. His was the life of ease because he was not called upon, through adulation of his vast following, to be anything else.



Max Baer in a serious mood. The trouble with the heavyweight king is that he is not in that mood as often as he should be.

* * *

CORBETT adopted similar lines in a different manner. He too, was luxurious but his luxuriousness had some meaning, some sense. James was out to make money but his yearning was for the stage end of it. He fought when called upon, didn't care much for liquor, yet he stepped fast among fast-steppers. Without particularly notable physical attainments, as already noted, and of which you are so plentifully endowed, Jim did wonders. We'll pass that over and say that the beloved Jim was a notable exception.

Came next the freak Fitzsimmons, not an intellectual giant, but a whale of a man physically. He had the underpinning of a welterweight but the torso,

BAER, *Heavyweight King*

By ED W. SMITH

arms and back of a two hundred-pounder. His was the fighting instinct but with a strong undercurrent of a yen for idling. His passion was diamonds and a supersmart style of dressing himself and his people. He had an odd taste in the matter of liquor—two parts whiskey and one part Worcestershire sauce! If that wouldn't burn you, Max, my dear boy! Yet, in his ring work, tricky, crafty, with a wizardry of hitting that was almost unbeatable. Yet he too sagged badly.

Then popped up the honest old boilermaker of the story—ponderous and somewhat stodgy James J. Jeffries, son of an itinerant preacher in Ohio and who later himself got religion and wanted to preach. Jim stepped into the mahogany frame of this picture with a flare, a tremendous man all covered with hair like a gorilla, and properly three-sheeted and banner-lined. He caught the fading and rather threadbare Fitzsimmons in an unwary moment and whipped him to a frazzle. Another strong case of the luxurious style of playing around by the freckled one.

Big Jeff liked the bright lights, the smooth ways of the hero worshiper, and the adulation of those who frequented his Los Angeles drinking shop. Already huge and terror-inspiring, he became bigger still and finally announced that he wished no more commerce with the fighting game.

* * *

DURING the interims of his suzerainty, there came Marvin Hart of Louisville and Tommy Burns of Canada to whom Jeff, too busy with idleness to think of fighting, gladly assented to giving the big title over into their possession. Jack Root of Chicago and Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia likewise were present but not taken any too seriously.

Burns was the real article, it developed, or at least was so regarded, Jeffries himself being among those who airily said, "Take 'er, my boy, and God bless you!" Tommy, too, was a luxurist. He really didn't know it but the trait developed quickly. He and his manager, Billy Neaill, spread it on so thick they looked like a portion of Haverly's minstrel parade coming down the Boul. They wore tall silk hats and wide-flared frock coats during daylight hours and otherwise outraged the conventional, doing many things sartorial that were not considered *au fait* among our first families. They opened wine in public, but drank water in private, until they got to England where the British sports taught 'em what their leading tipplers considered good taste at two p.m. and good judgment, if any, at two a.m. You drink in England or you don't belong.

* * *

A HUGE Negro, Jack Johnson, supported by Sam Fitzpatrick and a considerable bankroll, took up the chase around the world, through England and Ireland—Johnson and Sam always being just a few jumps behind. They caught up to Tommy and Billy in Sydney, Australia, and that was the road's end. Johnson demanded a fight and Burns, thinking to stall awhile and never dreaming it would be taken seriously, asked $30,000 for his end to battle the Negro. The luxurist was cornered, knew it and took his seemingly simple way out. To his consternation, Promoter Hugh McIntosh agreed to provide that amount, Johnson was easily satisfied financially and away they went. Again luxurious life got in its work. Burns was beaten soundly.

Of Johnson, little need be said. He came back to America, shook off his faithful friend, Sam Fitzpatrick, and thereafter didn't have much luck. But his arrogant attitude grated on American people and there was a strong demand for his defeat and immediate transport to oblivion. They tried to cajole Jeffries out of retirement and off rum-soaked Spring Street in Los Angeles, but not until Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason, ill-assorted teammates in promotion, put the bid up to $101,000 along with plenty of garnishments did Jeff agree to fare forth again. Alas! "the grape" had done its work all too well. Jeff was too flabby to stand training and was bowled over miserably.

Here is Max, the entertainer.

Johnson got into serious difficulties, chiefly through flaunting his newly acquired luxury tastes and they picked out the best man, they thought, to lick him. Jess Willard did the trick in Havana, Cuba, Johnson wilting under a scorching noonday sun on the Orientale race track. Willard was accepted as a real champion but he was hardly that. He had small mental acumen, no balance of a physical nature, and fell into the sloppy ways of the circus with which he traveled at a huge daily wage.

He liked his toddy straight and often, defended his title but once during his tenure of office and when the fresh young Dempsey, able and desperate, took him on in Toledo, it was just a question of how soon the newcomer would sink one deep into the highball department and take the title. You see, Willard was sort of a homespun luxurist. He did all of his batting around behind locked doors, hence the public saw and knew little.

At that, Dempsey had difficulties with the huge ex-cowhand. He really won in the first round but difficulties with the bell sent it on into the fourth, which found Dempsey almost as tired as was the well-whipped Willard. Jack's luck carried him through. Willard tossed in his own towel.

* * *

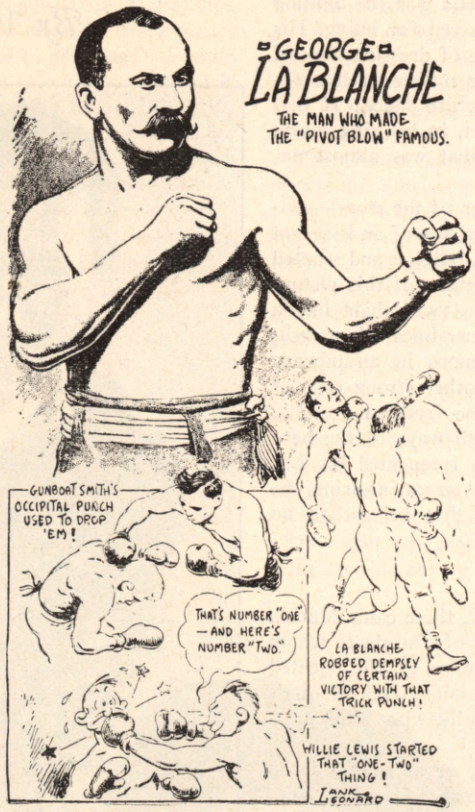
DEMPSEY didn't drink but his idleness and inclination for things other than his own profession brought him a lot of woe. His idleness started athletic dry rot and in almost every defense of his title he had trouble. With (*Continued on page* 46)

New Punches *Merely* Bare-

By
GEORGE T. PARDY

THE next time you read of some champion in his training camp perfecting a "new punch" for the edification of a prospective opponent, don't worry yourself trying to figure out just what it can be. For "there ain't no sich animal!" The art of pugilism has known few changes since emerging from its dark ages into the scientific era, which is popularly supposed to have begun with the shifting from the London Prize Ring Rules and bare knuckles, to the Queensberry methods and padded gloves.

This is an incorrect view, however, for scientific boxing may rightly be said to have come into its own with the advent of the sixteenth London ring champion, Daniel Mendoza, the first Jewish ruler of the fistic roost, and the man who was also the first fighter to evolve a system of defense which included nimble footwork, the trick of hitting and getting away without a return, and strategy in general of a kind that was bound to revolutionize the crude, straight slugging tactics then in vogue. Mendoza won the title in 1794, and from that time on the sport gained appreciably in scientific polish.



George La Blanche, who started something when he knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with a pivot punch.

If you study the accounts of some of those old-time battles, you will be surprised to note how familiar the details seem, outside of the fact that, instead of breaking from a clinch, the contestants wrestled to a fall, which decided the end of a round. But they boxed pretty much as their descendants do today, and there isn't a blow in the whole modern fistic category that cannot be traced in the descriptions of milling handed down by the ancient chroniclers.

The slang has changed, and the terms applied to the punches may differ slightly from our standards, but the men of the turf and bare mawlies jabbed, swung, hooked, countered and uppercut with the same dexterity which characterizes a slick leather-pusher of the twentieth century.

* * *

RING followers will remember how, prior to the winning of Jack Sharkey's world heavyweight title by Carnera, what a lot of mystery the publicists sought to build up around Primo's supposedly new punch, a secret invention of fiendish effectiveness which would astonish the universe when the huge Italian turned it loose in actual combat. Came the eventful night when the Primo man soaked the Sharkey chin with a right which started from his hip, and scuttled the ex-sailor then and there.

Well, the secret was out, and the secret wasn't a secret at all; nothing but a plain, old-fashioned uppercut that dated back to Mendoza's day. Yet that didn't prevent one enterprising metropolitan journal from screaming in an exultant headline—"CARNERA'S NEW BLOW BRINGS HIM WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!"

The Carnera uppercut failed signally when Primo was socked silly by Max Baer with punches about which there was nothing secret whatsoever. Strange to say, the publicity sharps overlooked the new wallop angle when sending out their boosts for Baer, and Max went into the ring equipped with nothing save the ordinary brand of buffets. The publicity hounds were also remiss in this respect as regarded the two McLarnin-Ross battles for the welter title. Both Jimmy and Barney, like Baer, had to get along as well as they could with the old common style of slams.

Probably this was just as well. Even though the fight public be largely composed of confiding saps of the type the late lamented Mr. Barnum was in the habit of listing as liking to be fooled, yet there's a limit to credulity, and it is unwise to glut the market with too many newly invented ways of battering the human mug or carcass. By the time Baer gets ready to defend his title, it may be safe to start the punch-manufacturing machine up again.

* * *

THIS punch-discovering racket dates back quite a long way. Few of the recent champs in any division posed as wallop-inventors. You may look in vain for any evidence of such genius in the make-ups of Jack Sharkey, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, Jack Johnson, Jeffries, or Jim Corbett. But the fame and name of Bob Fitzsimmons will always be connected with the so-called solar plexus jolt that stopped Corbett and made Fitz the champ.

And how the national press did play that solar plexus thing up, crediting the winner not only for his scrapping ability, but the keen sagacity he displayed in studying anatomy prior to the engagement, and selecting for his target a spot in the human frame, the weakness of which was altogether unknown to the average citizen! As this made Bob look like a pretty smart fellow, the new champ stood for the printed statements complacently, quite undisturbed by the fact that, until he saw the words in the newspapers, he never knew that he, Corbett, or anyone else, rejoiced in the possession of a solar plexus.

As a cold matter of fact, it was a blow to the wind-region of the stomach, or what the old-timers used to call the "mark," that put Corbett out. Or, as his conqueror described it in confidence to his intimates—"a bloomin' good belly clout was what finished Gentleman Jim!" How the solar plexus myth obtained circulation is another story.

One of Mr. Hearst's reporters, the same Bob Davis who is now with the *New York Sun*, covered the Carson City fight. He was en route for the Golden Gate immediately after the battle, and in a neighboring seat in the train sat two well-known San Francisco physicians who had witnessed Fitzsimmons' triumph. The conversation took a professional turn, and one of the doctors discoursed profoundly with his colleague on the nervous shock to the system produced by striking the "solar plexus," as he termed the spot where Fitz's winning punch had landed.

Bob Davis overheard, and was greatly intrigued by this fascinating expression. He butted into the conversation and had the medical gentleman illustrate his meaning. That gave the scribe a brilliant inspiration. Here was color, right to his hand! And so it followed that readers of the Hearst newspapers learned the following day that not only had a new heavyweight champion been crowned, but a new blow, the "solar plexus," had been discovered and wielded with deadly effect by the victor.

Knuckle Swats *Revived*

OTHER papers followed suit, and thus was the ring vocabulary enriched by a word that caught on like wildfire among the patrons, although it was really just a case of calling a spade an "agricultural implement." In one of the earliest engagements chronicled in Fistiana we read of how Whitaker, one of the pupils of Figg, the first bare-knuckle champion, knocked a giant Venetian out of time by a "good English peg in the stomach!"

At least that was what Captain Godfrey, a notable sports-author of the year 1733, called it for want of a more flowery term. It wasn't until many generations had come and gone, or to be specific, in 1897, that Mr. Hearst's enterprising scribbler exposed the ignorant pugs and sport writers who had never known that the solar plexus existed.

It was probably the success of the solar plexus ballyhoo that led to the fathering of the corkscrew punch by one of Fitz's most celebrated contemporaries, Kid McCoy. The versatile Kid never overlooked an advertising chance, and he took particular care to let the press-stand occupants know that most of his spectacular knockouts were accomplished with the aid of the aforesaid "corkscrew."

This was accomplished by giving the left arm a slight twist when landing a jab, with the result that the partially revolving glove described a downward arc that usually cut the human target's skin. It really was quite an effective trick, and Harry Harris, who afterward became world's bantam champion, learned it from McCoy, and used it as neatly as did the Kid himself.

But as to it being an original invention the less said the better. Wilmington Jack Daly, one of the best lightweights of the late nineties, who met and defeated many topnotchers, was noted for the manner in which he cut up his opponents, and with artfully curved lefts got results precisely as did McCoy. But Daly, although in the front ranks of his class, was a novice compared with the astute Kid in the art of getting publicity, and the latter's claim to the corkscrew invention was never disputed.

* * *

AND here again, ancient history comes to the front to show that "there is nothing new under the sun." Tom Spring, heavyweight champion in 1824, fought Jack Langan of Ireland, on January 7 of that year. Langan was knocked out in seventy-seven rounds. A fistic commentator of the day wound up his account of the battle as follows:

"Spring's superior science won for him. His straight left deliveries played havoc with the Irishman's mug, and gradually wore down the son of Erin. A curious vagary of Spring's left was the way in which he seemed to twist his fist, just as it would strike Langan's face. Many of the Corinthians present remarked on the odd, down-chopping movement, and how it actually appeared to scrape off the Celt's cuticle in shreds. Langan's eyes also suffered severely from these visitations."

If Kid McCoy's "corkscrew" wasn't a direct descendant of Tom Spring's "twisted left," then there's no longer any faith to be placed in family resemblances.

* * *

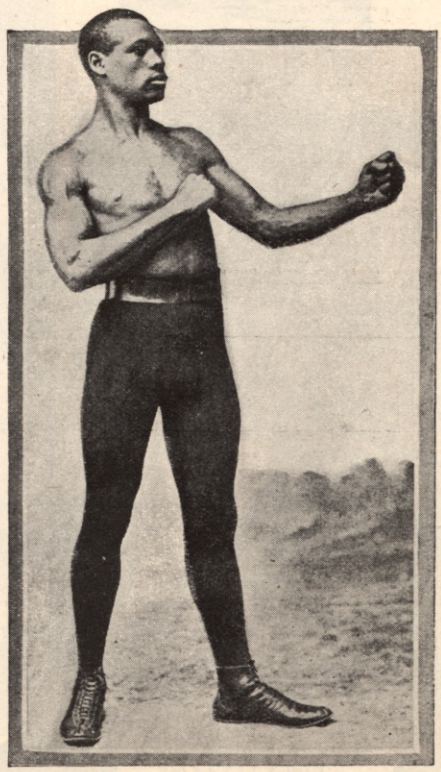
WHEN Sam Langford was in his prime and scoring those frequent lightning knockouts which made him the most dreaded colored heavyweight of his day—not even excepting the man who was later destined to become world's champion, Jack Johnson—the boxing writers gave much space to discussion of Sam's right to the jaw, which traveled only a short distance but shocked the recipient into oblivion like an exploding bomb. The scribes called this the "six inch punch," and many of them hailed it as having been conceived and developed by Langford.

None of the veteran writers or sports made this mistake, however, for they had seen numerous knockouts scored by the blow in question long before Sam Langford ever figured in the ring. This short, straight right to the jaw was also a favorite with Fitzsimmons and many another good man, although Langford undoubtedly utilized it with a smoothness and effectiveness that has seldom been equalled.

The punch was well known to the "fancy" of the London ring, technically, as the "inside counter." It was delivered by the simple process of slipping inside of or warding off a left lead, and shooting the right full on the jaw, with the weight of the striker's shoulder behind it. Some pugs varied the delivery style by catching a left lead on the elbow, and hooking the return counter down to the jaw. In either case the punch never had more than a very few inches to travel.

It was the inside counter or six-inch punch, whichever you prefer to call it, that was responsible for one of the few defeats sustained by Jem Mace, world's heavyweight champion, in the sixties. The occasion was a return match between Mace and Tom King, the latter having previously lost to the champion. Mace had the battle well in hand, and King was groggy and close to defeat. Suddenly, as Mace led with his left, King stepped well inside the lead, letting it go over his shoulder, and snapped his right straight to Jem's jaw with terrific force. Mace went down, badly dazed. He could not recover from the stunning effects of the blow, and was kayoed in the twenty-first round.

The inside counter was responsible for many of Jimmy McLarnin's quick knockouts. Jimmy delivered it like a master, as Jackie Fields, Kid Kaplan, Sid Terris, Phil McGraw, Stanislaus Loayza, Joe Glick, Sammy Baker, Ruby Goldstein, Al Singer, and many lesser lights of pugilism could testify.



Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, popularized the crouch which made Jeffries famous.

* * *

IT was this short-punching, dynamite right that won Jack McAuliffe's admiration to such an extent that the veteran ex-lightweight champ okayed McLarnin as the closest approach to the old-time high-quality battlers that the modern ring has produced. But Jimmy failed to put Barney Ross down with his favorite crusher, for the latter, like the brainy student of fisticuffs that he is, developed a defense against that particular weapon of offense which completely neutralized its effectiveness. Those who witnessed the two welter title engagements between McLarnin and Ross will remember how cleverly the latter guarded off, or dodged, the deadly right auctioneer.

Billy Madden's heavyweight, Gus Ruhlin, who made an unsuccessful attempt to wrest the championship from Jim Jeffries in 1901, was credited by the fight historians with the invention of the "scissors punch." Press agentry had not developed to its present high-screeching status then, but there were a few sagacious managers, among whom the subtle Mr. Madden was numbered, who were seldom

at a loss to feed enquiring reporters with news items that read well on the sport pages.

The so-called scissors punch was nothing more than a left wallop over the ribs, followed up by a swift right jolt to the chin, one blow coming right on top of the other, and, purely in the imagination of the gifted Mr. Madden, resembling the shutting down of the two blades of a scissors. But Madden made the name stick, even going to the length of having an artist draw up a diagram of the scissors style of assault, which was duly reproduced by the press. The fact that, from time immemorial, scrappers had been following up a rib-roaster with a chop on the chin did not deter the publicity-mongers from boosting Ruhlin as a guy with a brand-new slugging idea, and the scissors boom didn't die out until Jeffries had half murdered its supposed inventor.

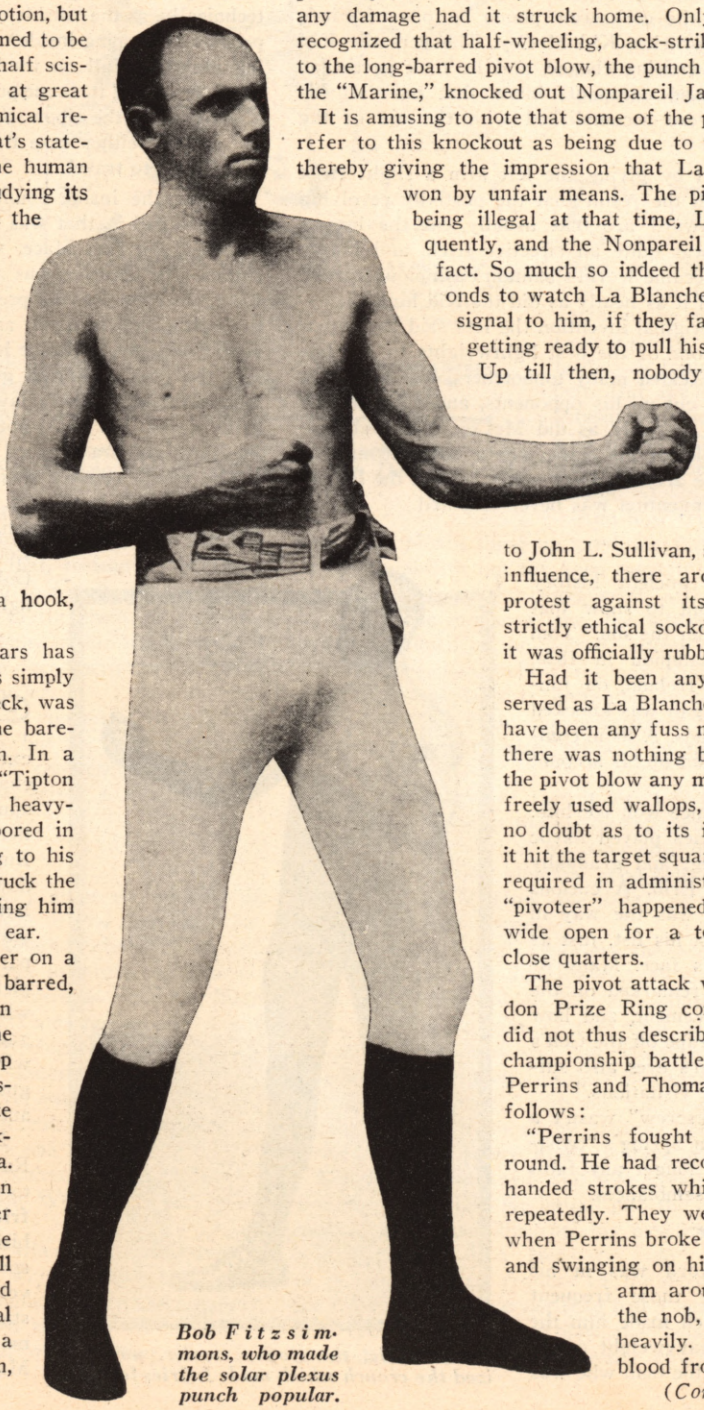
* * *

AFTER Battling Nelson became lightweight champ in 1908, the Durable Dane, who was something of a press agent himself, plagiarized the Billy Madden notion, but only in part. For the Bat modestly claimed to be the discoverer of what he called "the half scissors," and in a press interview dwelt at great length on the results of his anatomical researches. According to the versatile Bat's statement, he acquired a large chart of the human body and put in many weary hours studying its tender spots. Ultimately he fixed upon the liver as an especially desirable target.

One suspects that Bat was also guilty of plagiarizing from the Fitzsimmons solar plexus publicity, for, as before mentioned, lanky Bob was credited by the press with being something of an expert on anatomy. However that may have been, Bat Nelson put his stuff over with great éclat, and news gatherers who ought to have known better—and perhaps did in some instances—eulogized the "half-scissors" as a startlingly interesting discovery of great moment. Whereas it was nothing more than a hook, or jolt, to the ribs!

The "rabbit" punch, which for years has been barred by fistic authorities, and is simply a blow delivered on the back of the neck, was freely used in the nineties, and by the bare-knuckle men of an earlier generation. In a battle between William Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," and Tom Paddock, for the heavyweight title in 1850, Paddock was floored in the twenty-seventh round, but leaping to his feet, just as Perry turned away, he struck the latter on the back of the neck, knocking him out. The punch landed near the right ear.

However, Perry was declared winner on a foul, not because the neck-blow was barred, but owing to the fact that time had been called before Paddock delivered the punch. A chopping left or right wallop under the skull-base, usually administered while in a clinch, was a favorite trick of Australian fighters of the Jackson-Goddard-Slavin-Fitzsimmons era. When Joe Goddard, the Australian "Barrier Champion," kayoed Peter Maher at Coney Island in 1892, a couple of these vicious neck-choppers took all the vim out of the Irishman in the third frame, and paved the way for the final sleep-producer that Goddard landed a few seconds later. Not every neck punch, however, is a rabbit blow.



Bob Fitzsimmons, who made the solar plexus punch popular.

GEORGE DAWSON, a crack Australian welter, who came here in the nineties, was always credited with introducing the kidney punch into American rings. It would be far more correct to say that Dawson popularized the punch, which he was an adept in using; for not only did the bare-knuckle gladiators employ it, but their descendants in both English and American fighting circles were no strangers to its deadly efficiency.

Tommy Ryan, a great rival of Dawson's, was particularly fond of cutting loose with the kidney punch and it was one of the most favored blows in his repertoire up to the time he retired as middleweight champion. In later years when boxing became, shall we say, more "genteel," the kidney assault came under official ban.

When Art Lasky dropped a much-disputed decision to Steve Hamas in the Garden recently, the referee afterward declared that he scored one round against the first-named scrapper because Lasky let go a back-hand slap at his opponent. The offense was probably unintentional, nor would such a light delivery have done any damage had it struck home. Only the ringside veterans recognized that half-wheeling, back-striking motion as a cousin to the long-barred pivot blow, the punch with which La Blanche, the "Marine," knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in 1889.

It is amusing to note that some of the present-day record books refer to this knockout as being due to the "illegal" pivot blow, thereby giving the impression that La Blanche's victory was won by unfair means. The pivot blow was far from being illegal at that time, La Blanche used it frequently, and the Nonpareil was well aware of the fact. So much so indeed that he cautioned his seconds to watch La Blanche closely, and, if possible, signal to him, if they fancied the "Marine" was getting ready to pull his favorite stunt.

Up till then, nobody had kicked about the pivot as a corrupter of ring morals, but immediately after the Nonpareil, who occupied a niche in public affection only second to John L. Sullivan, succumbed to its narcotic influence, there arose a general howl of protest against its inclusion among the strictly ethical sockdolagers of the ring, and it was officially rubbed out of the picture.

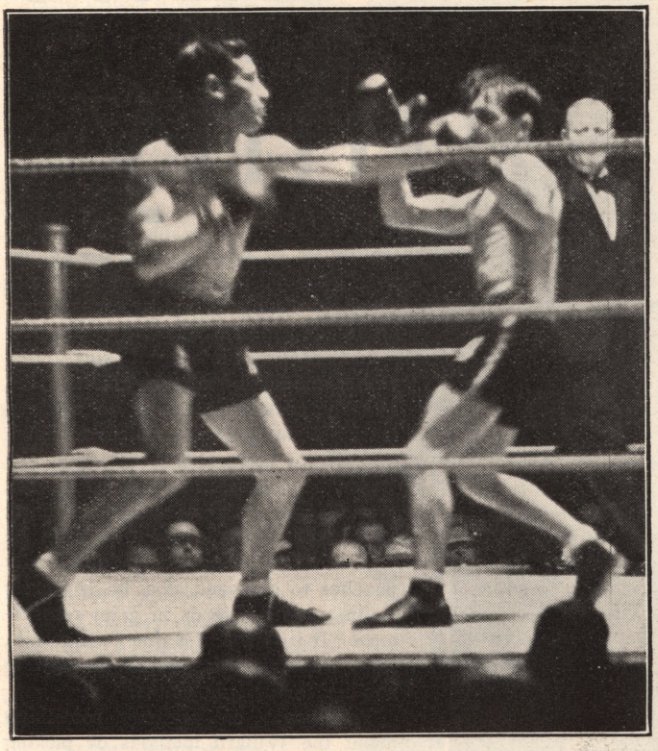
Had it been any ordinary fighter who served as La Blanche's victim, there wouldn't have been any fuss made whatever. After all, there was nothing brutal or inhuman about the pivot blow any more than dozens of other freely used wallops, although there could be no doubt as to its immense efficiency when it hit the target squarely. Good judgment was required in administering it, too, for if the "pivoteer" happened to miss, he was left wide open for a terrific counter-punch at close quarters.

The pivot attack was familiar to the London Prize Ring contestants, although they did not thus describe it. In an account of a championship battle in 1789 between Isaac Perrins and Thomas Jackling we read as follows:

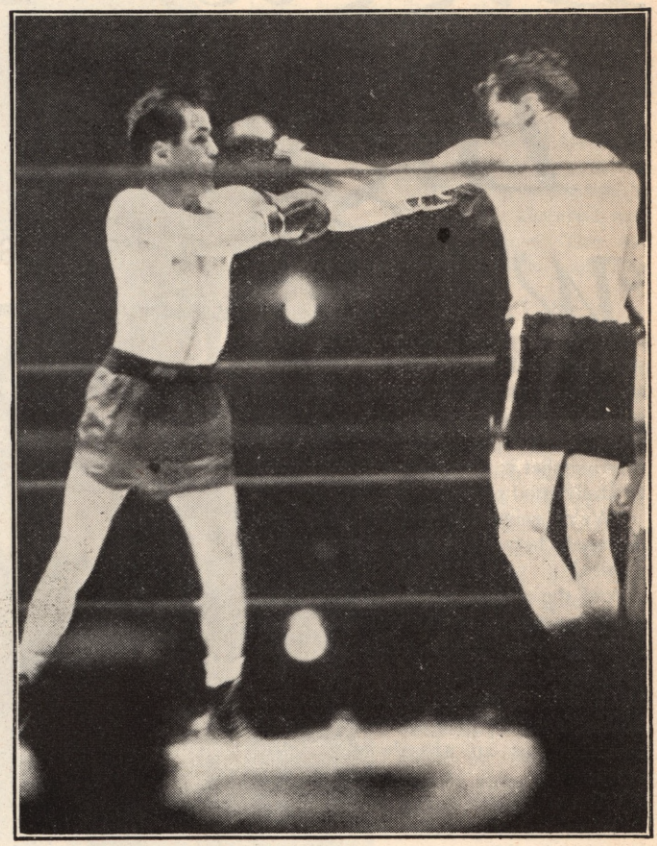
"Perrins fought low in the forty-first round. He had recourse to vigorous back-handed strokes which drove back Jackling repeatedly. They were fibbing on the ropes, when Perrins broke away from a close rally, and swinging on his heel brought his right arm around with great force to the nob, sending Jackling down heavily. The blow also drew blood from Jackling's potato trap

(*Continued on page* 41)

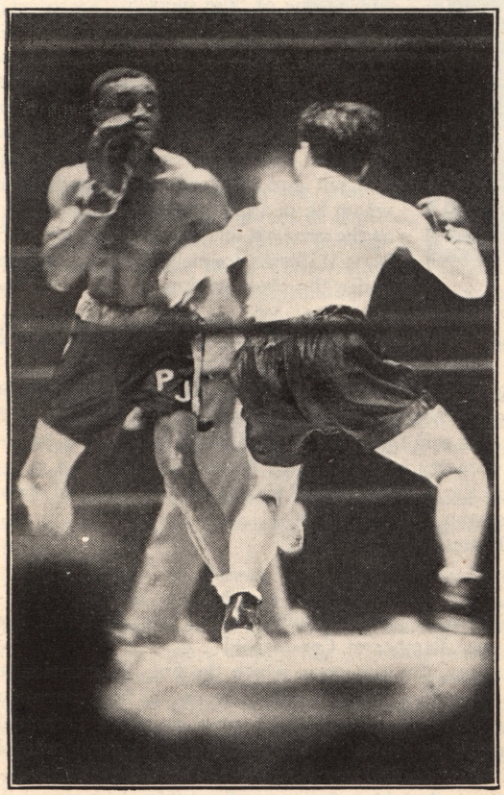
Snapped in Recent Bouts



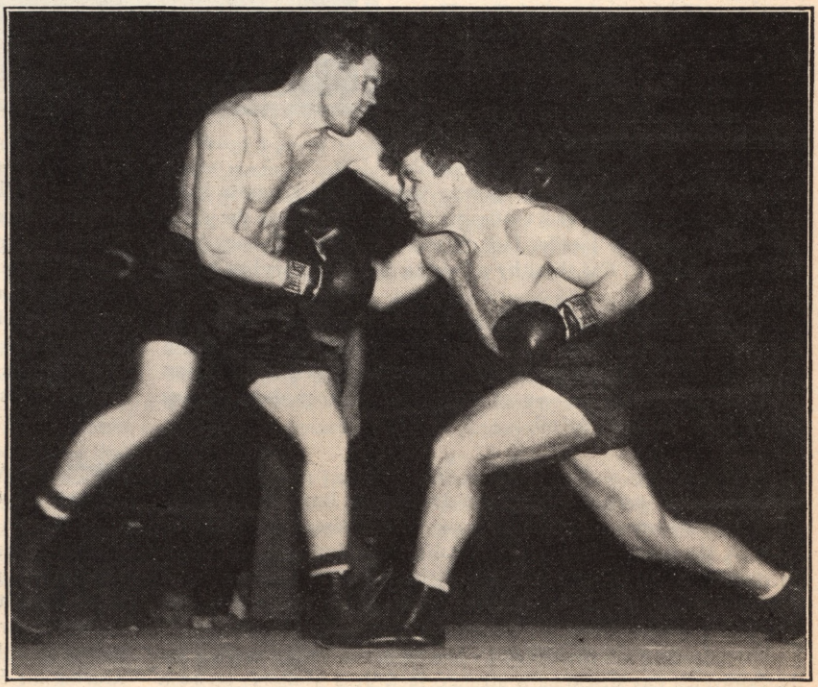
Jackie Kid Berg (right), considered a has-been in New York, won the British lightweight title by defeating Henry Mizler. The towel was thrown into the ring in the tenth to save Mizler.



Frankie Klick (left) proved that he is still in the going for a fight with Barney Ross when he outpointed Harry Dublinsky in their Garden mill. Dublinsky had a seven-pound margin on Frankie.



Young Peter Jackson, Pacific Coast lightweight, guarding his jaw from Tommy Falco's right which is about to be sent across. Jackson lost the bout by a wide margin. It was his New York debut.



Mickey Walker (right) and Natie Brown in their contest in Washington which was declared a draw. Here we see Mickey sinking a right to Natie's stomach.

Biggest "Ex-" Has *Biggest* Family

By "THE SPORTSMAN"

WHEN the piquant Hannah Williams first dropped into Los Angeles, a short time back, as Jack Dempsey's bride of a few weeks, she made an unusual and quite unique statement covering the immediate future. Almost weird was this naïve little remark, considering that it was made in Hollywood to Hollywood people.

"We're going to have children," she declared, "because Jack and I want a big family."

And the almost bashfully boyish ex-champion fighter of the world chuckled in happy acquiescence, smiled worshipfully upon the pretty creature and gave her a little pat on the shoulder that was nothing short of pure adoration. And he remarked, as an afterthought apparently:

"And why not?"

There appeared to be no answer to that but it did suggest a new line of thought to a little group of Jack's pals who were toasting the newlyweds.

"That chap you licked for the title has set you a good target to shoot at," kidded one of the group, "if you're really in earnest in what you say."

Dempsey didn't laugh back. Instead he shook his head thoughtfully. "He's mighty lucky, that big fellow," Jack said with conviction, "and I tell you candidly that I envy him."

Recently there arrived in the Dempsey household the nucleus of "a big family," when the delightful Hannah presented the burly ex- with a baby daughter. And the idea suggests itself that at least three of the ex-champions have attained the same idea of an extensive family. Jack Sharkey and Gene Tunney have been favored with fine, healthy offspring and seem mighty happy about it.

Jess Willard.

But the original idea suggested in that homecoming party to the Dempseys, less than a year ago, brings out some interesting facts about the ex-champions of farther back, and it all makes an intriguing story, because champions of another day and age didn't have children at all.

* * *

LESS than twenty miles from Dempsey's Barbara Hotel in Los Angeles lives the man they were discussing that day at the party—Jess Willard, tallest and heaviest, mightiest in stature, of all the dozen or so of the fellow ex's, and up to a few years ago, *father of twice as many children as all of the other ex's put together!*

And a survey of the situation covering pugilistica from John L. Sullivan's day discloses a strange fact. Jess Willard, up to a short time ago, was the only ex-champion of a line covering over forty-two years—vogue of the Queensberry code—who is the father of what may be designated as a "good old-fashioned family." There are three daughters and two sons, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-five—fine, healthy, intelligent kids, filled with sound ideas and much ambition, but sensibly content just now to abide a murky situation that threatens to finish some happy college days.

For, be it known, a collapsed market, especially in real estate, hit Jess hard. But with much the same stoicism he once used in shaking off the foe's deadly punches to chin and ribs, he is merely smiling at his friends in grim reassurance. "It isn't the first time," he recalls, "and we always staggered through to another fortune, didn't we?"

There was an uncanny something about the Willard methods of picking the right spots. He "fell" into Hollywood years ago, and one corner he picked out on Vine Street at a mere trifle, then, shot up a few years later to $1,500 a front foot. That's just an example—one of "the spots."

All seven of the Willards can smile—and mean it. Their saving grace is a happy sense of humor. These kids get it from both parents. It may be news to many that Jess Willard, taken out of a frequent mood of self-consciousness and put amid folks he likes and with whom he is a bit familiar, can be funny as the very old dickens. And the amiable Mrs. Willard's frequent side remarks go under the classification of bon mots, no less.

These Willards are tucked away in great comfort, if not actual affluence, in a northeasterly corner of Glendale's prettiest foothill sector, about twenty miles from Los Angeles in what is known as Verduga Woodlands. For the truth of the yarn I would not vouch, but it is said that when Jess Willard bought this handsome piece of property and announced he would move in at once, the members of the Glendale C. of C. immediately adopted their once famous slogan for the place—

"America's Fastest Growing City."

* * *

THAT Willard outfit must have looked like an awful big crowd to the Chamber of Commerce!

Be that as it may, the acre upon which the fine old mansion is nestled bears everything, and in addition has a fine mountain stream tearing through the yard the year round, a perpetual water right that lends a most romantic tinge to its great natural beauty. There is peace and comfort there, accessibility and excellent neighbors, and amid such surroundings this giant ex-, now nearing his 51st milestone, has put in some active days. Recently, to recoup his fortune, Jess decided to follow in the footsteps of his conqueror, Dempsey. He toured the country as a great boxing

and wrestling referee, but failed to make a financial success of the venture.

Not far away, on his own Rancho Chupa Rosa, lives the excellent John Steven McGroarty, old-time newspaperman and sage of Verduga Hills. He and Jess are pals. And less than a half dozen miles farther to the westward is the James J. Jeffries rancho with its numerous Burbank enterprises.

In between this great pair of ex-fighting men lies what was once the happy home of Ed "Strangler" Lewis, an "ex-" in the wrestling line, and also a great buddy of the other "ex's." Lewis gave up his home in Rossmoyne after the death of his wife less than a year ago. Ray Steele, wrestler; Frank Wykoff, famous amateur sprinter; and Babe Herman, slugging Cub ball player, are within a stone's throw.

Jack Dempsey spends his time while in Los Angeles at his Barbara Hotel out on Sixth Street of the main city. Then, too, there is Tommy Ryan, one of the greatest fighting machines among the welter and middleweights of three decades ago. He lives in a beautiful little town called Palms, just adjacent to the big movie colony at Culver City where the fabulously rich M-G-M and other studios are located. There are other and lesser ex's and nearly-wasers scattered all over that sector. If it's athletic atmosphere of another or this day that one craves, it's yours aplenty.

Jack Sharkey, at peace with the world, in the bosom of his family.

* * *

STRANGE indeed are the vital statistics surrounding these tremendous frontispieces of pugilistic history, brought up at the time by that happily hopeful little remark of Hannah Williams, otherwise Mrs. William Harrison Dempsey. There have been eleven out-and-out champions of the heavyweight division since John L. Sullivan. The list starts with the late James J. Corbett, who was the first champion under the Queensberry code.

All but two of them are alive—Corbett and the man who snatched the title from him in that memorable battle in Carson City, Nev., on St. Patrick's Day of 1897, Bob Fitzsimmons. Neither Sullivan nor Corbett had children but there came a son to Bob Fitz, the freckled one.

This was the only child born to a champion and his wife up to the time that the tremendous Willard stepped into international fame.

They called him Robert, Jr., and he aspired to be a fighter. At least they said he did, although privately it is understood that the boxing game never had much of an appeal to him. He got nowhere beyond the ordinary. He resembled his mother, who was the once famous Rose Julian of acrobatic fame and had few, if any, of the strangely effective physical qualifications of his mighty dad. He was shapely to a marked degree, molded along Adonis-like lines with the handsome features of his rather beautiful mother.

Nature, in the chiseling of this young athlete, blinded herself in total disregard of the grotesque and, in spots, absurd lines of "Ol' Bob," who was something of a gargoyle viewed at any angle, but who could fight just a little better than any man of his day. Bob was knockkneed terribly, had unmatched feet, long, unnatural arms, hands like a couple of pine knots, a misshapen, badly humped back, the whole topped off with a sort of pinhead, too small for the huge shoulders, and quite bald, with a straggling fringe of red hair.

This unconventional freak, the nonconformistic monstrosity, "Ol' Bob," won the title by licking the cleverest man of any time. The son couldn't lick anybody much.

* * *

THERE was a strange romance in the family of that powerful Cornish blacksmith, horseshoer and wheelwright. Bob had a perfectly good wife when he first came to this country, really in search of the middleweight title, then held by the original Jack Dempsey, known as "The Nonpareil." Later on when he had achieved fame and a slather of vaudeville and other show dates, he chanced in his travels upon an internationally known team of acrobats, the Julians—Rose and Martin, brother and sister. Theirs was one of the real classy acts of the day and from their first appearance on the same bill with Bob Fitzsimmons as the big star, romance took a strange hand.

George Clarke, a Chicago restauranteur, was manager of Bob when he licked Peter Maher in New Orleans but later they fell out and Bob was doing business only with ordinary agents. That made it a nice situation for the entrance of the smart Martin Julian.

Perhaps what made it a lot easier was the fact that Bob became smitten with the more than comely Rose, and Martin, in turn, achieved a great fondness for Mrs. Fitzsimmons. So Martin was made manager of the brawny champion, Mrs. Fitzsimmons got a divorce and married Martin, and soon after Bob and Rose decided to try and hit it off together. Bob Jr., was the only offspring. After Rose met a most unfortunate end, Bob remarried but there were no children out of that union.

Jim Jeffries and his wife have been together happily for a great many years but there was no issue, and none came to any of the subsequent champions, Jack Johnson, Tommy Burns and Marvin Hart (if you will make him a champion), until the ponderous and convincing frame of the Pottawatomie cowboy ship-ahoyed out of the distant plains of Kansas, where they grow 'em big and strong.

The Willards had an excellent start on the road to a big family long before Jess became champion by whipping Jack Johnson. And now it seems to be a common aim among the ex-champions to rear large broods of little kids. Gene Tunney and his gracious wife are on the way; Jack Sharkey long since started on the way to a big issue and now comes Dempsey.

Just what may happen if Primo Carnera ever marries can only be guessed but if he takes heed of the Mussolini example, he will be many times a daddy. Max Schmeling has made no announcement and there remains only Max Baer.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Garden Plans to Use Carnera if Hamas Balks
Primo May Fight Max Schmeling in Miami
"The Ring" Has no Affiliation with Any Other Book

RECENT events down in South America indicate the accuracy of the report that appeared in THE RING following the knockout of Primo Carnera by Max Baer, to the effect that the Italian will be the next opponent of the Livermore Larruper in a return engagement at the Garden Bowl next summer. Two months following that report, I again stated that every indication points to such an arrangement, because it is the most logical, and in this issue I repeat that when Baer enters the ring in the first defense of his title, his opponent will be Carnera.

From information I have gleaned, Carnera's trip to South America was purposely arranged to give Primo an opportunity to knockout a few set-ups, just as he did when he first came to this country, and after he has regained the spotlight, he will be matched with Max Baer, regardless of how many fights Hamas, Lasky or Schmeling should win. Although the Garden matchmaker, Jimmy Johnston, and Colonel Kilpatrick, the president, naturally are doing their utmost to pair the leading heavyweights in an effort to keep things going and to obtain for the House that Tex Built the most lucrative bouts, they have given considerable thought to the return bout between Baer and Carnera because they realize, as do thousands of other fistic enthusiasts, that such a bout would be the biggest drawing card of any in the field at this writing.

* * *

IN order to bolster Primo's stock, the Garden is seriously considering a match between Primo and Schmeling for Miami, the opinion being that the Italian can take the former heavyweight king, an opinion in which I concur. Should such a contest be arranged—and it already has the sanction of Louis Soreci, manager of Carnera—it would be a big attraction for the Florida Bowl and, even should the dope go wrong and Carnera lose, the Garden would still have a bigger attraction for Baer in Schmeling than in either Hamas or Lasky, neither of whom has as yet developed into a real menace for the heavy hitting Baer or into a big drawing power.

Despite the terrific battering Carnera received at the hands of the Californian in their last engagement, there are thousands of fans who would flock to the Long Island Bowl to see a repetition of that mill because it was the most thrilling heavyweight bout since the hectic affair between Dempsey and Firpo. The crowd would know what to expect and no doubt would be thoroughly accommodated. Such a contest would undoubtedly place on view more knockdowns and more sensational battling than was in evidence in the last encounter and there certainly was plenty there.

That is why, mates, I feel certain that the next world's heavyweight championship will be between Max Baer of California and Primo Carnera of Italy, unless Primo clashes with Schmeling in Miami and Herr Max wins, in which event, Schmeling will face Baer in a return tilt—another great drawing card.

* * *

THERE is still a chance, however, for Hamas, Schmeling or Lasky to jump in ahead of Carnera. If Hamas and Lasky should engage in a sensational return battle, with one emerging the victor by a decisive margin, and the winner of such a contest should meet Schmeling in a similar hectic affair; then the victor of such an elimination would receive first call for the Baer match. Such a victor would be the outstanding figure among the heavyweight contenders and could not possibly be ignored.

If, however, the mentors of Hamas and Schmeling take the position that such an elimination is unnecessary, then they are going to find their charges among the spectators at the next heavyweight championship bout. That's why I feel it is foolhardy on the part of Charley Harvey, who handles the affairs of Hamas, to insist on his sit-tight policy. It won't get him anywhere. Nor will such a policy get Schmeling anywhere. The fighters and managers have it within their grasp to reap a little harvest if they are made to see the light. Will they do it?

* * *

IF the splendid turnouts at both the opening shows of Madison Square Garden in New York and the Chicago Stadium are any criterion, then boxing is in for a good financial indoor season. The $19,000 receipts at the Day-Sagilio match in Chicago and the $21,925.27 for the Garden card, with Dublinsky, Klick, Young Peter Jackson and Tommy Falco the headliners, are safe indications that the boxing enthusiasts will come out in droves if the matchmakers will forget politics and self-gain, and arrange bouts between well-matched boys that will assure a good evening's entertainment.

It is refreshing to see many of the old-time fans returning to their usual places in the Garden. Their return is ample proof that they are interested in seeing lively matches and not in the politics of boxing. And the reason for the return of so many of the old-time dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts is the fact that the Garden matchmaker is taking a leaf from the book of successful promoters in other parts of the country and is bringing on new talent, boys who have made good in their own bailiwick and whose prowess has been sung far and wide by their mentors and the public. He is letting New York fans, the world's most critical, take a peek at them.

* * *

JOHNSTON, acting for the Garden, has arranged a series of winter contests that should prove good drawing cards. He has combed the country and arranged to bring the leaders in every division to the Garden arena. He brought on the much-touted Young Peter Jackson, of California, and the Negro lightweight was put out of the running by Tommy Falco of Philadelphia, a classy young lad who is traveling at a rapid pace.

Another Negro, John Henry Lewis, who has scored victories over the best light-heavyweights in the land—including Maxie Rosenbloom whom he dropped for counts and almost had out on several occasions—was given a chance to show in the East against Jimmy Braddock. He, like Jackson, because of his color and ability, was unable to crash the gate in select Eastern circles until Johnston took the bulls by the horns and got him an opponent. The Eastern fans had been clamoring for a chance to see these Negroes, and they were obliged. True neither lived up to his reputation, but we got a peep at them, nevertheless.

That's the kind of matchmaking New Yorkers like and the kind they have been clamoring for since Johnston took the match-

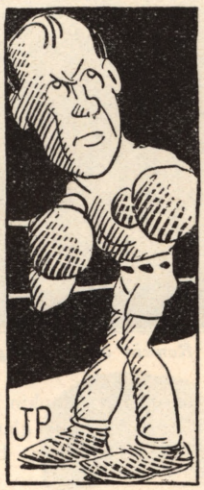
making helm in the House that Tex Built. For some unknown reason he couldn't bring them in before, but he is working in the right direction now, and both he and the Garden will be rewarded with a good profit as a result.

That's how it should be in boxing. And for the sake of the sport, I hope to see those who have been knocking boxing, because of their dislike for Johnston, play fairly with boxing by giving credit where credit is due, and work in harmony for the restoration of the greatest of all sports to the place it occupied a few years ago.

* * *

WHEN KLICK clashed with Dublinsky, he gave one of the finest exhibitions of doggone battling seen in New York in many moons. Frankie regained the prestige he lost when he was halted by Canzoneri some months ago, and jumped right back into the rôle of second leading lightweight contender, with Canzoneri alone standing ahead of him. Spotting Dublinsky seven pounds, Klick, in a furious engagement, emerged the victor. Referee McAvoy thought Dublinsky won but Judges Harold Barnes and Charley Lynch gave the Californian the award. My scoring showed five rounds for Klick, four for Dublinsky and one even.

From the victors on the first two cards staged in the Garden and the opening show in Chicago, several high-class pairings for future bouts are assured. If the big promoters in this country will continue their efforts to give the fans exciting matches, and will use their previous cards as eliminations with the objective of pairing the winners in subsequent shows, the indoor season will be the liveliest and best in several years. The dawn of a new era in boxing is here and I hope it will bring sunshine back to the game of fisticuffs.



So far this season, in New York alone, there have come to the fore several lads who through their efforts and fighting ability have aided the sport considerably. Leonard Del Genio and Lou Ambers rank among the leaders in this respect. Del Genio, as I've already pointed out, is destined to go high in his chosen profession. His masterly victory over the tough Charley Bedami, following his knockout of Jimmy Slavin, has boosted his stock sky high. Ambers, a boy who is a fighting devil, likewise has earned the plaudits of the crowd. He is an immense crowd pleaser and is rapidly reaching the stage of lightweight contendership. It is my opinion that from among Klick, Ambers and Del Genio, will emerge the next world's lightweight king.

* * *

WELL, here's another cheap imitation. Down in Mexico, there is a young man who at one time acted as a correspondent for this publication, Vera by name, who brazenly announces to the Mexican sports followers that he is the owner of the authorized Mexican edition of THE RING, and has come forth with a publication on boxing, called "El Ring." Not only does he steal our stories and news but he has the effrontery to steal outright our copyrighted cover design, both in lettering and appearances, with the idea of conveying to his readers the fact, as he says, that his magazine is the native edition of ours. He hasn't even taken the trouble to change the style of the cover or the trade-marked lettering of the words "El Ring."

This Mexican imitator, a phony publisher who tries to cash in on my fourteen years of efforts and money, is not alone in his spurious reproduction. There is a "Ring" in Australia which has stolen our name and our lettered trade-mark. There is another in Portugal, one in Spain and still another in Italy. Not content with stealing the style and name and copyrighted lettering of THE RING, which has made its mark in international publications, these brazen imitators even go so far as to steal our stories and articles. Often they take our articles in full and use the simple expedient of placing the name of one of their own authors on our stories to disguise them. But our readers, who are world-wide, are wise. They send these reproductions back to me with the query, "Isn't this one of your articles from THE RING?"

FOR example, in a recent issue of "El Ring" in Mexico Editor Vera goes so far as to steal an article carrying my name and using my signature. He tells his readers it was written expressly for "El Ring." Of course it was, Mr. Vera, but for THE RING.

THE RING once more wishes to make it plain that there is no connection between this magazine and any other publication in the world devoted to boxing.

There is only one THE RING. We have no foreign editions. We do not permit publication of our articles by foreign magazines devoted to boxing or wrestling, except by written permission which we have from time to time granted as a courtesy to those who have been honest in their dealings with us.

We have adequate circulation facilities to guarantee the availability of THE RING in all foreign countries.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. But THE RING could do without that type of flattery. We get plenty of the real kind from THE RING readers from all parts of the world. Just to give our readers an idea of how far we travel, our records show that we average sixty letters per day, and our monthly mail includes letters from every part of the English-speaking globe.

So thrilled have I been by the posts from which our mail comes, that I have decided to save most of the envelopes from far-off lands and will use them either as a wall decoration in my den or for a series of panels. I welcome such letters and would appreciate the receipt of even more.

Last month, among others received, were letters of commendation from Nome, Alaska; Reykjavis, Iceland; Hebron, Labrador; Holsteinborg, Greenland; Oslo and Bergen, Norway; Köbenhavn, Sweden; Stockholm, Sweden; Jehol, Manchuria; Peiping, Manchuria; Asuncion, Paraguay; Zareta, Uruguay; Hobart, Tasmania; Bengal, Calcutta; Bombay, India; Willemstad, Curacao, Dutch West Indies; The Netherlands; Bangkok, Siam; Singapore, Straits Settlement; Lima, Peru; Espelande, Pr. Bergan, Hokitika, New Zealand; Post Kalkfeld, South West Africa; Cape Town, South Africa; East Pondoland, South Africa; Goteborg, Sweden; Sekondi, Gold Coast, British West Africa; Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico; Maredi, Yucatan, Mexico; Osaka, Japan; Shiba, Japan; Rome, Italy; Torino, Italy; Bengal, India; Lahori, Bunjab, India; Budapest, Hungary; Rotterdam, Holland; Lalima, Honduras; Puerto Cortes, Honduras; Munchen, Germany; Frankenstein, Germany; Coventry, England; Nottingham, England; Palestine, Egypt; Esmeraldas, Ecuador, South America; Prahay, Czecho-Slovak; Cartagena, Colombia, South America; Hong Kong, China; Tiensten, China; Valparaiso, Chile; Santos, Brazil; Kingston, Jamaica; Havre, France; Fort Randolph, Canal Zone; Nishinomiya City, Hyogo-Ken, Japan; Peiping, Republic of China; Sroul, Korea; Fabrica, Occ., Neg., Philippine Islands; Valetta, Malta; Quay, Singapore, Strait Settlements; Trinidad, Calcutta Settlement; Batavia, Centrum, Netherlands.

The above are only a few of those received during October.

Well, mates, do you blame me for feeling proud of our achievements in bringing boxing to every nook and corner of the world? There isn't another magazine in the universe that has such a wide patronage in readers as has THE RING. We'll keep up the good work despite the brazen thievery that is practiced by so-called competitors in many parts of the globe.

* * *

WATCH Charley Massare! Watch Patsy Perroni! These two lads are traveling like a house afire and with another year's development will be ranked among the top flight in their division. It won't be a surprise to me to see one or both win a title before retirement. They are the finest young prospects boxing has had in five years. It is indeed gratifying to me to see Massare go as far as he has, because he is the product of The Ring Book Shop. All his early knowledge of boxing was gained from my books, Training for Boxing, How to Box and my Universal Boxing Course.

Red-Headed Negro a Ring Star And His Name is OSCAR!

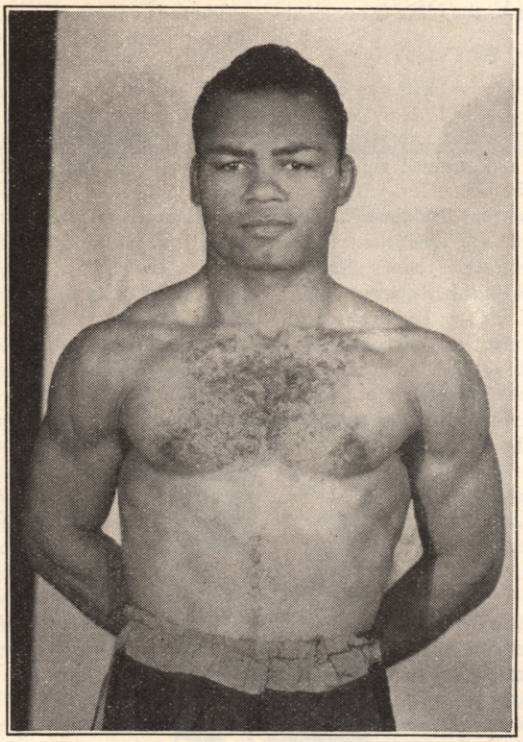
By
"THE REFEREE"

HE'S one of the few red-headed Negroes to be found anywhere. Certainly he's the only colored fighter in the world with a tawny mane.

That's Oscar Rankin of Los Angeles. And surely the name's no tip-off to his race or blood.

But Oscar does not need these distinctive characteristics, interesting as they are, to make him outstanding from his fellows of the ring. For Oscar is better than a good fighter. He comes mighty near to being a champion.

Further, it is not alone those enthusiasts of his own group who believe he will soon be at the very peak of the middleweight hill. White men of calm, critical minds are of the opinion that nothing but serious accidents can keep Oscar anywhere else but at the top.



Oscar Rankin of Los Angeles.

Most recent of the Rankin achievements was his defeat in October of Milford ("Swede") Berglund, a San Bernardino product, in a ten-rounder for the middleweight championship of California. It was the best battle Los Angeles fans have seen in months, being a rare old slugfest from gong to gong. The "Swede" is a game, tough battler, clever and hardy, but he was not in the game seriously at any time with the colored man that evening. Both were cut for they decided at once to forget boxing and go in for socking.

Most recent and certainly most important of the Rankin achievements was the sound thrashing he administered to that other great member of his own group, Willie "Gorilla" Jones, for a long time granted to be the best middleweight of the nation. From the opening bell to the last tired second of the tenth round this contest never was in doubt. Rankin jumped out in front and remained right there the entire distance.

And the hapless Gorilla, trying to make a good fight of it and bravely trying all those little tricks and artifices for which he has become famous, failed utterly to even change that stolid, do-or-die expression that Oscar wore all the way through. The redhead checkmated every move that Jones made, proved his superior in speed and sheer boxing skill, and added that last of all conquering touches—he easily outhit and outslugged the slick Gorilla in every rally.

It wasn't exactly fair for the Jones folks afterwards to attempt to minimize the Rankin victory by saying that one of Gorilla's eyes was affected by an approaching cataract and bad condition due to "too much Hollywood" during the filming of a Mae West picture that employed a considerable number of colored fighters and others. Jones has a bad eye, it is true, but the fight in the early stages didn't indicate that Jones would ever have had a chance of trimming the younger chap who opposed him—a powerful up-and-coming type of ambitious fellow that's hard to down.

Outside of his weirdly red wig that stands out in startling pompadour style as he bristles into action—and he's some bristler—there are some interesting side-lights in this young 21-year-old 160-pound gladiator that make him unusual even among the unusualness of everything in California.

Just the other night they had him slated for a radio talk. He was to tell folks all about his fighting past and his probable future—at least that was probably the aim of the studio man and the fighter's manager.

They asked Oscar just a couple of questions that he answered intelligently but just as they were getting into the nub of the conversation, Oscar's eye, roving over the studio, fell upon a piano near by and invitingly open.

"Tell you what I'll do," barked Oscar, breaking in rudely on the carefully prepared script and gumming things up horribly, "I'd sooner play the piano than talk. So if you don't mind, I'll knock out a couple of tunes for my friends."

And away went Oscar at the keys and be it known, his choice of selections was good and the music was voted the best part of the fifteen minutes on the air. And Oscar laughed and laughed at the way he had fooled 'em. He hates to talk.

Rankin has intelligence, too, in all that he does. Others of his group glance askance at the redness in his complexion and say he must have some Indian in his blood. Oscar only laughs at that, too, and says it may be true but he doesn't care. Possibly Oscar is just a little *too* intelligent for the others.

* * *

WHILE he never has had any definite instructions, Oscar's bent is for drawing and painting. He is a really passable pen-and-ink artist and has tried some water color work with considerable promise. Further, Rankin is a deacon in the Baptist church, a devout member who can sing and shout right along with any of them.

But he loves to do battle in the ring, does Oscar, and doesn't think his odd profession interferes in any way with his righteousness. He's married and a confirmed home body.

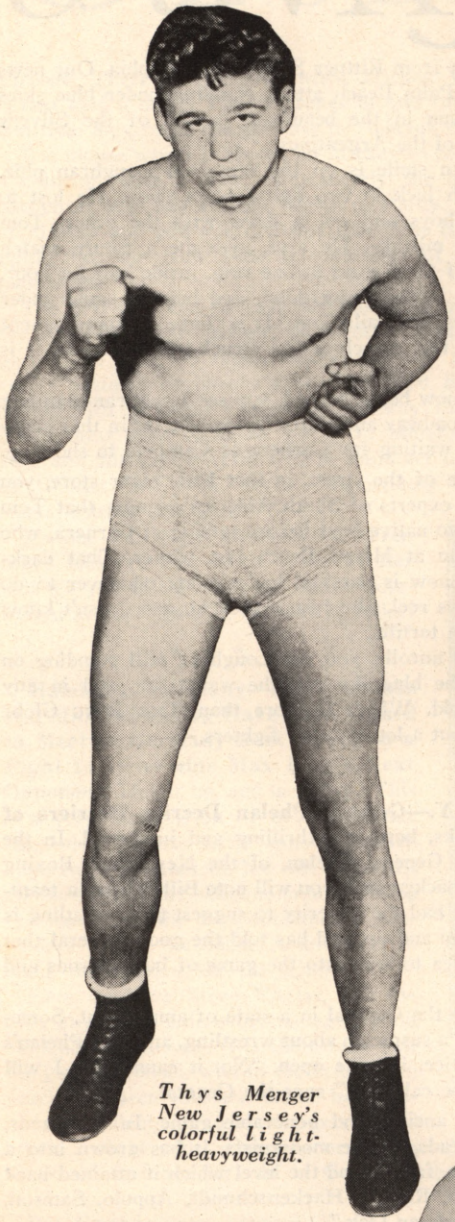
One night he had two fights at the Los Angeles Olympic where only one was scheduled. He knocked out Manuel Victoria, a Mexican, in the first round. This proved disappointing and as the main event fell down completely, Matchmaker Tom Gallery was in a stew, with the customers bellowing loudly. It seems that Rankin had been matched originally with another colored chap, Leo Kelly, but at weighing time Kelly was way over 170 pounds and Oscar, at 160, thought the difference too great. So the match was called off.

But when the show flopped Oscar agreed to fight Kelly if they could find him. A hurried search and Leo, also a deacon in the church, was found at a prayer meeting out near Central Avenue in the black belt. Kelly readily agreed to take on his old rival.

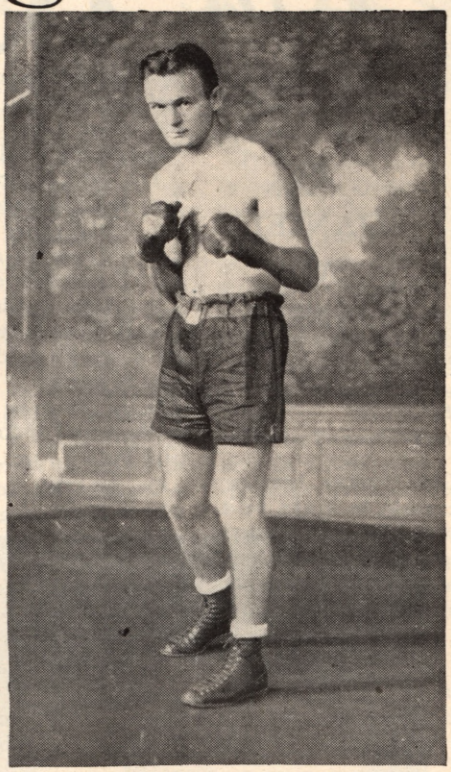
They fought six rounds and Kelly was given a decision that didn't suit the crowd at all. Looked as if Rankin had won handily despite the big difference in the poundage. And only a short time after that, Kelly made a good ten-round showing with Maxey Rosenbloom!

(*Continued on page* 46)

Coming to the Fore

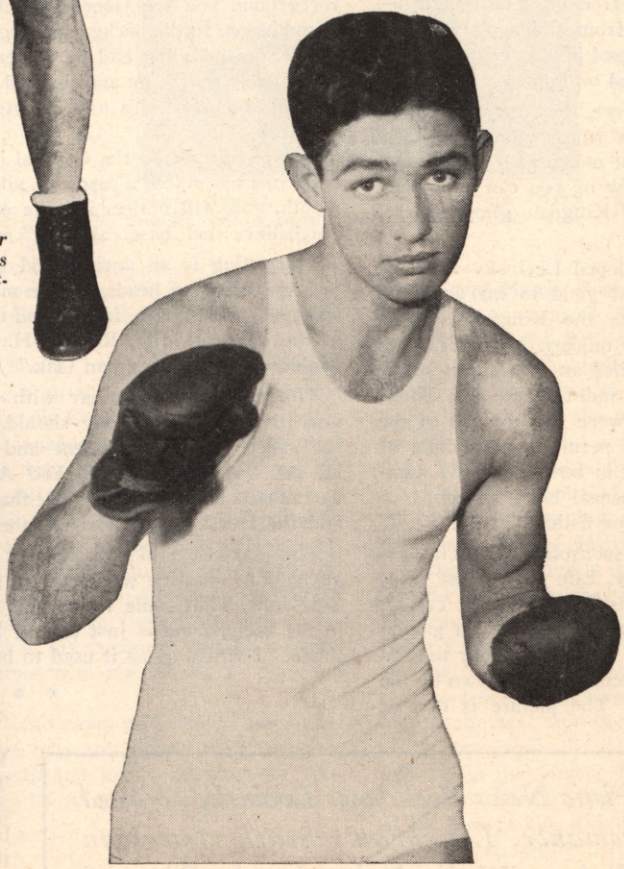


Thys Menger New Jersey's colorful light-heavyweight.

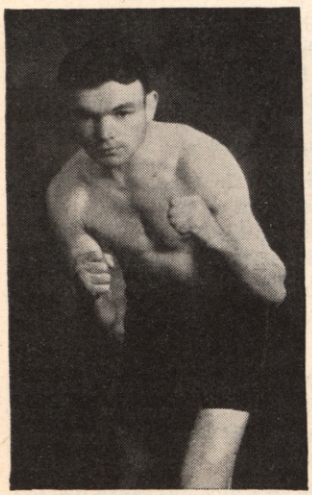


Buddy Fischer, Carteret, N. J., lightweight.

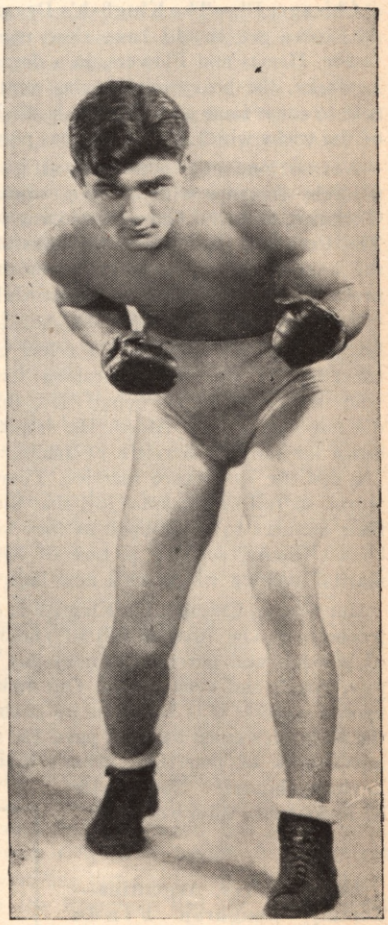
Tony De Marco, Jerry Sach's latest middleweight protege



Willard Brown, clever Indianapolis welterweight.

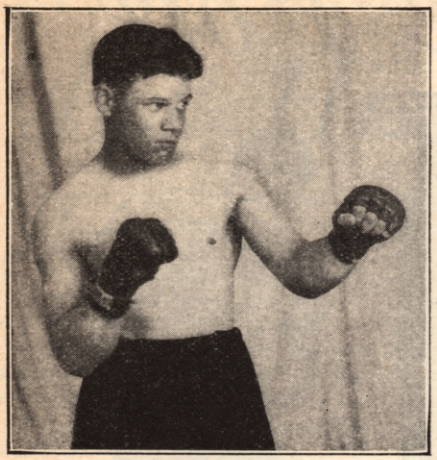


Jimmie Kreiner, Billings, Montana, welterweight.



Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn's corking welterweight prospect.

The RING'S



Paul Pirrone, Clevelander who beat Mickey Walker and stands out as one of the world's best middleweights.

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

FOLKS, this is THE RING Globe Trotter, bringing to you the fistic news of the world, be it gay, be it sad. We watch the boys on the boxing carrousel whirl round and round, sitting on their gay, fantastic horses or in those gaudy gondolas. They grab for the brass ring, but they fool us not, folks. The lowdown on the fistic world and the fistic whirl.

From north and south, east and west, THE RING news reel brings you the intimate picture of things as they really are. We see champions and has-beens, aspirants and also-rans, all dashing for the goal which so few reach. THE RING Globe Trotter. Let 'er roll!

* * *

Chicago, Ill.—The Kingfish's Dream of Romance is Blasted! Ah, folks, we should have slow music with this. Come, professor, Hearts and Flowers, in a drear tremolo. The Kingfish—Levinsky, the heavyweight, who went from Chicago's Billingsgate to some fame as a fighter—is disclosed in sour contemplation of the tricks which Dan Cupid has played on him.

Not so long ago, overnight, as it were, Levinsky developed a torchy romance with a young woman whose name was Rose Glickman, and who had achieved vagrant notice as a fan dancer. The Rose and the Thorn. Ah, folks, few of you can appreciate the anguish of the moment when the Kingfish glimpsed this proud beauty and found her disdainful.

Few can imagine the joy which enveloped Levinsky when he learned that his Rose would relent and yield to his ardorous courtship. It was Lena, Leaping Lena, the Kingfish's sister, who interceded on his behalf. No, this modern Miles Standish did not send a John Alden. He despatched an Aspasia to break down for him the barriers of feminine indifference. The Kingfish and the Rose were married. They were so oblivious of the world, so full of romantic joy, that they permitted the taking of their pictures to be snapped as they lay in bed—a film of flamboyant beauty, folks, a picture of hymeneal bliss, a record of marital mauling which set a new high for fistic romance.

But now, in Chicago, the Kingfish is disconsolate. The Thorn is woebegone. The Rose is full of alimony. Life is not just a lot of punches and purses. Levinsky has discovered that it can be raw, rough and even rancid. Our news reel shows him gazing upon a picture. It is his Rose, no doubt. There is a sour tone to the Kingfish's much battered puss. He seems bogged down by the misfortunes of marriage. What's that? The picture is one of Levinsky himself? No wonder he looks sour. Who wouldn't?

* * *

Buenos Aires, Argentina—Tommy Loughran Finds South American Fighters Not So Soft. Howdy, Thomas! Gaze upon the Gentleman from Rittner Street, Philadelphia. Our news reel shows him in Palm Beach attire, standing under blue skies and under a hot sun in the beauteous capital of the Silvery Republic, the Land of the Argentinos.

The old Loughran smile is on the same old Loughran phiz. Tom has had tough luck in two fights down there. He lost to one of the native boys and got a draw with the other. Tom thinks it was all a mistake. He says, give me a return match and I'll take both of these guys in one ring, inside half an hour.

But Time stands in the background, and hides a smile under a hand. Time knows what ails Tom. It is Time. Tommy cannot get it into his head that the clock has struck midnight, and it is time to retire!

In the news reel now being flashed, you see Loughran standing on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street in that beautiful Buenos Aires, waiting for Carnera or Campolo to show up.

On the other side of the street, in that little cigar store, you will see the boxing experts of South America arguing that Tom should beat those two native boys before talking of Carnera, who won from Loughran at Miami Beach last winter. That dark-eyed señorita, who now is passing, has nothing whatever to do with THE RING news reel. She just horned in, and doesn't know a box fighter from a tortilla.

As the news reel unrolls, you see Loughran still standing on the corner, under the blue sky and the warm sun, and in any event, he is not cold. Which is more than THE RING Globe Trotter can say about a lot of other fighters.

* * *

New York, N. Y.—General Phelan Decries Decriers of Wrestling. Ah, folks, here is a thrilling and juicy reel. In the foreground you see General Phelan, of the New York Boxing Commission. In the background, you will note Bill Brown, a teammate. Somebody has had the temerity to suggest that wrestling is not entirely on the up and up, and has told the good General that it would be a fine idea to look into the game of half nelsons and headlocks.

The picture shows the General in a state of amazement. Somebody just has voiced a suspicion about wrestling, and Mr. Phelan's mouth, you will notice, is wide open. "No, it cannot be, I will not believe such base calumny," says the General.

"Wrestling is an ancient and honorable game. In the hands, and the legs and heads, of the modernists, it has grown into a sport of robust strife, far beyond the level which it attained back in the days of Milo, Roeber, Hackenschmidt, Appolo, Samson, Muldoon and the German Oak."

Those who are familiar with the inside facts of wrestling, also marvel that anybody should have the temerity to question the sanctity of this ancient and honorable game, which goes all the way back to Cain and Abel, or even Adam and Eve. For does it not say in the Bible that Eve wrestled with temptation and the Devil, in the form of the serpent?

The good General's amazement is well founded. It is not for anybody to question wrestling, he says, but to take it as it stands—or falls. That smile which you see on the face of Bill Brown in the background is just one of Bill's standard smiles when he thinks of wrestling as it used to be, and wrestling as it is today.

* * *

Philadelphia, Pa.—Mickey Walker Is Bounced Around. This thrilling motion picture shows Mickey Walker, the bloke who once was a fighter, the bird who was called the Toy Bulldog, just after he had been whipped by a man called Paul

Fistic News Reel shows Levinsky's blasted romance, Loughran's South American failure, Walker's beating by Pirrone.

GLOBE TROTTER

Pirrone. There was a time when Mickey Walker could have beaten half a dozen Paul Pirrones in one ring in half an hour. But time flies, or as the poet has it, "tempus fugits."

The mouse which is shown on Mickey's eye is not the result of a collision with a door. It is merely the out-cropping of his encounter with this Pirrone person in Philly. Take a good squint at Mickey and you will discover that if he is in condition for a fight, then the New Deal is some sort of rival of bridge or penny-ante.

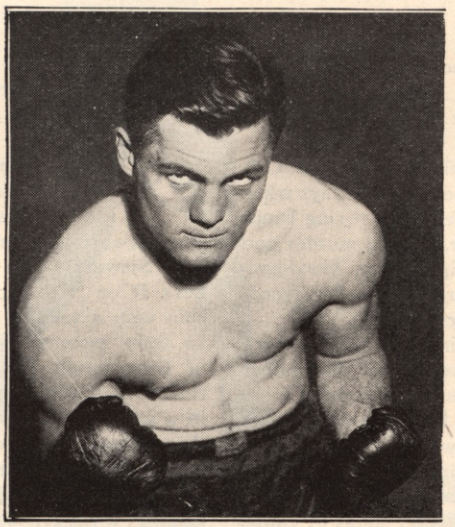
The best that can be said for this piece of news reel is that the depression has brought on a lot of trouble, and Walker is part of it. In good times, Mickey perhaps would retire to the corset business or open a diner near Red Bank, or something.

But with financial conditions the way they are, Mickey no doubt must keep right on trying to imitate a fighter, for his rent and his cakes. With this in mind let us not be too harsh on Walker, and wish him the opportunity to retire before he starts cutting out paper dolls.

Pirrone has been knocked out seven times, and yet THE RING Globe Trotter will tell you that Paul is the best middleweight around. Take it, or leave it, folks!

* * *

Hamburg, Germany—Steve Hamas and Max Schmeling Have Been Signed to Meet in Germany next March in a Fight to Determine Max Baer's Next Opponent. Heigh, ho, and lackaday! This is a very thrilling bit of news reel, but like other famous fistic announcements, apparently is based on hot air. It is just another one of the ballyhoo stunts to keep the names of the two outstanding contenders before the public in an effort to make the Garden see the light.



Steve Hamas, who balks at meeting Lasky again. Steve wants only Baer as his next American opponent.

Here we have Steve Hamas, and the little guy by his side is his manager, good old Charley Harvey. It is about time that the genial veteran, who in the last fifteen years has been knocked about by automobile accidents and what not, gets a good break. A fight with Schmeling or Baer would give Charley that break of fortune, but not in Germany—here in the good old U. S. A.

But Fortune keeps teasing Charley. Although Harvey insists that Hamas and Schmeling are both signed by the Garden and that such a fight will be staged by the Garden this winter, probably down in Miami, the Garden management in New York says that unless Hamas is willing to fight Lasky again, his name will be erased from the Garden list. All of which brings a laugh from the fight fans who know that it is all part of a good ballyhoo for the battle that will be staged in Miami and not in Hamburg.

The dough is here and not in Germany, and both Harvey and Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling, know it. They also know that Baer is hooked up with the Garden for the defense of his title next June or July, and that his opponent will be selected by the Garden from among those who are willing to play ball with the House that Tex Built.

As you can see from THE RING news reel, both Hamas and Harvey are fine fellows and the fans are rooting hard for each. Hamas is a splendid looking guy and he, if he wins the title, will be a popular champion. So let us give him and Charley a cheer. They need it.

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey Goes into the Restaurant Business. Here you see the one-time world champion standing in front of a demolished building right across from the Garden in New York. Jack has a heavy smile because, in any event, he is sure to eat. He is about to go into the restaurant business.

It seems that some bird with puh-lenty dough got the idea of building a Dempsey Eatery and paying Jack so much a year—some say it is thirty-five grand—to hang around and be Mine Host. No matter what the reaction of the eaters, Dempsey will get his dough. This is a very touching arrangement and argues strongly for the winning of the world's heavyweight championship.

It also solves the problem as to what to do with our former heavyweight champions. Build restaurants for them, and see that no matter what, they get their cakes and steaks and beer.

* * *

Paris, France—Freddy Miller on the Rampage. Well, folks, here is a fighter who is in soft. Freddy Miller, featherweight champion, native of Cincinnati, battling his way around Europe. The little man you see in the film is not Freddy Miller. He is Pete Reilly, Miller's manager. When there are any pictures to be taken, Reilly believes in relieving Freddy of the fatigue of posing.

When Miller and Reilly left the United States, Reilly announced he was going over to fight Nel Tarleton in England. Reilly beat Tarleton; rather, Miller had to do the fighting, but Pete got the decision. Having overcome Tarleton, Reilly—or rather Miller—decided to stick around and pick up some of that soft dough that seems to be rolling around on the other side.

THE RING Globe Trotter has heard of English fighters getting their beaks bashed in for a dollar fifty. But Reilly and Miller—ah, there is Miller now, peeping from behind Reilly—Pete and Freddy seem to be doing pretty well for a fighter from Cincinnati and a ball player from Brooklyn.

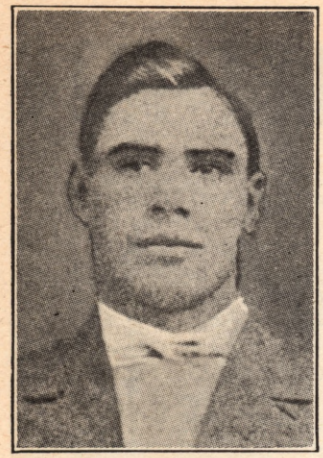
* * *

New York, N. Y.—Bob Olin Takes Title from Maxie Rosenbloom. In this reel you see Olin with a look of amazement on his phiz. He just has been told that he had taken the light heavyweight championship from Rosenbloom in a so-called fight in the Garden, and Mr. Olin apparently things that somebody is kidding him. For the way Mr. Olin no doubt saw it from the point of vantage he occupied during the contest, Mr. Olin did not take anything but the short end.

As you will note in this exclusive picture, Mr. Olin looks like a kid who had been told that there is no Santa Claus, and wakes up Christmas morning to discover that he has received a set of boxing gloves, electric trains and five pounds of candy.

In the background in this touching scene which THE RING Globe Trotter grabbed on the historic spot, you will discern Joe Fan, and the reason Joe Fan is holding his stomach is that he is laughing himself sick and wondering what next, or something. The funny looking bird to the right of Joe Fan is Rosenbloom, who thinks that somebody is trying to give him a hot foot. Rosenbloom's picture the next morning was not quite so funny.

But that isn't all! Here's another picture, taken that same evening in the famous House that Tex Built. You see a young Negro lad, Young Peter Jackson by name, looking in amazement at Referee Danny Ridge who has just proclaimed him the victor over Sammy Fuller after the Bostonian had the Negro down three times and on the verge of a knockout. Yes, folks, there is a Santa Claus, says Jackson as the crowd gives him the raspberry.



Jim Barry.

A KNIGHT of the PURPLE SAGE

The Story of the Picturesque Career of the Tough, Eccentric Jim Barry of Montana

By T. W. MCNIEL

PERHAPS we aren't qualified to say just who is Montana's ace contribution to the horde of roped arena performers. Some critics will say Jack Munroe, others will nominate little Dixie La Hood. Al Webster, the Billings "iron man," will poll a few votes, as will Frankie Wine, the Butte blacksmith. But to the writer, a relic of the "white hope" days wins the award.

We refer to none other than old rough, tough, eccentric Jim Barry. We will grant that Barry wasn't the greatest warrior to represent the Golden West in fight circles, but, we do say, they come few and far between that packed the "color" around on a par with the brawling lad from the Land of the Purple Sage.

Jim first saw the light of day in the little settlement of Culbertson, Montana, on August 12, 1886. Those were the days when Montana was in the throes of bloody range wars; roving bands of Sioux Indians still struck here and there, leaving murder and destruction in their wake. Butte was a rip-roaring, blood-and-thunder mining camp. The Black Hills were still the "hangout" of the country's worst and most desperate criminals.

Small wonder, then, that little Jim, born in these surroundings, would grow up to be a fighter from the word "go." His father was a big, burly, Irish, hard-rock miner who loved nothing more than a good old-fashioned saloon brawl to top off a day's work. His mother, a dainty little French girl, was the belle of the copper district. It was only natural that Jim would be initiated into the glove flinging business when he became old enough to hold up a pair of mitts. Banging around the swat shops of Butte, during his spare hours from digging copper from the bowels of old Mother Earth, Jim acquired the rudiments of the game from watching and sparring with fellows like Maurice Thompson, Ed Kinsley, Stanley Ketchel and others who were making their home in the copper district of Butte and Anaconda.

* * *

YOUNG Barry, a rather squat, heavy-set fellow, tipping the beam at 195 pounds and standing 5 feet 10 inches in his socks, was induced to go after the pot of gold that awaits the wearer of the heavyweight crown. In 1906, the same year that the immortal Stanley Ketchel began to blossom in his fullest splendor, Barry undertook to follow in the footsteps of the famous Polish lad.

The Butte pair soon began to attract notice in the eyes of the fistic world. That first year, the brawling Irish-French youngster bowled over Fred Russell, Tom Wilmett, Max Rady, "Sailor" Thompson, Al Morgan and a host of others. Though those names probably mean nothing to the present generation, nevertheless they were tough fellows, all anxious to follow in the footprints of Jeffries, who had just relinquished the heavyweight title. Barry showed a world of stuff in those early battles and Montana fans promptly forgot their dismay of Munroe's defeat at the hands of Jeff, and began "whooping it up" for Barry.

Next year, 1907, Barry jumped into the limelight with a nine-round kayo over Al Cutler followed up by stowing away the durable Italian, Tony Ross, in two heats. The original "iron man," Joe Grim, was dug up for Jim to try out his Sunday punches on, but like many others, Barry was unable to keep the Philadelphia Italian down for keeps. The fight went six rounds, with no decision rendered.

That year, too, witnessed the first of his many historic battles with Sam Langford. Langford was Barry's master from the time they first crossed gloves. Eleven times altogether they clashed and the Montana lad failed to capture a single one. Perhaps he wasn't the hardest fighter in the world to beat, but he was the hardest to convince. Barry dropped one ten-rounder to Langford that year and they fought two no-decision battles—one six-rounder and another that went ten heats.

* * *

IN 1908, Barry began to "go to town" in earnest, except for the pesky "Tar Baby." He laid Larry Temple away in eleven sessions, Harry Griffin in four, the redoubtable Jim Stewart in four, and Al Christensen in three. The battle with Stewart was a pip. Ripley featured its ending in his "Believe It or Not" series recently. Barry clipped Stewart on the chin with a terrific right that slammed Stewart into the ropes. In some manner, Stewart flung his arms outward and both of them caught over the top rope. He landed on the middle strand in a sitting position. There Stewart swung like a flag in a gale, completely "out" and with neither hands nor feet on the canvas. He was counted out while in this grotesque position.

Then came his first of several kayo's at the hands of Langford. Sam turned the trick twice that year. Once in two heats, and again in three rounds.

In no-decision affairs, Barry met Joe Jeanette, Jim Flynn, Tony Ross and Fred Bradley. He also fought a ten-round draw with Flynn.

In 1909, Barry and Langford fought a couple more no-decision battles, but Jim was on the short end of the milling both times. He dropped two battles by the foul route that year, too: one to Sandy Ferguson in ten rounds, the other to Sam McVey in fifteen heats.

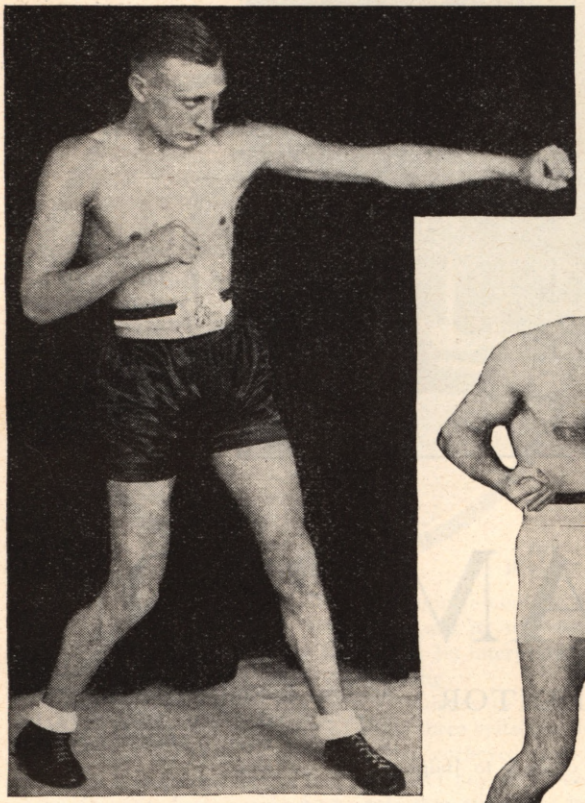
The year 1910 was both good and bad for the eccentric Montanan. On the "good" side of the ledger, he chalked up kayo's over Jim Cameron in five, "Gunboat" Smith in nine, and Sandy Ferguson in fourteen. To offset these, however, was a sixteen-round kayo at the hands of the pesky Sam Langford, and a twelve-rounder that he blew to Porky Flynn. Two draws, one with Cliff Morrison, the other with Tony Ross, rounded out that season.

The year 1911 found Barry indulging almost entirely in the no-decision game. He beat Sandy Ferguson again in twelve rounds at Boston in January. Then a trip to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he laid Jack Heinan to peaceful slumber in four. In November he fought a four-round draw with Charley Miller at Frisco. His other battles, scattered all over the country, were with guys like Al Benedict, Battling Levinsky, Gunboat Smith and Con O'Kelly, but all were no-decisioners.

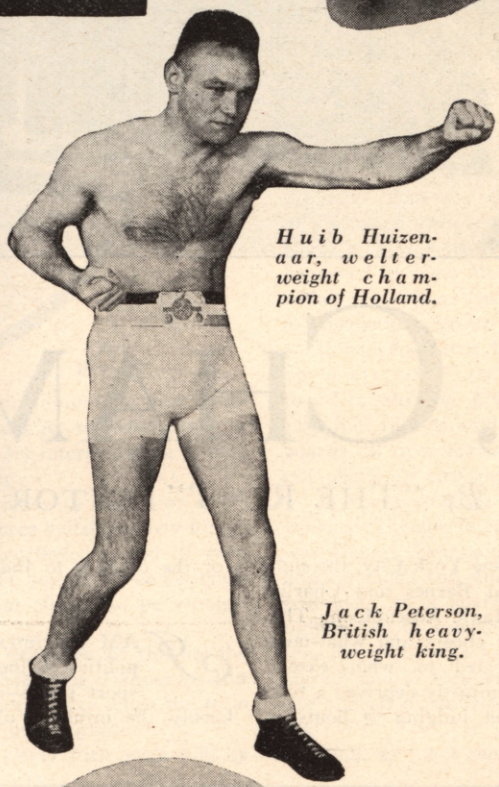
* * *

BARRY had heard by now that Australia was a land of milk and honey for a stout-hearted walloper, so forthwith he made preparations to go to the land of (*Continued on page* 44)

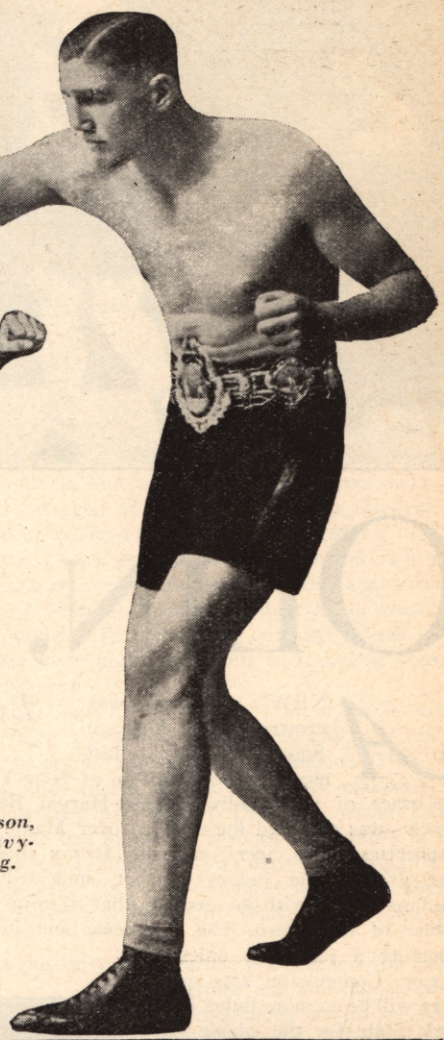
FOREIGN FISTIC STARS



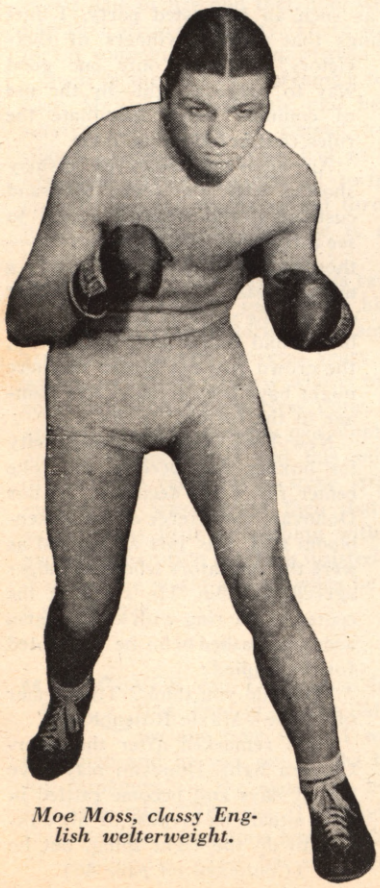
Robert Disch, lightweight leader of Holland.



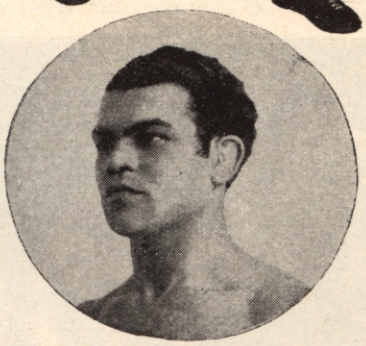
Huib Huizenaar, welterweight champion of Holland.



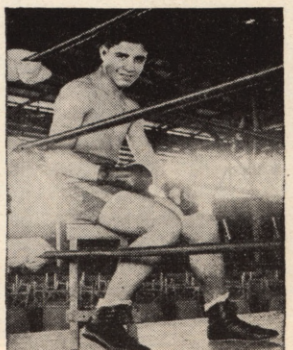
Jack Peterson, British heavyweight king.



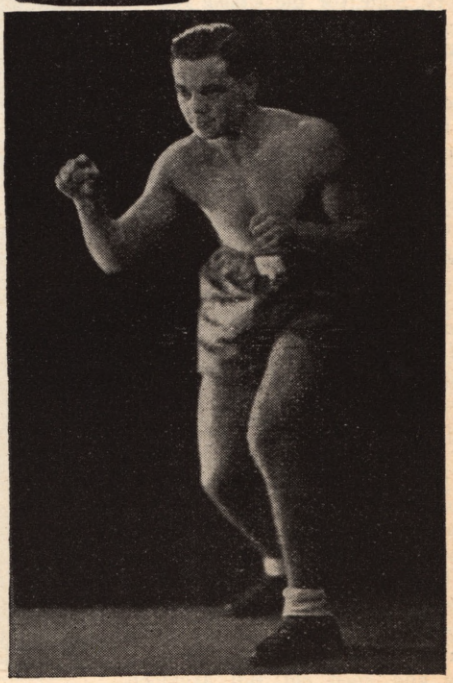
Moe Moss, classy English welterweight.



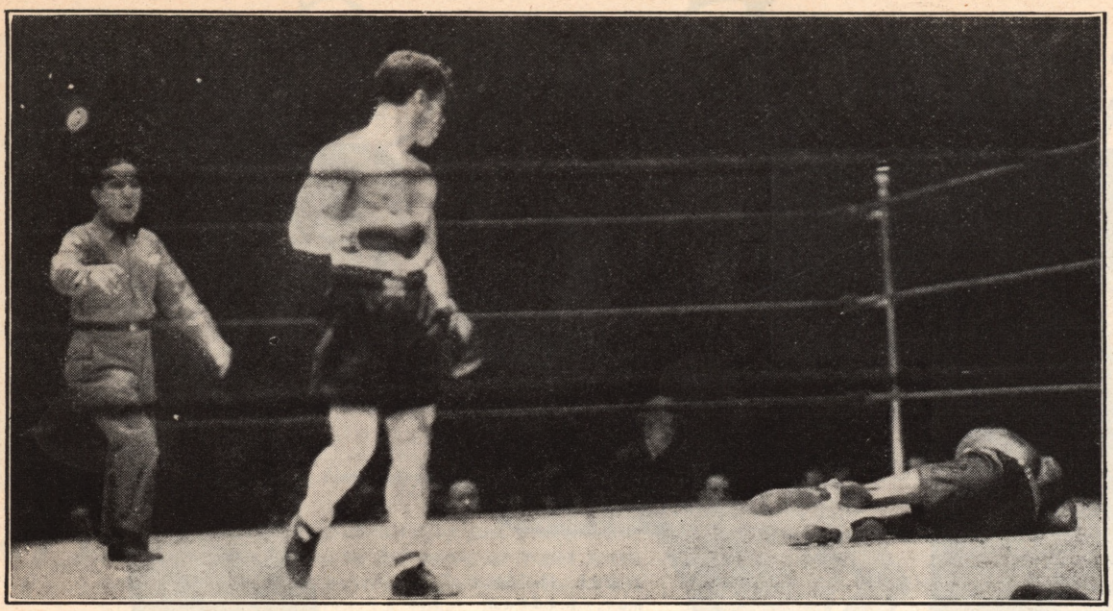
Vincenzo Troiano, sturdy Italian middleweight.



Pinto De Sa, colorful Portuguese featherweight.



Dave Crowley, one of the leading British featherweights.



Can you beat this? Fuller dropped Peter Jackson three times for counts of nine, and once dropped him to his finger tips, but the referee gave the fight to Peter!

OLIN, CHAMPION

By "THE RING" EDITOR

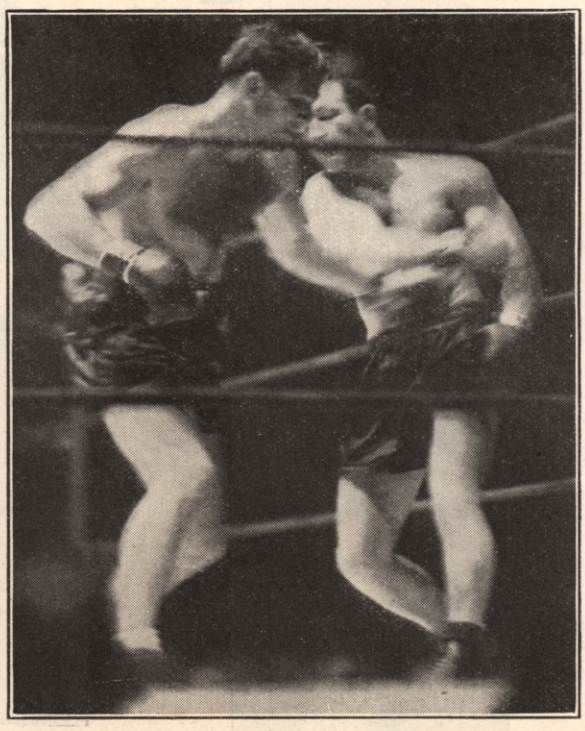
A NEW champion was crowned in Madison Square Garden last month when Bob Olin of New York City, through the grace of two kindly judges—Harold Barnes and Charlie Lynch—was awarded the decision over Maxie Rosenbloom. The raspberries, hoots, jeers, cat-calls, Bronx cheers and what-nots that greeted the judges' verdict, indicated to what extent the fans agreed with the decision that so unjustly deprived a title holder of his crown. The refereeing and judging of bouts is becoming a joke and unless the Boxing Commission acts quickly, there will be no more fights in New York State for the simple reason that champions and topnotchers will go elsewhere, where they are assured of a squarer deal than in the Empire City.

I doubt if, with one exception—the time that Mike McTigue was awarded the decision over Tiger Flowers in a championship contest—there have been two such flagrant cases of miscarriage of justice, as in the verdicts rendered against Rosenbloom and Sammy Fuller in the Garden arena. The Rosenbloom affair was bad enough, but could not be compared to the dastardly award given to Young Peter Jackson who was all but knocked out by Fuller, yet emerged the victor.

How? Through the screwy-eyed decision of Danny Ridge, who for many years has been recognized as one of the foremost of New York's referees, yet through no fault of his, but through the adoption of poor rules, fell down so miserably on this occasion. When Jim Farley and good old Bill Muldoon were lost to the Commission, boxing suffered an irreparable loss, as has been demonstrated by the jumbled rules and regulations adopted by the Board that make it almost impossible for the officials to judge a bout correctly.

* * *

I AM not interested, as I have often repeated, in the politics of the sport, but I am vitally interested in the sport itself—and, as such an interested party, I feel keenly the injustice of rulings that deprive winners of their victory. There is only one good way to judge a fight—by the use of common sense. Eliminate the rules that befuddle the issue.



A scene in the thirteenth round of the Rosenbloom-Olin battle. Maxie swarmed all over Bob but lost the verdict and title. Rastus, page the judges!

An agonized moan of dismay showed what the seven thousand customers—the smallest crowd to see a championship fight in years—thought of the decisions. It was a mighty healthy boo of disgust that greeted the verdicts against Rosenbloom and Fuller and, fortunately, the crowd was not bigger or there might have been considerable damage in the form of a riot.

New York, once the kingpin city for boxing, has become the joke center for weird decisions. Arthur Donovan, the referee of the Rosenbloom mill, was just as amazed as were the spectators when the judges agreed on Olin. He stood in the center of the ring with a broad grin and when asked who he had voted for, he replied:

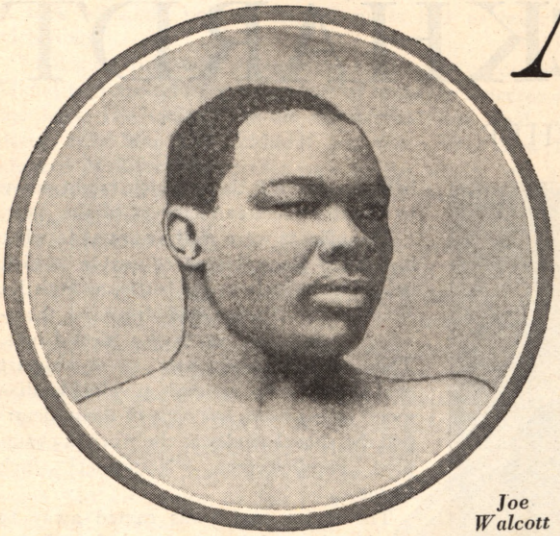
"Who do you think? The winner of course—Maxie Rosenbloom."

As I remarked after the Baer-Carnera fight, Donovan may have his off days and become rattled in tight situations because of his anxiety to do the right thing, but he

(*Continued on page* 46)

When GRATITUDE Meant Just That

By THE OLD TIMER



Joe Walcott

ANY dictionary of any language contains that wonderful word "Gratitude" and its supreme meaning is taught every school kid. Its interpretation always has been noble, illuminating.

In recent years there has been a tendency to forget or overlook the beauty and sentiment of those three syllables, new topsy-turvy ideas seeming to come into this cockeyed world of ours in some strange manner. There just isn't any more understanding of gratitude or sentiment, words that appear to be synonymous of nothing at all.

Unfortunately, one can notice sharp examples of this in the sports side of life and that, too, with distressing frequency. But it wasn't always that way. There was another day when the term meant something to the sportsman of a better grade.

Such in the way of a preamble for a clever little yarn told by Jack McAuliffe, that hale and hearty survivor of an age of rugged, rock-ribbed sporting men, who had to take desperate chances against all sorts of crookedness and chicanery but through it all were staunch and true to each other in any extremity.

Rather it is a narrative that is two or three sided and was just barely hinted at by Jack himself during his rambles around the country, several years ago, with a well-to-do nephew who is in the construction business in New York. Jack got into a happy company one night out on the Pacific Coast and this subject of gratitude came up in some strange manner. It was agreed then that the word means little or nothing with the present generation but Jack insisted that it meant the world and all when he was a young chap.

* * *

"NEVER can I forget a favor that Tom O'Rourke did for me one time when I was a champion and he was one of the leading managers," is the way Jack began his little tale. "You see, Tom figured that one time I had done him a little bit of a kindness when he and George Dixon were in a tough spot up in Boston but I scarcely remembered that part of it. I told Tom it was nothing more than I would do for any pal of mine, as I certainly considered him.

"But Tom insisted that it saved or helped to save George Dixon, then featherweight champion, his title. That I thought was putting a lot more importance to it than it deserved, but just the same Tom wanted to square accounts with me and he did it in a strange manner—laughable, you may think, when I tell you about it. I was lightweight champion at the time and the thing happened in New York. We were giving an athletic show of a rather pretentious character at old Madison Square Garden, with a considerable group of leading boxers and wrestlers.

"It happened that I was the star of the show and as a wind-up to every performance my manager made the announcement that I would give $500 to any legitimate lightweight who could stay four rounds with me. In fact we had out huge stands of billboards all over the town proclaiming this fact, and of course I got plenty of customers.

"At the same time Tom O'Rourke had a show on at Miner's Bowery Theater, then a great spot in the big city, and his star was George Dixon, one of our greatest champions. They were making much the same sort of offers. But in the company they had also, as a sparring partner for Dixon, a young colored fighter that O'Rourke had picked up a short time before in Boston. His name was Joe Walcott and you may have heard of him since," and at this sally McAuliffe indulged in quite a chuckle. He and all of us heard a whole lot of Walcott very soon after that!

"Well, as I got the story afterwards, Walcott left the theater after a matinee and ran across one of the bills proclaiming me to be such a great man. Walcott, I imagine, was working for very small dough at the time and that $500 looked like a million to his young eyes. Incidentally he was a mighty cocky young blade and thought well of himself.

Jack McAuliffe, former lightweight king who has entered politics in New York.

"So he went back to his own theater and told O'Rourke about it. He was all for going up to the Garden that very night and copping my five hundred.

"'There just ain't no 133-pound man that can put me away in no four rounds!' he said very frankly and with great finality to O'Rourke.

"Tom laughed at this confident spirit but put his foot down solidly against any such proposition. He told Walcott that he would be fined if he left Miner's Theater and, besides that, there would be plenty of time for him to get a crack at McAuliffe. He told Walcott that the Garden would undoubtedly cheat him out of the money even if he were able to win it, and not only that but his pay at the Bowery was sure and that he wasn't taking any chances of getting his head knocked off.

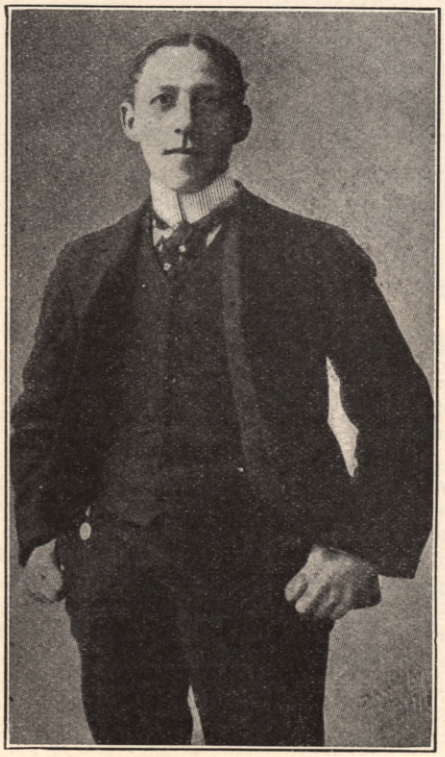
"Well, sir, now comes the strange and laughable part (*Continued on page* 45)

The PASSING of JOHNNY ECKHARDT

By NAT FLEISCHER

A FAMILIAR face has gone from the fast-waning lines of the Old Guard with the passing over to the great majority of Johnny Eckhardt in this city on October 3, last. He was in his seventy-second year. Both as a referee and boxing writer, Johnny Eckhardt established an unstained reputation for fairness, good judgment and all-round efficiency. Fate was none too kind to him during his later years. He belonged to another decade, his services dating from the period when skin-tight gloves were the usual weapons for deciding a fistic contest, and, as is too often the case in this country, where hero-worship is limited strictly to the men of the hour, his star suffered the eclipse which frequently comes to the old-timer who has outlived his generation.

Yet there were those among the present-day sport followers who estimated and appreciated the man at his proper value, and if his decease meant little to the multitude at large, the news brought deep and lasting regret to a by no means insignificant minority, among whom the writer is proud to be numbered.



Johnny Eckhardt.

Johnny Eckhardt could talk as well as he could write. In his own circle of friends, none surpassed him as a raconteur. The hours passed on on unheeded wings of light when the floodgates of the Eckhardt reminiscenses opened, and carried you back to the stirring scenes of great battles between celebrated gladiators of the ring, who fought for glory, rather than dollars, with a fierce determination and sincerity of purpose unknown to this commercial age.

It was a treat to hear him describe such events as the skin-tight glove fight to a finish between George La Blanche, the famous "Marine," who knocked out "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey with the later-banned pivot blow and Jim Varley, another rugged middleweight. Eckhardt was then employed by a New York morning newspaper, and selected by common consent to act as arbiter of the affair. Eckhardt rated La Blanche among the greatest of middleweights.

* * *

ORIGINALLY, the battle was scheduled to take place in Hoboken, but hints of police interference caused a change of plan, and the patrons and principals voyaged on a small steamboat up the Hudson to Eureka Springs, where ropes and stakes were set up in an old wooden pavilion. La Blanche, then in his prime, was the betting favorite and justified his backers' hopes by scientifically cutting Varley up in the battle's opening stages and putting him to sleep in the third round with a well-placed hook to the jaw.

On the return trip, the one hundred-odd spectators were noisily celebrating the successful outcome of their flutter in sport, when a police boat hove in sight, and signaled the steamer to halt. This was an order which could not be disobeyed and as the craft slowly came to a stop, its alarmed occupants were busily transforming themselves into coal-shovelers, table-waiters, kitchen-help, or any old thing which might serve to identify them as members of the crew.

The officers were well aware as to what had taken place, but were unable to pick out the principals in the battle, as both La Blanche and Varley had disguised themselves hurriedly as husky deck-hands. They glared suspiciously at a stalwart coal-heaver who sported a valuable diamond on his hand, but none of them identified the shovel-tender as the world's champion middleweight, "Nonpariel" Jack Dempsey!

The entire party was carted away to the Tombs and later taken before Judge Duffy. Meanwhile those two powerful princes of politics, Big Tim Sullivan and Tom Foley, had dashed to the rescue and whispered confidentially in His Honor's ear. With the heartening result that Judge Duffy, a warm-blooded Celt who loved a good fight and real fighting men, as became one of his nationality, dismissed the charges on the grounds that he had been informed that the battle had taken place on Jersey soil, and was therefore beyond his jurisdiction.

* * *

TWO other famous skin-tight battles, over the details of which Johnny Eckhardt waxed eloquent, were the contests between Jack Havlin, of Boston, and Frank Murphy, British featherweight champion, which lasted two hours and forty minutes: and the meeting of Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider" and Havlin in the Westerly, R. I., woods, at night, which was called a draw by Referee Al Smith, after seventy-two rounds had passed and covered a period of four hours and forty-two minutes.

Tom O'Rourke, still hale and hearty, and a notable figure in modern fisticuffs, was Havlin's manager, the latter being the first battler the veteran piloted. The Murphy-Havlin affair was staged in a small dance hall at Hoboken at five o'clock of a hot August in 1892. Twenty-three spectators saw the mill, twelve of whom were newspaper reporters, and Eckhardt was wont to characterize it as the most desperate, unflinching display of courage and endurance he had witnessed through all his career.

At the close of the twenty-fourth round, both of Havlin's eyes were shut and his mouth puffed to double its usual size. His seconds lanced the swelling, and as Havlin came from his corner, he pulled his eyelids down to get a glimpse of his opponent, and then rushed in. He fought the rest of that round by pure guesswork as to where Murphy was, but strange to say had none the worst of the milling. Murphy's entire stomach was crimson, streaked with cuts and his arms were black as ebony from blocking Havlin's punches.

The battle was declared a draw, and the hands of the principals were so swollen that the gloves had to be cut away from their battered knuckles. Also, they went to a hospital for treatment, but came out of there in due time none the worse for wear. O'Rourke, in telling me of the fight, agreed with Eckhardt that the battle was one of the bitterest fought in the era which it belonged.

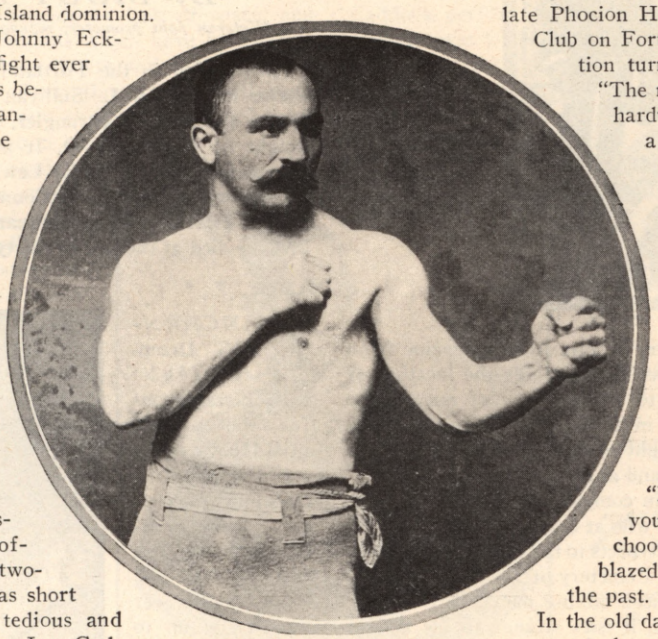
WHEN John Y. McKane reigned as the undisputed czar of Coney Island in the late nineties, he invariably selected Johnny Eckhardt as referee for the many glove bouts which took place in the clubhouse by the sea. No draws were allowed under McKane's Spartan-like régime. Fights went to a finish—even if it took all night one of the principals had to leave the ring victorious.

McKane's rule was so absolute that nobody residing on the Island ever thought for an instant of breaking a decree issued by the boss. His ukase "get off the Island" was final, and none dared defy him. Yet Eckhardt and those who knew him best idolized McKane, whose rule was, on the whole, just, and there was no question as to the loyalty and sheer devotion of his willing subjects.

The McKane Waterloo occurred when old John, like many another autocrat, went beyond the limit of his powers. Served with a Supreme Court injunction, he took the document, laughed scornfully, and saying—"Supreme Court orders don't go here," tore the offending paper to pieces and scattered them to the winds. But the aftermath was incarceration in Sing Sing for the Boss, and the loss of his Island dominion.

It was at Coney Island that Johnny Eckhardt refereed the longest glove fight ever held in New York State. This was between Alec Greggains, of San Francisco, and "Buffalo" Costello, the noted Australian middleweight, on November 28, 1892. The men were quipped with two-ounce gloves and were in the ring four hours, each unable to score a knockout. When time was called for the eighty-first round, both fighters had reached the limit of exhaustion. However, according to stern ruling, there could be no draw declared, so Eckhardt was forced to declare the bout "no contest."

Ten days after the Greggains-Costello engagement, Eckhardt officiated as third man in another two-ounce gloves combat, which was as short and furious as the former was tedious and long-drawn-out. That was when Joe Goddard of Australia kayoed Peter Maher, the Irish champion, in three rounds at McKane's club. So far as rapid blood shedding was concerned, Eckhardt declared that this was the most gory of all the battles he had seen.



George La Blanche, who was rated by Eckhardt as one of the greatest of all middleweights.

Goddard sustained a terrific battering in the first round, Maher cutting his cheek wide open with a right swing, and boring the Australian to the ropes. But Goddard retorted by a counter left that split Maher's nose and brought the claret in streams. They mixed like demons in the second, bespattering the referee's shirt with crimson gouts, and fought with equal luck, but in the third frame a right on the jaw finished the game Irishman for the night.

* * *

IT was Eckhardt who counted out Ed Dunkhorst, the "Human Freight Car," when that three-hundred-pound mass of muscle and blubber flopped to the floor under the impact of a Bob Fitzsimmons stomach-persuader. When Dunkhorst opened his eyes, Fitzsimmons was bending over him, shaking his limp paw.

"What happened?" queried the dazed loser.

"H'it's all right, me old brown son," returned Fitz cheerfully. "A street car run over you, but blimme, you threw it off the bloomin' track!"

Eckhardt was referee in the three-round battle between Lightweight Champion Jack McAuliffe and Owen Zeigler at Coney Island, in 1892, which was stopped by the police. He officiated in the six-round draw between Nonpareil Jack Dempsey and Mike Donovan at Brooklyn; and in the six-round bout between Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll and Australian Billy McCarthy, in which the former was declared winner.

He presided over the fifteen-round draw between Gus Ruhlin and Marvin Hart at Baltimore, and counted out Eddie Hanlon at Philadelphia when the latter was kayoed by Terry McGovern in four rounds. A special record book could be easily filled with the accounts of battles where Johnny Eckhardt tolled off the fatal ten seconds, but lack of space prevents further details. His last appearance as a ring arbiter was at the Harrison ball park in 1918, when Jack Dempsey, the coming world's champ, hammered down Fred Fulton in less than a round.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Johnny Eckhardt remained firmly convinced to the day of his death, that modern glove contests were lacking in thrill, as compared with old-time battles, he was none the less an ardent devotee of the sport as it is handled in modern times. In July of 1933, the writer foregathered with the late Phocion Howard and Johnny at the Volney Club on Forty-fifth Street, and the conversation turned to fights and fighters:

"The modern glove wielder," said Eckhardt, "is first, last and all the time, a business man. Where the old fighting men fought largely for fighting's sake, and considered the money reward a mere side issue, the lads with fistic aspirations, nowadays, look upon the payoff as the most important thing in their profession. Within their limits, they give the public the best they have, but none of them are capable of the self-sacrifice and 'all-for-glory' ideals which distinguished their predecessors.

"Now mind you, I don't blame the youngsters a particle because they choose to follow other trails than those blazed by the hard-milling punchers of the past. It's all a question of environment. In the old days the young fellows had a tough row to hoe. Every neighborhood on the East Side, and other humble quarters of the city, had its gang of fistic enthusiasts, and the boy who became top-dog won his spurs by the damnedest kind of rough-house battling. These were the future ring heroes, and by the time they gained prominence in their profession they were as hard-bitten and, withal, as proud a lot of sluggers as ever trod the green earth.

"The boys of the present generation enter life under far milder auspices. Education has filed off their rough edges, we have high school graduates, even college lads, taking up boxing. They consider it a path to fortune, and pick their steps as carefully, in traveling to their goal, as they would in any other form of business. In other words, they are shaped by their surroundings, into which the primitive blood-lust does not enter.

"In one sense, I suppose this is a good thing. But there isn't a shadow of doubt that, where the boxing game has gained by refinement and subjection to rules designed to make it daintier entertainment for the benefit of the public—which now includes a goodly number of women, young and old—it also has lost something of its ancient barbaric thrill and color.

* * *

"LIMITING bouts to ten and fifteen rounds has completely altered the status of the fighter as a ring general. In the twenty-five-round days a contestant planned his battle ahead as carefully as any marshal on the field of battle. He conserved his energies where necessary; he (*Continued on page* 46)

IMMORTAL JACK DEMPSEY

Great Deeds of the "Nonpareil" Recalled by Visit to Grave Where Monument Was Erected by Public Subscription

By BIDDY BISHOP

(Veteran fight promoter, manager and boxer, scribe)

The grave of the "Nonpareil."

RECENTLY I saw a query in THE RING magazine from a Baltimore fight fan which asked for the location of the monument erected to the memory of one of the greatest fighters in American ring history, the former middleweight champion, "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey. I chanced to be in Portland at the time I purchased THE RING containing that query, and in company with Charlie Cavanaugh, former heavyweight boxer who at one time was associated with Tex Rickard, decided to pay respects to the Nonpareil by visiting his grave in the Mount Calvary Cemetery of Portland, Oregon.

To me, an old-timer who has been boxing manager, promoter and sports writer for forty years, it isn't strange to see and to hear of the wide interest the American boxing enthusiasts still show in Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, because he was a unique character in the history of pugilism in this country. And still more, the story of his monument, how his grave was discovered and how the stone over his final resting place was erected, also furnish ample reason for this keen interest.

The monument, as is so well known, was erected by public subscription, after the discovery of his burial place and the publication of a beautiful poem, written by M. J. MacMahon, a Portland, Oregon, lawyer who, if I am not mistaken, still has his business in the Worcester Building. When that poem appeared in a magazine, it aroused the public spirited sportsmen to quick action and under the leadership of Hyland L. Baggerly, at that time sports editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin,* but now president of the Pacific Coast League, a subscription was started that soon enabled the erection of the monument that now stands as a reminder of the man who gained a conspicuous niche in the fistic Hall of Fame. Baggerly and Harry Corbett, brother of the Immortal "Gentleman Jim," headed the list of subscribers.

* * *

THE response was generous, as it always is when the boys in the boxing game are approached. Every famous figure in the sporting world contributed, and so, in 1904, eight years after Dempsey's death, the stone was erected. Dempsey's wife (Mollie Brady), who died two years after the Nonpareil, is buried beside him. Dempsey, only thirty-two at the time of his death, died of a broken heart because he failed to defeat Bob Fitzsimmons.

Also buried in the Portland cemetery are Patsy Cardiff, on whose head John L. Sullivan fractured his right arm; Evan Lewis, the original Strangler, and Jim Franey, a great middleweight of Cincinnati, O. It is a coincidence that the original Dempsey and the original Lewis should lie in the same ground.

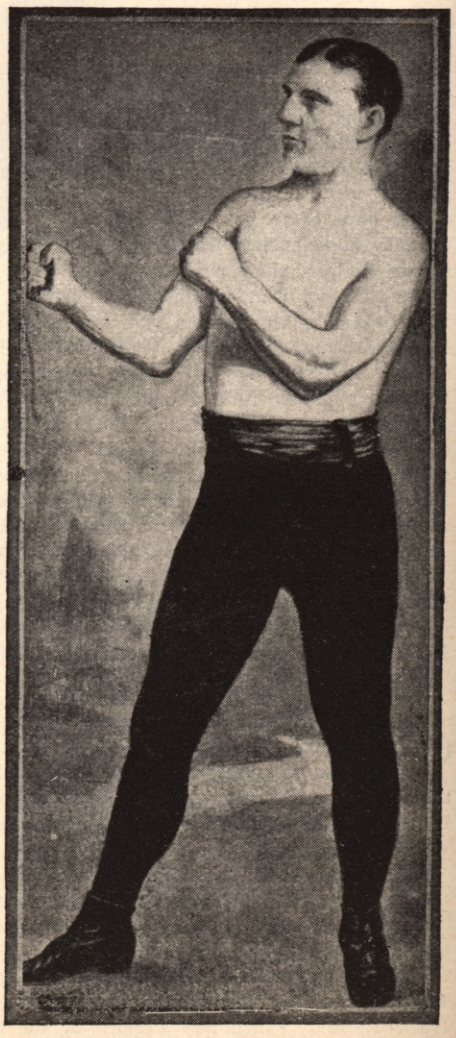
Dempsey was born in County Kildare, Ireland. He lost his title to Fitzsimmons on January 24, 1891, and on November 4, 1896, he died at the age of thirty-two years and one month.

* * *

CONCERNING Dempsey's fight with Fitzsimmons for the world's middleweight championship much has already been written. The purse was $12,000, the largest stake ever fought for up to this time. The winner took $11,000 and the loser $1,000. Fitzsimmons won on a knockout in the thirteenth round and won the title. The middleweight poundage at that time was 154 pounds, and weights were at ringside. Fitzsimmons scaled 150½ and Dempsey 147½ for that bout and the men weighed in the ring five minutes before the start of the battle.

The referee was Col. A. Brewster. Dempsey's seconds were Jack Mc-

(*Continued on page 42*)



Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XXVI

By A. D. PHILLIPS

FROM wrestling enthusiasts throughout the world, we have received many complimentary letters *in re* these articles on the modern history of the sport. Naturally, in writing a history of this kind, even though I saw most of the matches about which I have written, I found it necessary to spend several hundred hours in research in order to refresh my memory, and in this research, I have been aided by the Editor of this publication and numerous subscribers who have sent me clippings on famous bouts from all parts of the world. To all I offer my sincere thanks for their aid in trying to keep this series true to historic facts, and shall be pleased to have them continue to send me important data.

When I am prepared to publish my articles in book form, I shall, with the aid of Nat Fleischer, add considerable data which I had to eliminate in my series because of lack of space, and shall also make a number of corrections which have been called to my attention by enthusiasts. These letters and clippings show to what extent THE RING's army of wrestling readers will go to keep the records straight. That's fine co-operation and I hope will continue throughout the duration of the series.

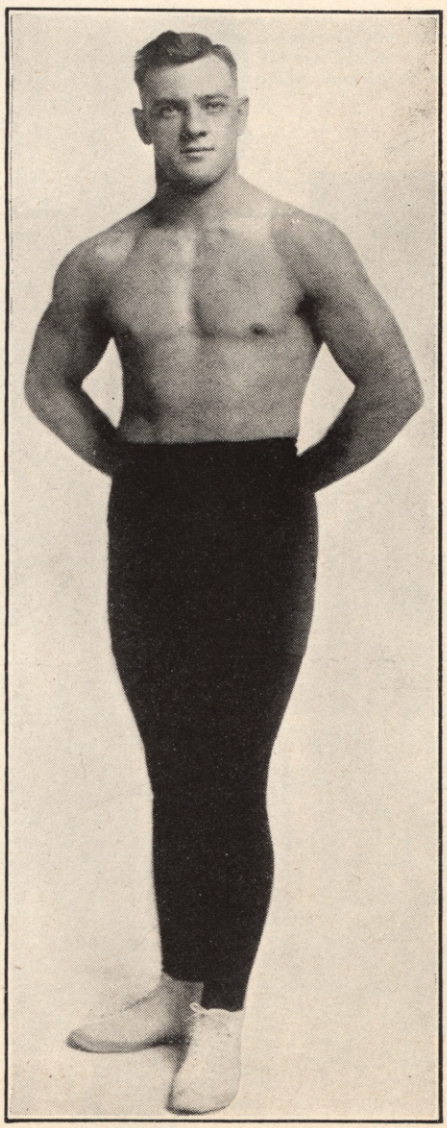
I learned from several of my readers that two of the best matches in which Stanislaus Zbyszko had engaged were eliminated from my story and, following requests for their publication, instead of continuing from where I left off in the last issue, I shall go back to 1922 and give a detailed account of Zbyszko's contests with Earl Caddock and Jim Londos.

* * *

IT was on February 6, 1922, that Caddock, former title holder and Zbyszko, then the champion, clashed in the old Garden in a titular match and like many other decisions in New York at that time, the verdict in that mill met with hoots and hisses. The New York Boxing Commission, which had only a short time previously been placed in power, conceived the idea to make flying falls and rolling falls legal, and it was those rules that brought about considerable disorder in the above bout, because they enabled Zbyszko to retain the title where otherwise he would have met defeat. The huge Pole scored two rolling falls to win the match.

There were three falls registered in the fifty-five minutes that the entire match actually lasted. In a defensive position with one shoulder on the mat and big Zbyszko sprawled on top of him, Caddock reversed out of an arm hold with the speed of a cat. Both men sprang to their feet and came to grips to continue when Referee Johnny Fleeson halted them and declared Zbyszko had secured a rolling fall. The time was 25 minutes flat.

Perhaps Caddock's shoulders did strike the mat for the smallest fraction of a second as he broke Zbyszko's hold. We'll concede that they did, although there were thousands who failed to see it. In any event, the referee's decision precipitated a demonstration that left no doubt as to where the public stands on the question of these flying and rolling falls. The fans just don't want them, that's all.



Earl Caddock.

After a five-minute rest the contestants renewed hostilities. Caddock climbed all over the big fellow and when this second bout was 10 minutes and 30 seconds old he electrified the crowd by picking up the ponderous Pole and hurling him to the mat, pinning him with a chancery and arm lock. The spectators went wild.

Zbyszko won his second fall and match in 19 minutes and 30 seconds. It came about in precisely the same manner as the first rolling fall. When the foreigner was proclaimed the victor the fans were too disgusted to voice further resentment and accepted the result in comparative quiet.

Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory issue, the match was highly entertaining. Although outweighed, 223 pounds to 190 pounds, Caddock performed in something resembling his pre-war form when he was without a peer. He more than held his own. He not only scored the only real fall of the match, but if a decision on points had been given, Caddock would have earned it.

One week following the victory over Caddock, "Zibby" undertook to toss two challengers in one night: Francois Le Marture, heralded as the French Champion, and Jim Londos, the Greek champion. The affair was arranged for St. Louis, the home of Londos who then, as today, is the popular idol of the home folks, and it was agreed by Zbyszko, the champion, to toss each of his opponents once within seventy-five minutes. By remaining an hour against the powerful Pole, Londos gained national attention, and with that match, he started the upward climb that eventually landed him the world honors.

* * *

ZBYSZKO downed the Frenchman in 14 minutes and 52 seconds, the foreign star succumbing to a toe hold and head scissors. Thus Zbyszko had an hour and 8 seconds to toss Londos to win the handicap match and although the Pole gave Londos a terrific shellacking, as wrestling goes, he was unable to pin Jim's shoulders.

Le Marture substituted for Joe Geshtowt, the Bulgarian from Boston, who sent a telegram stating that owing to an attack of influenza he was unable to make the trip. The Frenchman proved himself to be a classy wrestler, but entirely too small for such a powerful man as his opponent. The wonder is how he managed to go nearly fifteen minutes, as it appeared Zbyszko could crumple him at any moment.

Eel-like ability to squirm his body and slip out of holds marveled the packed house of spectators, who, of course, pulled hard for the smaller man. The Frenchman also showed some strong bridge work, on one occasion, saving himself by bridging with Zbyszko having his entire weight upon the little fellow.

Of course it was the grappling of Londos that carried the spectators into unbounded enthusiasm time after time. His exhibition of speed, cleverness, strength and "gameness" (*Continued on page* 44)

MARSHALL *Rises to Heights*

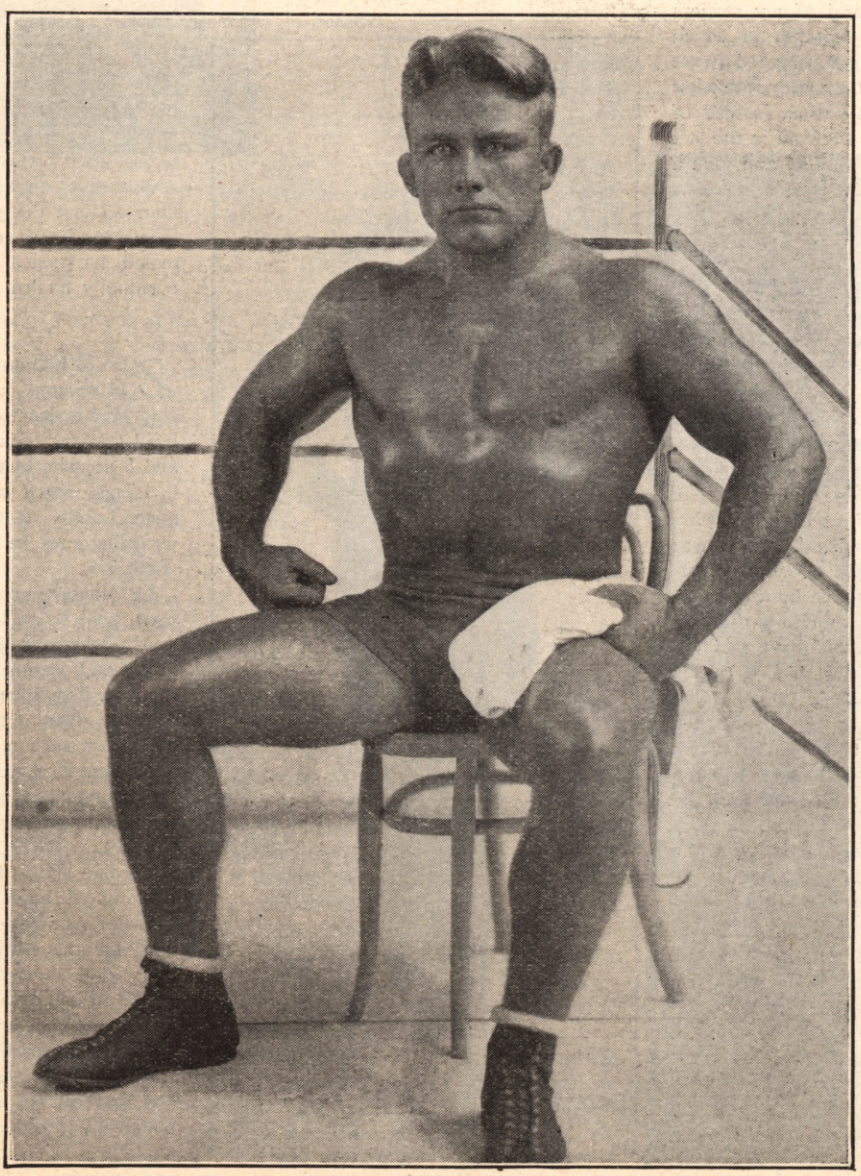
Everette, Who Held Londos to a Three-Hour Draw, Ranked Among World's Best Heavyweights

By CHARLES (CHICK) WERGELES

HERE'S a tip for you wrestling fans. Make a note of it now and, later, when you get your new fall Kelly, write the name under the sweat band. It's *Everette Marshall,* this name I speak of. You've probably heard tell of him ere this writing. There's a good vocalist who bears the same name, but the man I'm going to tell you about will bring more shekels to that eminent grappling promoter, Jack Curley, than the baritone has made for the stage entrepreneur, George White.

Marshall's greatest boast to mat fame is a three-hour and six-minute draw with Jim Londos, a few months before the latter won undisputed claim to the world's championship by defeating Jim Browning. However, that is not what I'm basing my prediction on for a glorious ring future for the blond-thatched Colorado grappler.

The match with Londos was Marshall's turning-point in his career. Every wrestler evolves on a veritable axis. Sometime or other he reaches a crisis. In most cases it comes ten years after he has been competing. In fact, it takes ten years before a matman becomes a finished wrestler. Marshall has just reached that point and his bout with Londos proved his mettle. Although Everette lost again a few weeks ago to Londos, he still rates among the first ten wrestlers. His recent defeats of Shikat proved his worth beyond any doubt.



Everette Marshall.

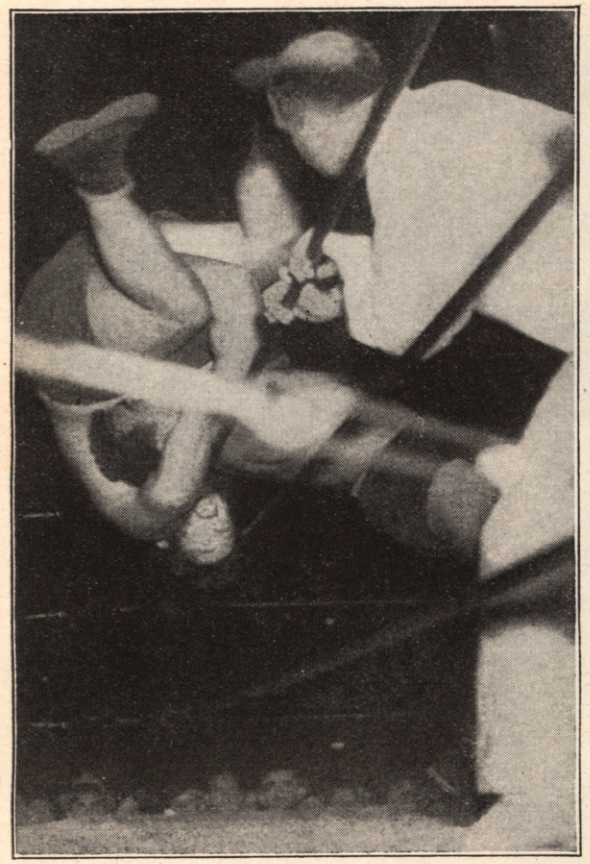
Marshall, who is twenty-seven years old, is comparatively a youngster in the game, with the experience of a veteran. A product of La Junita, Colo., he got his start as an athlete in the local high school and soon made wrestling his major sport. He had the advantage of a ranch life and tackled anything that walked on either two or four feet. While cowboys tamed steers with rope, Everette would make use of a headlock or scissors and in that way domesticated the wild cattle on his father's ranch.

These jousts gave Everette plenty of nerve and certainly enough to heed the taunts of the ranchmen to make a trip to Denver for some real wrestling competition in the ring. Joe "Toots" Mondt, a native of Greely, Colo., and a pretty good grappler ten years ago, watched young Everette perform on several occasions and took a fatherly interest in the youth.

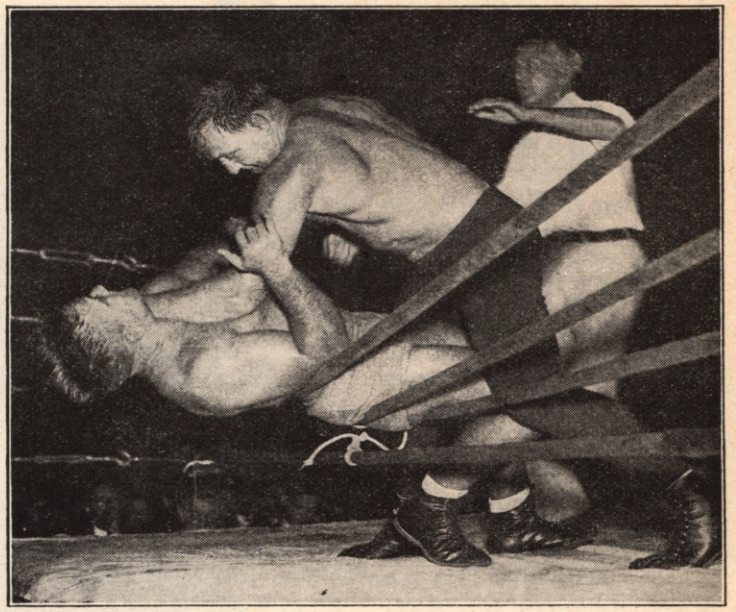
With Mondt's influence behind him, Everette chucked the

(*Cont. on page* 44)

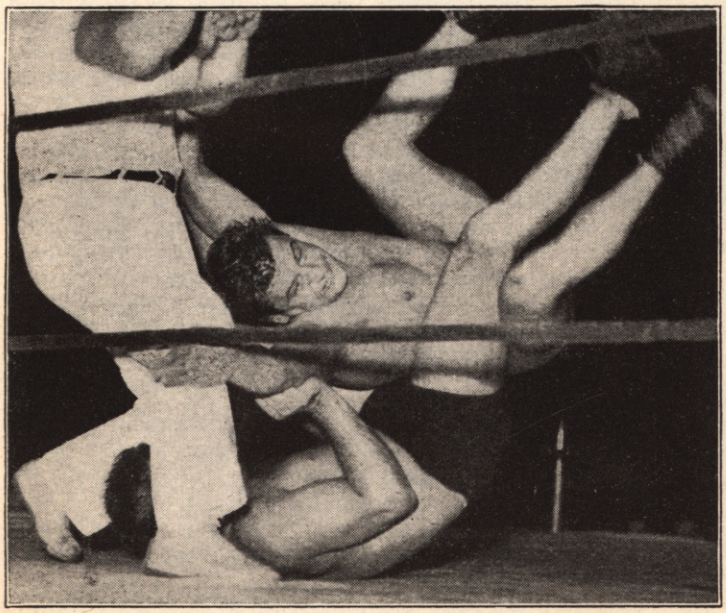
Here's Some Action!



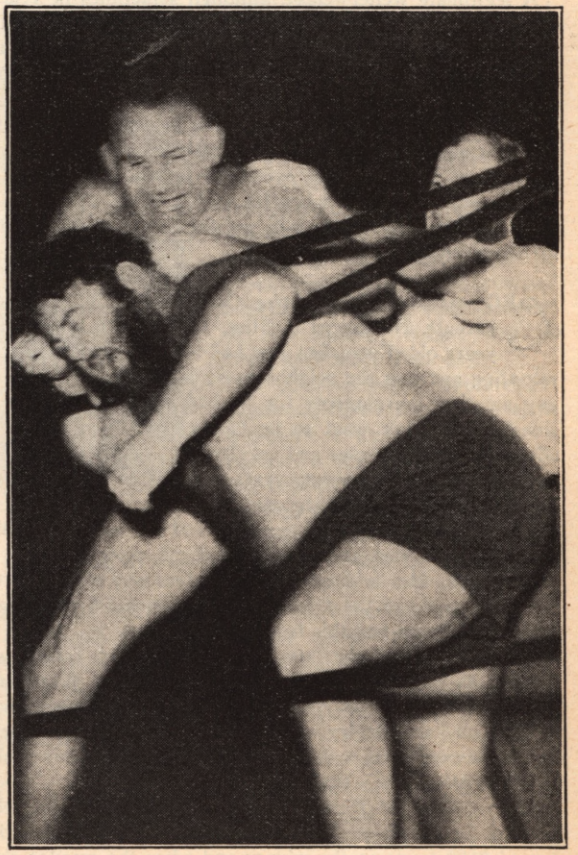
Here is a most unusual snapshot of a wrestling match. It shows Man Mountain Dean raised over the shoulders of Jim Londos outside the ropes. Londos dropped his bulky opponent with a thud to the floor for the deciding fall in their titular match at Los Angeles.



And here's a Nize Boy—Dick Shikat by name. Dick has Everette Marshall's head between the ropes and while pressing the left elbow against Marshall's throat, Shikat is about to deliver a hot smash with the right to the stomach. Wrestling is no sport for a weakling.



Recognize the hold? Sure it's the famous airplane scissors of Gentleman Jim Browning who is here using it on Ed Don George in their recent Boston match which George won in two out of three falls.

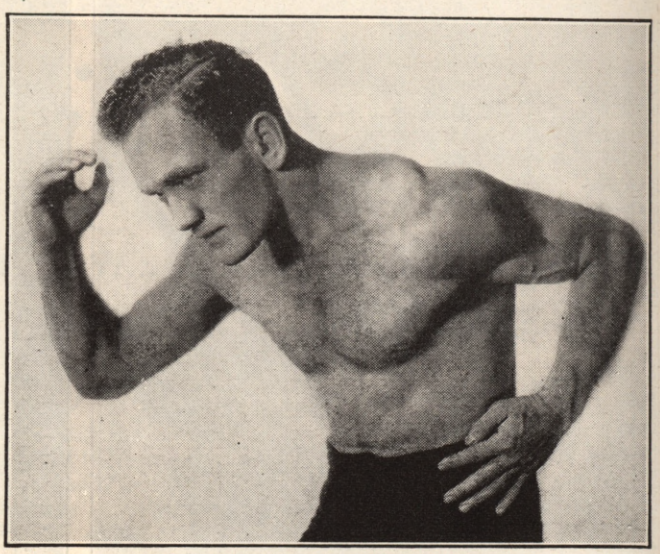


A scene in the wrestling match between John Freeberg and Man Mountain Dean. Dean, the bewhiskered giant, is caught between the ropes, but after taking a good licking from the Swedish champion, Man Mountain tossed his opponent at the Oakland Auditorium of San Francisco.

Michigan's Mat Monarch

Transplanted Irish-Canadian Wrestler Ranked Among the Best in America —Holds the State Welterweight Title

By LOU KLEWER



Leo Donoghue of Flint, Michigan.

PROFESSIONAL welterweight wrestling champion of Michigan almost as soon as he reached his twenty-first birthday, Leo Donoghue, clever and courageous grappler from Flint, is now seeking a championship match with Jack Reynolds who is still recognized in this neck of the woods as the ruler of the division.

Now, only twenty-five years of age, Donoghue is out with a challenge to any 147-pounders in the country. The young Irish-Canadian has been cutting a wide swath among the ranks of the welterweights and middleweights during the last three or four years.

A legitimate welterweight, although sometimes he reaches the 150-pound mark on the scales, Donoghue has wrestled in the welterweight, middleweight and light-heavyweight ranks in recent years. He has taken on all comers and has been putting up sturdy opposition against all kinds of wrestling.

Strong, with a superb physique and in perfect condition, Donoghue is one of the few grapplers who keeps up a steady period of training. He works out every day in which he doesn't have a match, and sometimes, when his match in the evening is only a thirty-minute affair, Leo will go through his regular workout in the morning.

* * *

LEO was born in Enterprise, Ontario, in 1909, of sturdy Irish parents. He moved to Flint, Mich., when he was fourteen years old. Even then Leo had already become interested in wrestling and was the neighborhood champion. He never entered any amateur tournaments for he had worked out with professionals and didn't want to be handicapped by being forced to adhere to amateur rules and regulations.

As soon as he was twenty years of age, Leo turned professional in earnest and began taking part in matches in Flint and near-by Michigan towns. He won a number of his matches against experienced mat men and then started out after the state welterweight title. He defeated all contenders and was awarded the belt emblematic of the Michigan championship by the State Athletic Commission and this belt he still retains.

About that time, the late Johnny Herley of Toledo was recognized as the best welterweight in the Middle West outside of the champion, Jack Reynolds, and Leo began hurling challenges at the Toledoan. Herley was ranked as the fifth best welterweight in the country then, and, always ready to defend his ranking, he accepted Donoghue's challenge.

Herley regarded Donoghue as just a fresh kid and decided to put Leo in his place. A private match was arranged with a side bet of $100 to go to the winner and after the regular show was over, one evening Herley, Donoghue, the stake holders and a few wrestlers got together and Johnny and Leo shot it out. Herley, expecting to win easily, was given a big surprise by the young Irishman and at the end of the allotted time, with neither grappler able to obtain a fall, the match was called a draw and the bets were declared off.

From then on, Herley was a strong booster for Donoghue and the Flint lad appeared on many of the Herley shows in Toledo, Lansing, Kalamazoo and other places. As Leo gained in strength and experience, the late Toledo promoter lost little time in declaring Leo as the logical contender for Reynold's welterweight championship and boosted Donoghue to the skies.

* * *

A SHORT time after he shot it out with Herley, Donoghue headed South and for some time trained and wrestled with Chris Jordan, the former middleweight champion. Chris soon had Leo meeting and beating the middleweights and light-heavyweights that came into Jackson, Miss., and Birmingham, Ala., and posted $500 for any welterweight who thought he could defeat the Michigan title holder.

After leaving Jordan's camp, Donoghue did considerable wrestling in Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. Along about this time, he was taken to Davenport, Ia., to wrestle Clare Grooms who was making it tough for the promoters by beating all the opposition. When Leo arrived in Davenport, Donoghue found he was billed as "Earl Carrier" but thought nothing of it and went through with the match, defeating Grooms in seven minutes. The next day, Donoghue learned that Wildcat McCann was given credit for defeating Grooms as the word was passed around that Wildcat's right name was Carrier. This was shortly after McCann had defeated Reynolds in Cincinnati and Donoghue is still trying to find out whey he was billed as Earl Carrier instead of under his right name of Donoghue. Leo soon severed all connections with the man who induced him to take the Davenport bout and since then has been strictly on his own.

* * *

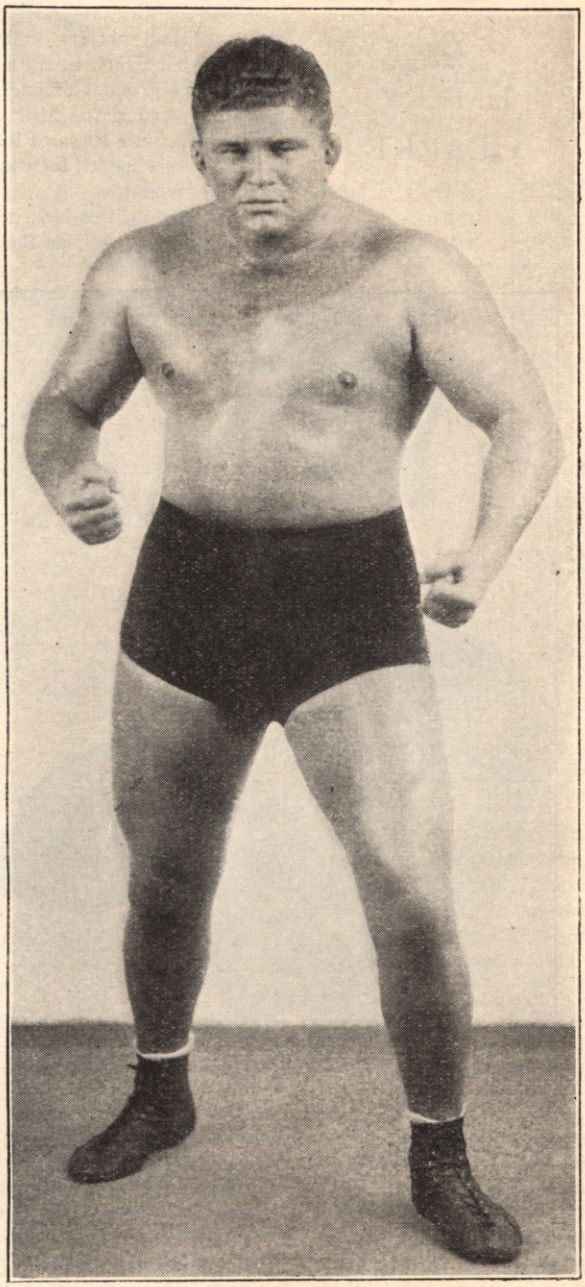
GROOMS was just one of the many middleweights Donoghue has been forced to meet to keep busy, for there aren't enough welterweights to keep him in coffee and cakes, and Leo likes plenty of steaks with his meals. Even though a legitimate welter, Leo also claims the middleweight championship of Michigan. He was rated as the sixth best middleweight in the country by THE RING last December.

Recently Leo defended his title in Michigan, wrestling there on a Thursday night after wrestling in Ohio on Monday and Tuesday and in Fort Wayne on a Wednesday. When he weighed in for his title defense he scaled only 144¾.

The Cowboy Wrestler

Meet Dick Raines, Blonde Bad Boy of the Mat, Who Hopes to Lasso the Championship

By BERNICE SANDBOE



Dick Raines, the Texas Pride.

TEXAS mat fans are pow'ful proud of the fact that Dick Raines, clever young grappler, is a product of the Lone Star State.

With a background and environment as colorful and exciting as a Zane Grey "western," this sturdy chap has turned from a Wild West, gun-totin', sho-nuff cowpuncher to one of the sensations of the mat game.

Coming from a fine Texas stock, who in the historical days of Sam Houston and Davey Crockett fought gallantly for Texas independence, Dick, with his wrestling skill and spectacular rise in the grappling world, certainly merits all the praise given him.

Dick was raised on his father's big Buckle El Ranch, which is located at Paducah, Texas, and he attended a little country school at Childress, Texas. From boyhood he led the life all youngsters dream of—riding, shooting, bucking broncs, punching cows, and riding the open range. This sort of healthy exercise, combined with hearty eating and daily training in his improvised gym in the barn where he juggled weights and wrestled with cowhands, developed the Texas boy into the fine, husky physical specimen that he is today—five feet eleven and two hundred and twenty-five pounds of mighty strength.

With such an advantage, it is small wonder that Dick turned his attention to wrestling and soon became known as the "Home Town Pride." However, it was defeat and not success that first started him on his wrestling career. One evening, his cowpunching duties over, he and some pals decided to take in the sights of a carnival that was in town. When the barker announced that the professional wrestler with the show would pay any man one hundred dollars who could stick with him ten minutes, Dick's friends urged him to accept the challenge, so Dick crawled through the ropes to receive a severe beating and not the money.

Humiliated by the taunts of the boys and confident of his own ability, Dick left home and set out to follow the carnival from town to town and in each place he took on the wrestler. With extraordinary grit and determination, he refused to let his many defeats at the hands of the carnival man daunt him. Dick knew that each day he entered the ring he entered a wiser grappler than the day before. Finally came the compensation for his pluck and he administered a good shellacking to the pro.

The carnival king, admiring Dick's courage and wrestling ability, offered to teach him the numerous "tricks of the trade" that he had learned in his many years of grappling. And so the rough edges were polished and Dick returned home with a great deal more experience and wisdom than when he left.

* * *

AT home, Dick found himself in such financial distress that he took a night job in Dallas, Texas, as an assistant mechanic at the Ford Motor Agency. But every wrestling-match night found Dick in a ringside seat. He played the old sick gag to get away, until one night, to his surprise and embarrassment, he found his boss sitting next to him.

And that ended Dick's career at the Ford Agency. However, later, when Dick had made a name for himself as a professional wrestler, the boss offered him his job back and for a while Dick worked at it. But, with the spirit of adventure ever in his blood, he joined up with a rodeo show and worked as a bulldogger. After the show he would offer to fight or wrestle any man in the audience, with a side bet of two hundred dollars that he could beat them. Dick says:

"I piled up twenty-five straight kayos and threw about forty-eight wrestlers. I was making quite a reputation for myself and everyone kept telling me that I had the makings of either a real wrestler or fighter." So Dick was not only adding to his store of experience but was also fattening up the purse.

Finally he had saved enough to start out on his wrestling career. Dick headed for Los Angeles, where Billy Sandow was a big shot in the wrestling game and was always willing to give a new boy a trial. With the result of Dick's trial this wrestling "mighty" was so pleased that he offered Dick a match with Ed Lewis within three weeks.

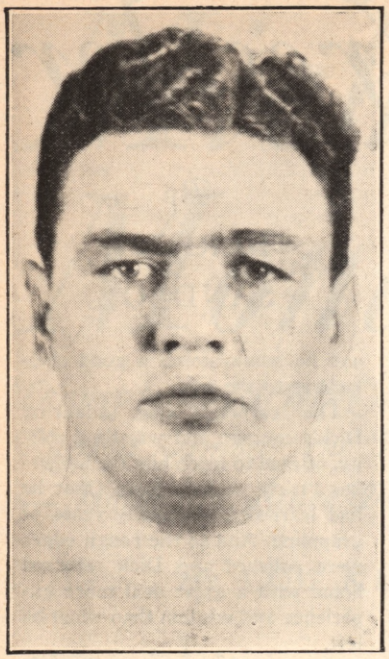
* * *

IN Los Angeles, on his nineteenth birthday, this sturdy youngster met the "Strangler," that great, old veteran of the ring. With his characteristic pluck and grit, Dick gave the "Strangler" a stiff battle and it took Lewis one hour and forty-six minutes to pin the boy. And it may be added, it was only a stiff haymaker to Dick's chin that won Lewis the match.

But, as we have learned before, Dick (*Continued on page* 45)

GETTING

By EMERY CLARKE



Art Flynn, Massachusetts heavyweight who is making good.

DR. MARTIN MERKUR, of New York City, has returned to his native heath from South Africa where he had been campaigning with a large number of other Americans for the past year. Dr. Merkur, it will be remembered, went to Johannesburg with Henry Irslinger and so fine a record did the medico compile, that it was with regrets the South African fans saw him go back to the States. However, Dr. Merkur, who has graduated from a middleweight to the light-heavyweight division, will renew acquaintances in this country and compete under the Jack Curley banner for several months, then go back to Johannesburg for another long campaign.

Speaking of South Africa and its wrestling fans, Dr. Merkur declared, in an interview with THE RING correspondent, that never in his ten years of professionalism has he come across a finer bunch of sportsmen than the wrestling enthusiasts of South Africa.

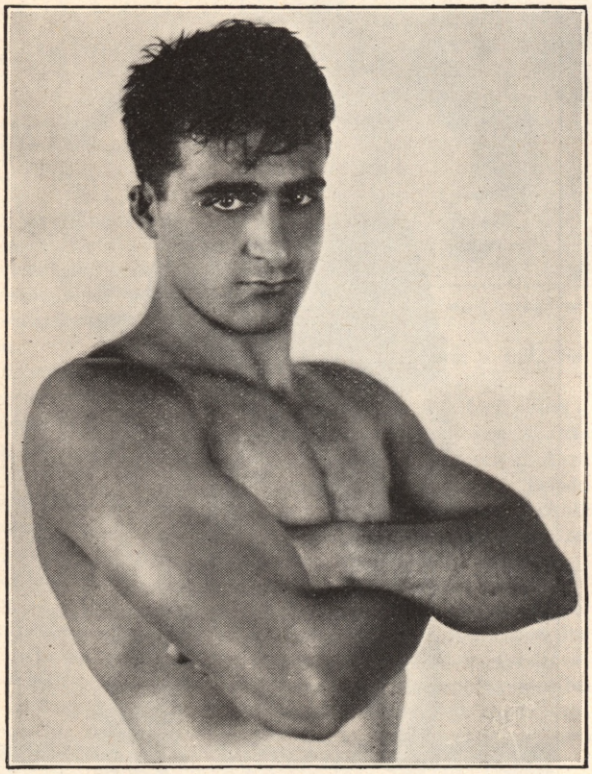
"They know the sport and if they take kindly to a visiting grappler, there is nothing too good for him. They come out in droves and a visitor is always assured of a good, square deal. There is nothing I would like better than to return for another year to South Africa," said the medico, who, be it known, made quite a reputation as a middleweight in this country before going abroad and, with his added knowledge gained on that trip, has increased his prestige considerably.

From Dr. Merkur comes the report also that some of the Americans who have gone to South Africa could have done much better financially had they not placed themselves under the control of an American manager, who makes certain that he gets the lion's share of the purse. Dr. Merkur says that it is much better to be one's own manager and to make all arrangements direct with the club. The organizations which control the sport are honorable in their dealings with the visitors and dishonesty is not part of the practice of the South African promoters.

Arthur Ronan Flynn

OVER in the good old Bay State, where the Merrimac winds its way through a series of mill studded hamlets, is the busy village of Lawrence, noted hitherto in sport circles as a breeding place for ball players, collegiate grid heroes, and boxing luminaries, but which in the near future is slated to be recognized as the home grounds of one of the best prospects in professional wrestling. And if the Mill City does receive this recognition, it will have Arthur Ronan Flynn, a husky son of Celtic parents, to thank for this sudden focusing of the calcium glare of wrestling's spotlight upon it.

Fight fans do not have to rack their memories very long to remember when Art, as the most promising member of a great United States boxing team, won the world's amateur middleweight championship at the age of sixteen in the International Tourney at Buenos Aires in South Amercia. Nor do they have to take too long a flight back to remember when Art was the ranking light-heavyweight in New England and a distinct threat to the world's light-heavyweight boxing crown, at that time reposing on the head of shuffling Paul Berlenbach, a reformed wrestler.



Angelo Martini, an Italian, light-heavyweight wrestler.

Art was in the punch peddling industry when even its mendicants were living a plush-chair existence at the best of hostelries and the gladiators themselves rode around in high-powered balloon-tired conveyances. After a couple of years knocking around in the fistic sport, Art decided to forego his search for a crown, and a niche in Fistiana's hall of fame, for a few bouts with the books which he hoped would lead him to a career as a medico. For a time he thought of mending bones instead of crushing them. Because of his warm, glowing personality, the Lawrence boy was welcomed with open arms by the good fathers of Boston College when he enrolled within its halls. Two years of pre-medical work there and Art was ready for the course he is now taking at Tufts Medical School.

Before we scrutinize too much the Lawrence Celt's work in his debut in the wrestling ranks, it would be well to consider his background in sport. No doubt this had much to do with his ability to withstand the hard knocks dished out to him in the wrestling and boxing ranks. Flynn played several years of sandlot football prior to his scholastic career under Mark Devlin, which saw him the star of teams which included on its roster such luminaries as Tony Matal, Steve Grenda and Ralph Hewitt, all of Columbia, and Johnny Janis of Fordham. He climaxed his career on scholastic grids by being the unanimous choice of the writers for All-State tackle in his senior year in high school. These same football Boswells decried the fact that Art chose a career as a fighter, rather than going on to a promising future as a collegiate grid performer. They argued that Mrs. Flynn's husky boy could become an All-American if he would play on college grids, and it is a reasonable assumption, for he was the star on an eleven that boasted several who were to go on and win that distinction in colleges.

While in Boston College, Art embarked on a career as a wrestler, and now after a long, hard row, which saw him soar to the top several times, only to slide back down the chute, he is

ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

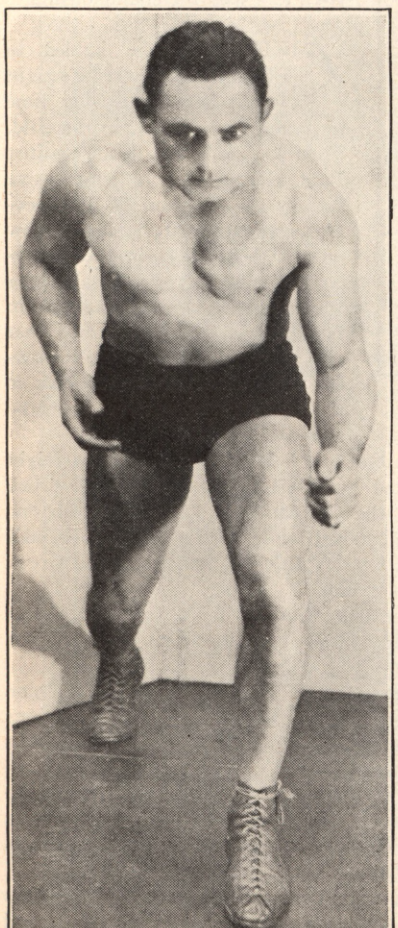
ready to capitalize on his ability and will receive a title shot with Ed Don George in the near future.

The Lawrence boy also has made an enviable reputation in New England as a wrestling referee. Flynn calls upon his pugilistic ability to keep the wild brawling behemoths of the mat in control when they start to rip and tear on the mat. Even the most virulent of pachyderms are quieted by a few gentle touches with Flynn's potent right hand on the nerve centers. Therefore, where Paul Berlenbach was the first wrestler to reach the cash ranks, Art Flynn gives every indication of becoming the lone boxer to reach the same dizzy heights as a wrestler.

Wayne Stumbaugh

WAYNE STUMBAUGH, middleweight wrestler from Taft, California, is coming up with a rush. Wayne is fast becoming one of the leading matmen in the middleweight division in the Far West. In the last few months he has reached the stage where he can wrestle with the topnotchers and more than hold his own. He is a clean type wrestler but can dish out lots of rough treatment if the occasion calls for it.

At the present time he is in the Northwest, where many of the country's leading middleweights are, including Ben Sherman, Bob Meyers, Robin Reed and many others. He is doing well there.



Dr. Martin Merkur who just returned from a successful tour of South Africa.

John Swenski

JOHN SWENSKI, "The Pitiless Pole," is one of the leading new stars in the light-heavy ranks.

Twenty-three years ago, he was born in Lynn, Mass., a city that produced some great athletes, among them being "Bump" Hadley, "Blondy" Ryan, Bernie Friberg, and Johnny Polando, famous aviator.

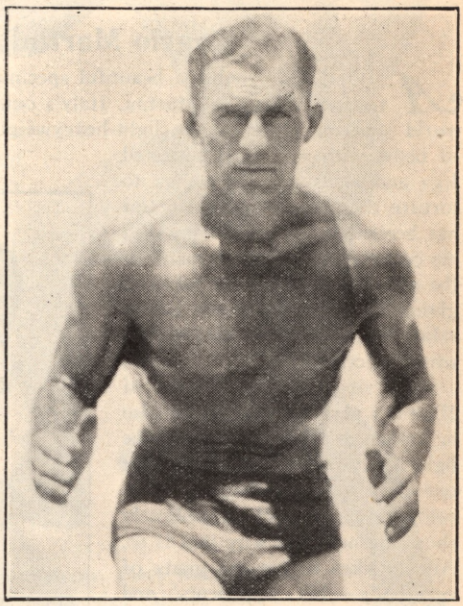
John started out to display his wares in the Middle West and met with great success in Michigan.

The "Pitiless Pole," as he is called, learned the finer points from three of the topnotchers, Don George, Joe Malcewicz and "Count" Zarynoff.

Swenski can throw most wrestlers his weight, and can go the rough stuff or scientific grappling.

This new star is a former boxer and football luminary. In appearance, he resembles Nick Lutze. He has a fine build and looks more like an artist's model than a grappler.

He scales around 185 and his favorite holds are the back drop and giant swing, the latter being employed with more success. This winter Swenski will show in Toronto and other parts of Canada.



Wayne Stumbaugh, middleweight from California.

Leo Wallick

PARALLELING the popularity of Max Baer, the heavyweight champion of boxing, as a popular idol with the females, Leo Wallick, known as the German Sheik, is today one of the outstanding performers among the young tribe of light-heavyweight phenoms. The young German, who was born in Danzig, had his early training down on the East Side of New York.

Wallick's strength was evidently inherited from his sire, who was a rigger working in the German shipyards, and the only male member of his family who eventually took up some manner of sports as a livelihood. Leo's early successes at the "Y" induced him to become a pro and his success speaks well for the training he got there.

Dutch Hefner

WHEN they turn wild Ernest "Dutch" Hefner loose in the ring, it's just too bad for the unfortunate fellow who occupies the opposite corner, for this young roly-poly lad, who hails from down yondah in Sherman, Texas, is really a rough and tough fellow.

He is a member of a family of wrestlers noted for years in Texas as experts in the sport. An older brother, who wrestled under the name of "Johnny Meyers" and won laurels as a leading light-heavyweight contender, taught Dutch much of wrestling holds, grips and ring maneuvers.

Dutch has been wrestling professionally about four years, following his success as a collegiate mat star on the team of Texas University where he had the distinction of winning every match he entered. It was after he completed his electrical engineering course at the Texas school that he took up wrestling professionally. Dutch also gained great fame in the Southwest as a football player. While playing for Texas "U" he was All-Southwestern tackle selection for three years.

Despite his wild, caveman tactics in the squared circle, this young fellow is a personable and likable young man outside of the ring. He has an engaging personality and his amiable good nature has won him scores of friends. One would never guess him to be the snarling, socking villain of the ring.

Louis Gyurcsak

HUNGARY'S hopes to develop a champion among the light-heavyweights rest in Louis Gyurcsak, a slippery lad when it comes to wrestling. He is a picturesque wrestler whose wild antics have the sports chortling in glee. Gyurcsak has revived considerable interest in the sport among his countrymen. He is their idol in New York.

Louis, like Fritz Kley, is a contortionist and when in a tight spot, he invariably can wiggle out of the most secure hold.

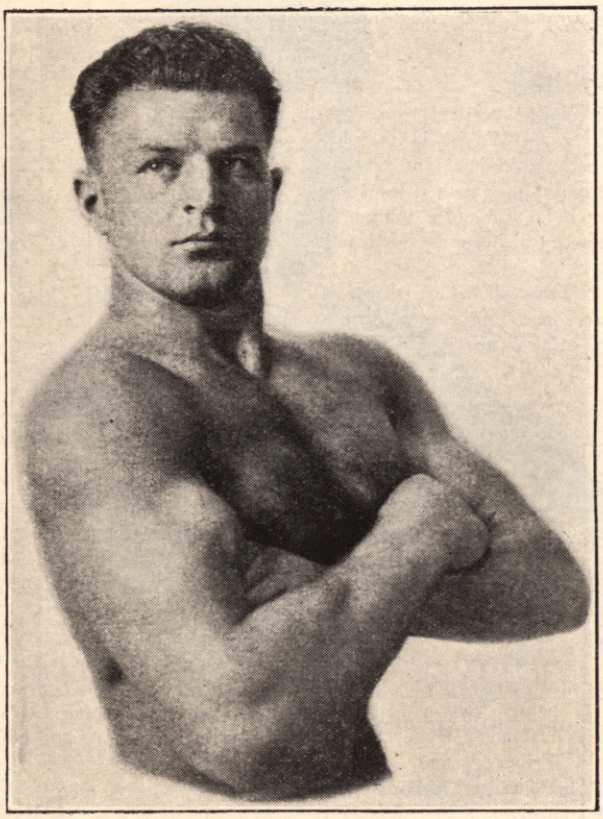
Angelo Martini

A MODERN Apollo, a beautiful specimen of physical perfection, is Angelo Martini, Italy's outstanding threat for world supremacy among the light-heavyweight grapplers. Lithe of body, with a pair of educated legs and arms that do things to torture the other fellow, Martini has become a great favorite with his countrymen, although many of the other customers have taken to giving him the well-known Bronx salute because of his wild tactics when in action.

It is singular that a man of Martini's perfect build should also be known as the clown among the light-heavyweight wrestlers. Yet one night spent watching the Mussolini favorite will immediately show the onlooker why that is so. Angelo likes to get the goats of everybody — his opponents and spectators alike.

The funny part about the clown is that the more the crowd rides him, the more he guffaws and shouts back threats at his tormentors. It's quite a picturesque sight to see Martini, with his chest expanded, strut around the ring, yell at the spectators, shout at the referee and defy his opponent to take liberties with him.

Angelo has developed to the tenth degree the art of slapping a fellow silly, of mugging his countenance, of taking an occasional kick at him and doing everything else that is rather unorthodox. Martini has been warned time and again but pays no attention to the warnings.



Leo Wallick, of New York City.

Gino Garibaldi

ITALY has sent many star wrestlers to this country in the past twenty years, including Renato Gardini, Joe Stocca, Mike Romano, George Calza and Gino Garibaldi, but of these, none have given greater satisfaction to the American mat fans than have Garibaldi and Calza. Some have made good, others have just failed to reach the heights, and a few, Garibaldi and Calza among them, have not only reached the contender class, but they have become so popular that their names have become legion among the fans of their country.

The popularity of Gino and George is explained by the fact that both are clean, colorful and splendid wrestlers. They are versed in the technique of the sport, are masters of many holds, have adapted themselves to the tactics that have the greatest appeal to the present day fan, and always give the supporters of the sport a run for their money. In short, both Calza and Garibaldi are grapplers of the pleasing type.

The rise of Garibaldi to stardom was rapid. A graduate of the University of Trieste, Italy, the city from which Italy's greatest wrestlers have hailed, he was a prominent athlete in various branches of sports, especially as an amateur wrestler, boxer and tumbler—a general all-around acrobat—and this has aided him considerably in making the grade since coming to America.

As an amateur boxer, he ranked supreme in his division. In one tournament he knocked out three opponents, then broke his hand just when the championship was within reach, and he decided to give up the sport in favor of wrestling.

* * *

AS an amateur matman, he repeated his boxing successes and soon became the most talked-of wrestler in Italy. He waded through the ranks with such ease that he won more prizes than any amateur before or since. He then decided on a tour of Europe in which he competed in various lands, gaining additional laurels, and received the congratulations of the Italian Minister of Physical Education.

In one match, seven years ago, he decided to tackle the greatest of all Italian wrestlers, Colonel Kobolo, the champion of the Alpines, a man with a record equal to that of Londos in the professional ranks today. Few in Italy gave Garibaldi a chance. He was a 1 to 10 shot, yet he felt that he could master the champion, prepared faithfully and in a contest at Trieste that had received nation-wide attention, before a gathering of 50,000 fans, he turned the trick and won the championship.

* * *

LIKE Shikat, he landed in Philadelphia where he sought work, but for a long time he found himself out in the cold. Then he made his debut against Paul Harper and his impressive victory enabled him to gain several attractive offers. He is now one of the leaders in the heavyweight ranks. It didn't take long for him to become a favorite in New York. The Italians of that city already knew of Gino's prowess and whenever he wrestles in the big city he receives splendid support.

When Shikat was at his best and held the world's heavyweight crown, Garibaldi was pitted against him, and though he failed to wrest the laurels from the German's head, he gave him one of the toughest battles Shikat had while a title-holder. Garibaldi has had several chances at Londos' title, but has found the Greek star just a little too good for him.

But that does not mean that Gino is not a topnotcher. Far from that. He is recognized as one of the best heavyweights now before the public.

Garibaldi, who is somewhat of a veteran, is of the opinion that the present day mat stars are greater drawing attractions than those of a few years back because they have learned that showmanship is a great factor in success. "No matter how good a wrestler is nowadays, he realizes that unless he pleases the crowd, his days are numbered. Therefore he executes his moves with precision, puts a touch of color in his actions and thrills the onlookers with spectacular stunts."

Well, that winds up our write-ups for this issue. Wrestlers are invited to send in biographical sketches of themselves and photos for this department. The sketches must be accurate and should contain some human interest.

The Duseks

By ALAN THORNE

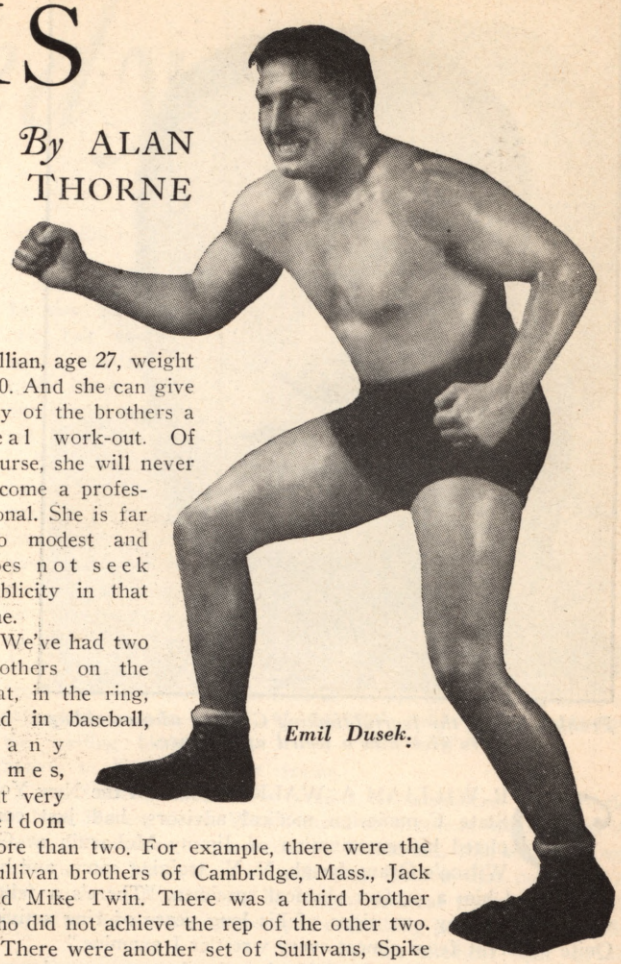
WHAT a poster for a wrestling show. And right here let us say that this is not a case where one brother is trying to parade his name and ability at the expense of his other brothers. Not by a long shot.

The Dusek boys, whose real name is Hason, of Omaha, Neb., are the exceptional in the world of sport.

Here are their names:

Antone	age 42	weight 203
Frank	age 38	weight 203
Ed	age 35	weight 205
Rudy	age 33	weight 230
Walter	age 31	weight 201
Emil	age 29	weight 215
Ernie	age 25	weight 225
Joe	age 23	weight 225

Yes, sir, eight stalwarts—brothers and stars. Yes, sir, eight. And, ladies and gentlemen, there is a sister, too. Her name is Lillian, age 27, weight 160. And she can give any of the brothers a real work-out. Of course, she will never become a professional. She is far too modest and does not seek publicity in that line.



Emil Dusek.

We've had two brothers on the mat, in the ring, and in baseball, many times, but very seldom more than two. For example, there were the Sullivan brothers of Cambridge, Mass., Jack and Mike Twin. There was a third brother who did not achieve the rep of the other two.

There were another set of Sullivans, Spike and Dave, good un's, too. We had the Gardner boys of Lowell, George, Billy and Jimmy. Two became champions of the world. That's a unique record.

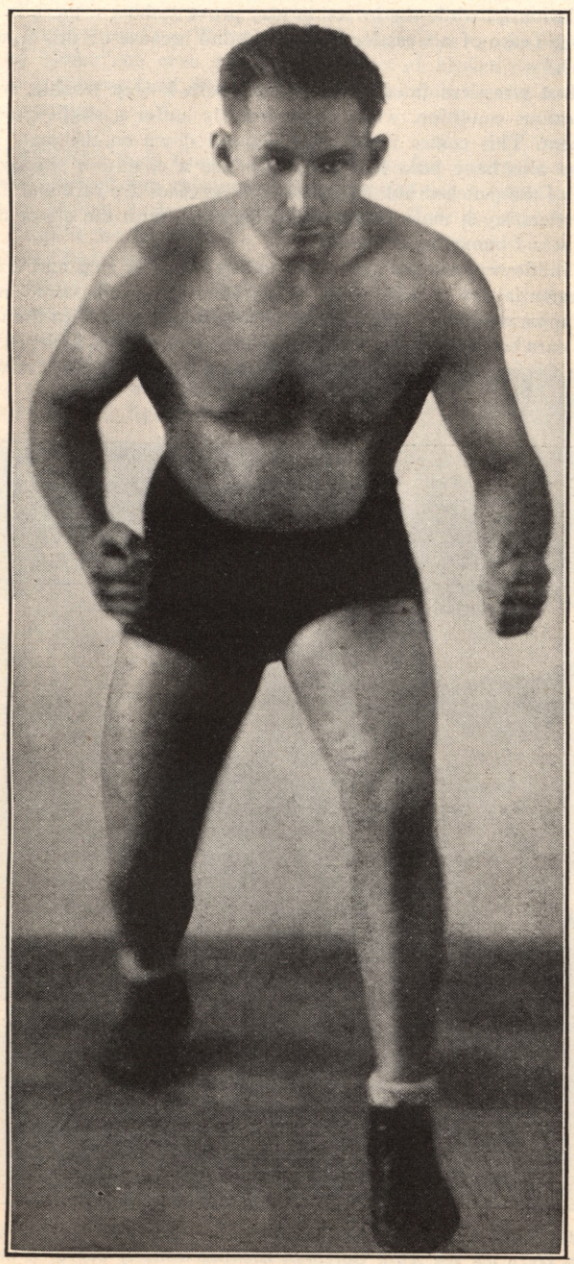
In wrestling, we had the Baptistes of St. Louis—Louis and George. Louis wrestled Yousof, the Terrible Turk and George measured holds with Hackenschmidt, Gotch and Olson.

In Cincinnati, they still boast of the ring and mat ability of the Wittmer Bros. Tony Stecher was a good wrestler a few years before Brother Joe became a champion.

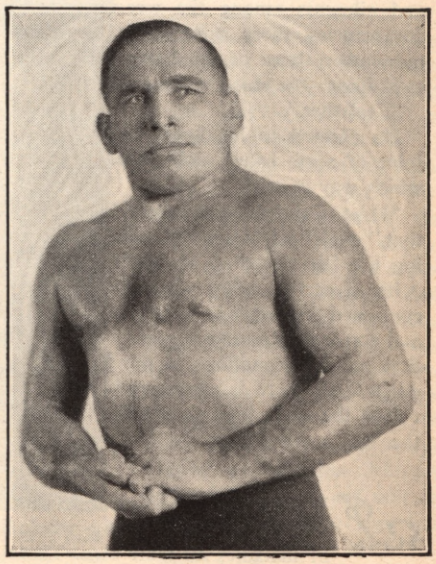
But, all these boys were in the retail business. The Duseks are wholesalers. And the family has stuck together, under the same roof, until lately, when several of the brothers established homes in other cities to be nearer the big sport centers.

Not a black sheep among them. All behave themselves as fine gentlemen off the mat and are welcomed to nice homes. This despite their roughness in the roped square.

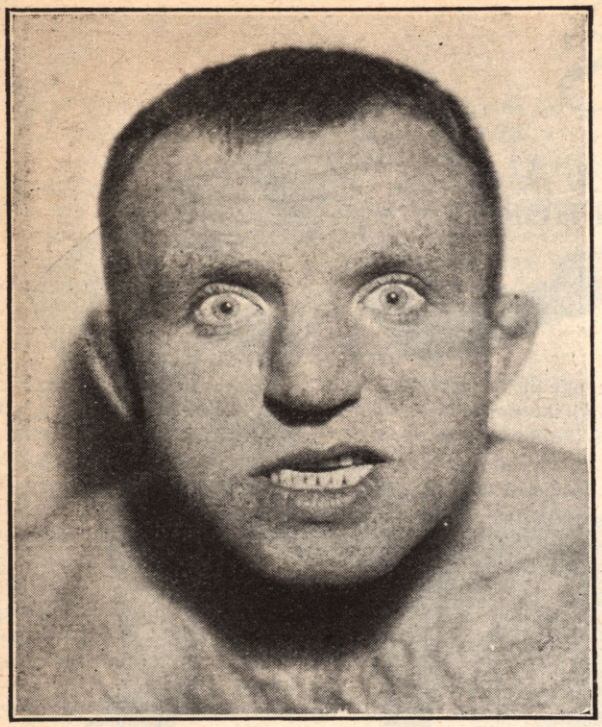
Ernie and Rudy lead the family in ability with Ernie as a front runner just now. No telling how soon you might see one of the Dusek boys billed as "Undisputed Champion of the World."



Joe Dusek.



Rudy Dusek.



Frankie Wolff, the fearful-looking German whose cabbage ears give him a weird appearance.

It's Not

Toots Mondt Tells of the Special Ills of the Pachyderms, Brought About by the New Style of Grappling

DR. WILLIAM A. WALKER, dean of the New York State Commission medical advisors, had just completed his examination of Jimmy McLarnin at Gus Wilson's Orangeburgh, N. Y., training camp, and had pronounced him a perfect physical specimen. "There's a fellow who doesn't carry any signs of his long years of ring activity. Quite different from almost every wrestler I examine."

I decided to explore the field after the doctor's remarks so I ventured into the office of Jack Curley, America's foremost promoter, to put him through the third degree on wrestlers' ills and ailments. I found that he was recuperating from his recent operation at a camp in the mountains, so I tackled his chief of staff, Toots Mondt. Toots, I said, what ailments are peculiar to the wrestler? Who do you think suffers more injuries and receives the greater punishment, the boxer or the wrestler?

It didn't take Mondt long to find the answer to my queries. "There are plenty of ills and ailments among the wrestlers, and as for injuries, those suffered by the matmen outnumber those of the boxer." By way of explaining, Joe stood up and said:

"Feel that."

He pointed to his knee. It felt like the joint of some baby's doll, to be bent every which way at will.

"Most of the older wrestlers' knees are like that," explained Mondt. "It comes from having the leg stretched so much and so far. After a certain point when the pressure is continued the cartilage is stretched, and strain and constant exposure to such methods bring that peculiar condition in the knee joint. I don't think there is another athlete who develops the same kind of trouble. We call it the 'ball bearing knee.'"

* * *

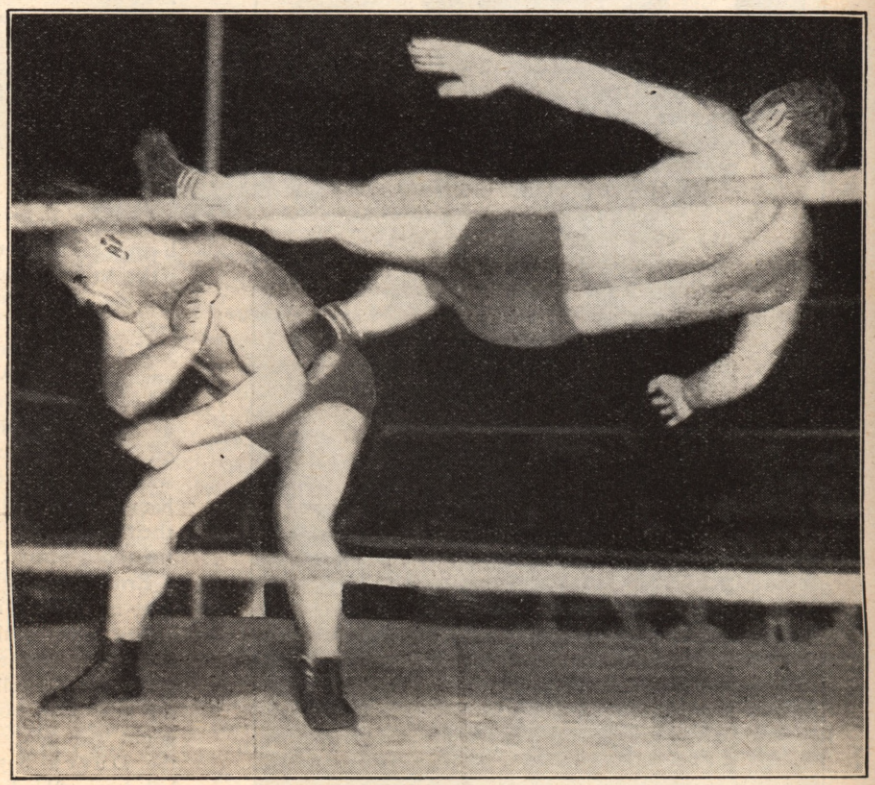
IT appears, after listening to Mondt, that the wrestlers have a whole list of maladies all their own. There is always, for instance, the danger of infection from bruises. That is what killed Stanley Stasiak. He sustained a bruise at the point of the elbow and the infection traveled up his left arm to his heart before the doctors could save him.

Then there is an eye infection which resembles pink eye, but is much worse. This is caused by perspiration and dirt from the mats. In recent years, with commissions insisting upon clean mats, this disease is not so prevalent.

A few years ago though, hardly a wrestler went through a season without infected eyes. Some have even had to lay off for months when the infection got beyond the control of the doctors, who frankly admit that while it is a germ, they cannot locate it. Curiously, while the infection may prove stubborn, there is not a single case of a wrestler becoming blind because of this trouble alone.

Most wrestlers finish their careers with kidney trouble, some in serious condition, while others merely suffer a slight chronic ailment. This comes from being slapped down on the mat. The slams also have been known to produce a condition similar to that of the punch-drunk fighter, but these cases are rare and most wrestlers lay it more to the blows delivered with the elbow than the actual bumps upon the mat.

Cauliflower ears are associated mostly with the ring and it is a common fallacy to believe that every wrestler with battered hearing apparatus tried to be a boxer before flopping over to the mat. Yet ears of this sort are acquired much more readily in wrestling and it is safe to say that there are twice as many wrestlers with these adornments as boxers.



This is an example of the latest style of wrestling that has often resulted disastrously for one or both matmen. Here we see Abie Coleman kicking himself out of a match with Ernie Dusek when one of his "kangaroo leaps" missed.

All Comedy

By HARVEY BRIGHT

A GOOD headlock or head scissors can produce a cauliflower ear in short order, but if you are in a hurry, the best method is a massage with the forearm. These ears can be healed if treated properly, but wrestlers are such busy individuals that they never are able to give such injuries the proper attention.

In the last two years, with the introduction of the flying tackle, there have been more than the usual amount of injuries. In addition, the slugging tactics permitted by most referees and the tossing of an opponent over the ropes out of the ring, onto the concrete floor, have been responsible for broken necks, broken arms and collarbones, turned ankles and what not. Where in the past the wrestling was confined wholly to the ring, today it is not uncommon to see the grapplers trying to tear each other apart on the floor of the arena after one has been hurled over the ropes.

Yet such smashups have not been confined to this modern era of hectic grappling. Wrestlers cracked up years ago just the same and Mondt can even recall a few cases of broken necks, which did not prove fatal, because the bone was split up and down and not across.

* * *

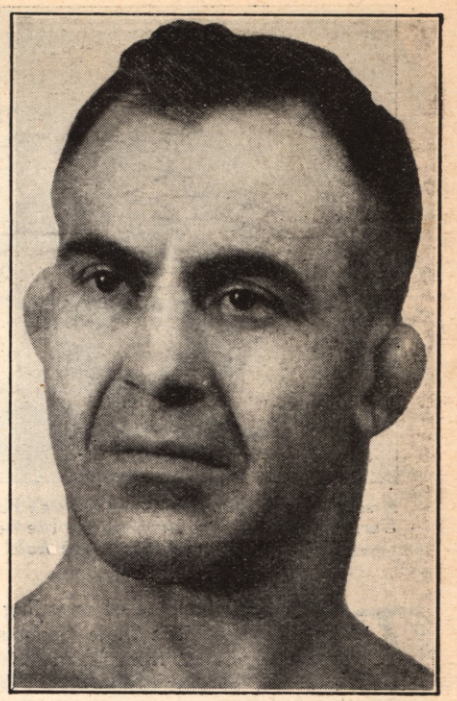
WHEN Jack Curley returned from his mountain camp, I showed him this story and he agreed one hundred per cent with Mondt. Jack decided to elaborate. Here is what he said:

"Call it the 'Honor Roll,' 'The Casualty List' or just plain cases of accidents. But the record shows that wrestling is not the easy plaything that some think. We shall take a few of the most serious cases of the last couple of seasons—a list that will stagger the sport public. It is true that the average box office patron to an auto race, horse race, boxing bout fight or football game, comes to witness a killing, or to say the least, to see someone maimed. Yet, when casualties actually occur, there comes a feeling of genuine sorrow and sympathy.

"There was the case of Stanley Stasiak, the big Pole who contributed to wrestling frolics up Boston and New England way. Stasiak was the special pet of Paul Bowser and packed many of his arenas. His roughness on the mat was that of a bull in a china shop. Everything before him had to give way. Opponents, referees, police officers—Stanley's furor recognized no superiors when once his temper and rage grew rampant. Stasiak forgot everything when he got under full steam.

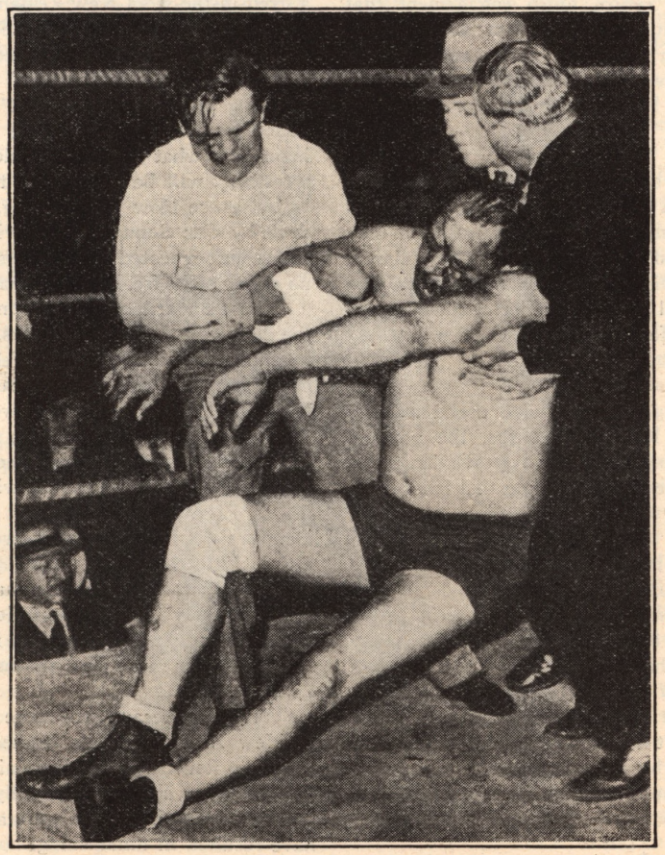
"After appearing in Boston, Stasiak filled a date in Toronto, Ont. His opponent was George Zaharias, the demon Greek, himself not the most gentle person on the mat. Stasiak injured his arm. The doctor said it was broken, but on account of the sinew and muscle, it was hard to tell how serious was the injury. A day's rest and Stasiak drove off in his car towards his home in Boston.

Around his arm he wore a bandage and felt sure he could master the little injury without special medical aid. A day or two later, the arm pained him, became swollen to three times its natural size, and when he reached a doctor he was beyond medical aid. Two days later he died from septic poison, caused by a splinter feeding blood poison to his magnificent frame.



John Kilonis, whose bulbous ears are a result of constant rubbing by opponents against the mat.

"Joe Shimkus died under similar circumstances. He wrestled in New Haven, Conn. Was bumped on the head but belittled the injury. Therefore he proceeded to Richmond, Va., where he was defeated by Malcewicz, in such easy fashion that next day on his return to New York, he sought medical treatment. But the day after he was a corpse despite everything possible done for him by the medical staff of the Polyclinic Hospital. A clot on the brain, like the one that caused the death of Ernie Schaaf, brought on the end. His body was shipped to his home in Worcester, Mass. And that was that.



And here we see the end of a "perfect" night of wrestling. Jack Washburn, battered to a pulp by the flying tackles of Gus Sonnenberg. Jack sustained broken chest ligaments, a strained back and a throat hemorrhage—that's all.

* * *

JOE STECHER, once world champion, the scissors hold king from Nebraska, fell for the ravages of nerves and was put away in a sanatorium from a nervous breakdown. When last reported, he was a bit improved in health and here's hoping he will make a real comeback.

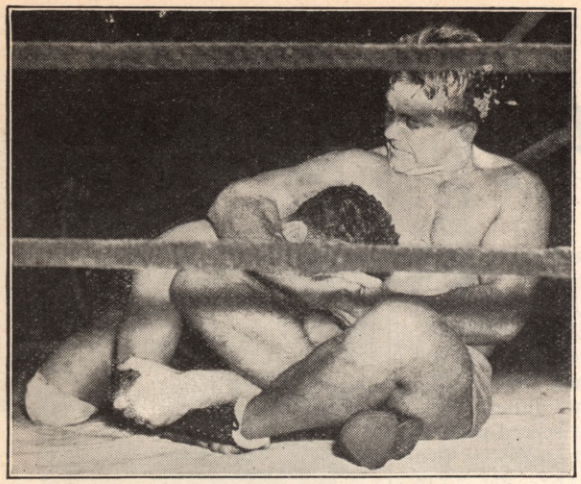
"Sam Stein electrified thousands at Madison Square Garden when he dove from the ring onto the hard cement floor, ten feet from the ropes. The jokesters laughed and called his act great showmanship. Others hinted at an easy way out for a build-up of a return match. Yet, poor Sammy, through contact with the hard floor, ruptured a main artery which supplied the blood stream to his eyes, and will go without the sight of his left optic for the rest of his life.

"Dimitri Demitroff contract-

(*Continued on page* 42)

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL



A scene in the match between George Zarnahoff and Gino Garibaldi in Albany. Here we see the headlock forced on Gino who, in turn, has a toe hold on his rival.

THE change in rules of wrestling inaugurated recently by the New York State Commission, which removes the curfew limit from feature matches, meets with the approval of mat enthusiasts. The new order permits wrestlers to continue indefinitely once a bout has gotten under way. It will be possible hereafter to see the picaroons have it out on the mat for three or more hours, as was often the case in the good old days of the sport when a finish match meant just what the words implied. Of course we will continue to have our draw bouts because the referee will be permitted, when the physical exhaustion of the contestants warrants it, to call a halt despite the removal of the curfew.

Thus we may see a Don George-Jim Londos bout go on for four hours to a draw with the third man in the ring interceding to save the grapplers from further punishment, or, shall we say, to make it possible to stage a return finish engagement that would be certain to draw a banner throng. But why worry? That is all part of the modern wrestling game, and so long as the spectators enjoy the show—and I candidly believe they do—let 'em go on as often as the fans care to see 'em.

* * *

WRESTLING enthusiasts were glad to see the return of Gentleman Jim Browning to the mat wars. His physician announced a few weeks ago that Jim's eyes, after an extended rest, were in good condition again, and since his return he has shown all his old-time form, including his famous airplane scissors. Jim is a credit to the sport and is well liked. Jack Curley plans to use him three times this winter in Madison Square Garden.

* * *

Despite the advice of eye surgeons who have urged Sammy Stein to quit the sport for at least six months, the popular Hebrew wrestler refuses to remain idle. There is grave danger of Sammy losing his eyesight because of an infection that has spread to both eyes.

* * *

JIM LONDOS' showing in recent bouts indicates that the Greek Adonis is as strong and good with his holds now as he was several years ago. With the exception of tiring more quickly, Londos shows no sign of losing any pep despite his many years of activity. Regardless of what one may think about Jemmie in comparison to the truly-greats of wrestling lore, the fact remains that he is one of the best matmen developed during the past two decades. For one thing, there isn't a better showman in the game and that alone is ample reason why those in control of the promotorial end of wrestling are happy over the fact that Londos is the reigning power in this country.

* * *

THE RING received many letters from all parts of the world last month in praise of its splendid wrestling section. But no messages pleased us so much as those from South Africa, Siam, India and Australia. We are happy to know that our efforts bring joy to someone in far-off lands. At times we have been criticized severely for our stand *in re* certain matters and certain wrestlers, but I can safely say that whatever criticism THE RING makes is purely of a constructive nature. The editor, neither in boxing nor in wrestling, has any axes to grind. Our aim at all times is to serve boxing and wrestling.

We are not on the pay roll of any promoter or promoters. We say fearlessly what we think will interest most of our readers and what will aid the sport most. The fact that, with all the money flowing into the coffers of the sports promoters in boxing and wrestling, we have been forced to fight a lone battle during three years of depression, without as much as one penny of aid in the form of advertising from those whom we have most helped, is ample proof of our independence. *We say what we want when we want to, but all in the interest of fair play for the sport.*

* * *

WRESTLING fans in far-off New Zealand and Australia apparently refused to be hoodwinked by the type of wrestling that the average American follower of wrestling regards as good, exciting entertainment. You see, Rastus, the New Zealanders in particular have long been accustomed to getting the real sport dished up to them, and when they get the Sonnenberg tackles they don't seem to appreciate the meaning of such "attacks" as part of wrestling's "holds." It takes more than the antics of a Sonnenberg, Zaharias, Fritz Kley, or a Pinetzki, to please a dyed-in-the-wool New Zealand wrestling fan, as was evidenced in the recent match between Sonnenberg and Harry Mamos.

This affair, widely advertised, was halted by the referee, who declared the bout "no contest." As Sonnenberg is one of the outstanding matmen in America, a former champion with a wide following in this country, the following report from Auckland, indicating what New Zealanders think of our new system of wrestling, will be of interest to our readers.

"A severe blow to wrestling, or its American equivalent, was dealt by Gus Sonnenberg and Harry Mamos in Auckland when, following repeated injunctions from the crowd, which made no secret of its ire, Referee Charlie Pollard declared it no contest.

"The standard of professional wrestling has been rather on the decline in the past two years, and it was thought it had reached its climax when Meyer and Felice provided the worst exhibition ever; but such was not the case, for on this occasion, Sonnenberg and Mamos went one worse.

"Never, since this American style of wrestling was introduced to Auckland, has the crowd been in such hostile mood; repeated demonstrations of discontent with the proceedings culminating in the wrestlers being counted out again and again, while plutocratic members of the audience showed their disapproval by throwing pennies into the ring.

"The funeral dirge must naturally follow a painful proceeding, and if Monday's exhibition, following other poor 'contests,' can be taken as a definite indication, it will soon be time to bury the corpse of what was once the most popular indoor sport in New Zealand.

"Wrestling became the rage in Australia and then it spread to New Zealand. While it died in the Commonwealth, it continued to flourish in the Dominion, to the confusion and devastation of other sports, principally boxing. But continual poor attempts at contests, which were an insult to anybody's intelligence, have resulted in diminishing 'houses,' and where once nonentities drew packed attendances worth many hundreds of pounds, an ex-world's champion such as Sonnenberg can no more than half fill the hall.

of the MAT WORLD

"Gus and his opponent were hippodroming to such an extent that the crowd booed, hissed, and finally chanted, much to the dismay of the former world champion. The wrestlers were repeatedly warned by Referee Charley Pollard to get busy and wrestle instead of act, but all his warnings brought about was some flying tackles by Sonnenberg, after which he and his opponent would rest for four to six minutes on the mat, ostensibly 'tearing each other to pieces,' but in reality, displaying a phony act. Finally the spectators and referee could stand this nonsense no longer.

"After Mamos had taken a couple of jolts on the chin and had embraced Gustave on the mat for some time, Referee Charles spoke a little piece, but it had no effect. Then the referee took matters into his own hands. With arms aloft for silence he announced: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I declare this no contest.'

"So ended the greatest wrestling farce ever perpetrated in Auckland.

"If promoters want to kill the sport here, all they need do is to continue to import American football stars and list them as wrestlers. What a farce!"

There you are mates.

* * *

BERNICE SANDHOE, our popular Dixie correspondent, sends us the following contribution:

Chief Chewchki, the big gypsy bad man was in a playful mood recently and caused quite a riot at a match in Houston. Elated over his victory over Tommy Marvin, the rough redskin, the Chief crawled back into the ring at the beginning of each bout and offered to take on all comers. When Doc Karl Sarpolis, title challenger, and big Lew Plummer went into the ring for their match, the Chief jumped up and began calling Lew nasty names. The referee ordered the Gypsy on his way and called time, but Plummer was riled and took time out to get a sock at the Chief.

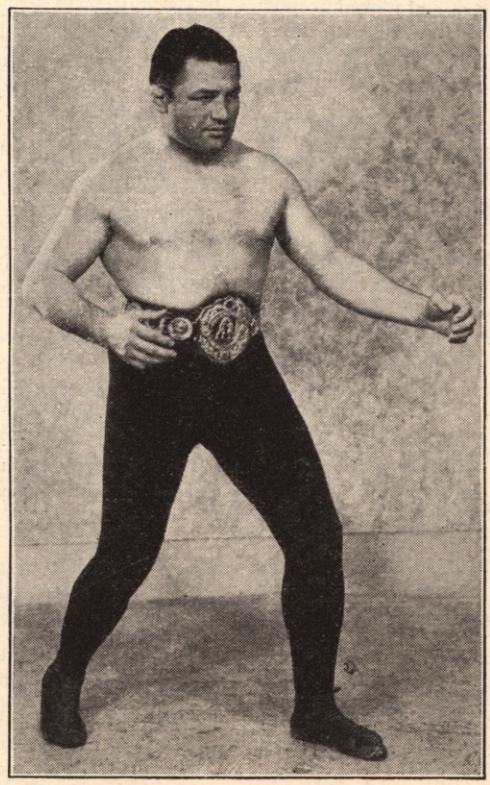
In the meantime, Karl Sarpolis, ready for action and tired of the by-play, leaped on Lew with a flying scissors and pinned Plummer to the mat. However, irritated fans refused to consider the fall and thronged to the ringside, so the referee ordered it done over, minus Chewchki, and Sarpolis proved his stuff by winning two straight falls. As a result of the Chief's actions, Plummer was booked to take on Sarpolis and Chewchki, both in the same evening.

* * *

Lew once drew a long suspension in Texas when he used brass knuckles to down the Chief.

* * *

Only one wrestler, Nick Elitch, has been able to copy Karl Sarpolis' "human arrow" stunt. This extremely daring and dangerous trick is a sort of a flying tackle, maneuvered when the wrestler is standing outside of the ring. Using the ropes as sort of a huge slingshot, the wrestler performing the stunt flings his body, head on, at the opponent. The curly headed Doctor has exhibited the stunt several times here and its daring has fans holding their breath. Doc may not be considered among the big shots in the north, but he certainly is a top-notcher here.



Tom Lurich, the big shot of Australian wrestling. He is seen wearing the belt which is emblematic of the Australian heavyweight championship.

DIDJA KNO—that Dick Raines has Cherokee Indian blood in him?

That Doc Karl Sarpolis has an older brother who is a famous obstetrical physician in a large Pennsylvania hospital?

That the brother, Doctor John Sarpolis, is decidedly "again" Doc Karl's profession?

That Nick Elitch, Yugoslav wrestler, has just been in this country two years?

That in 1930 he was heavyweight titleholder of his country?

That Strangler Lewis is vacationing in Paree?

That Chief Chewchki did his part for the Community Chest by passing through the audience, at a recent wrestling match, with a huge bucket and demanding contributions?

That Sammy Kosh, fine little Jewish wrestler, is the physical director at the "Turf Gymnasium" in Galveston, Texas?

* * *

Pete Schul pulled a Chief Chewchki trick in his bout with Paul Jones in Houston. Every time Pete and Paul would go into a huddle, Paul would come up rubbing his eyes and complaining that Pete was putting something in them. It developed that due to a slit in the mat, sawdust was coming through and Pete was using it to annoy Paul.

Lew Plummer made good one half of his boast to toss both Chief Chewchki and Karl Sarpolis in the same evening. The ex-Notre Dame grid star weathered the fiery attack of the wild Chieftain and came through to throw him, but found wrestling scientific Karl Sarpolis a different matter and was thrown by the Doc in short order.

* * *

After subduing Ray Steele in California, Jemmy Londos invaded Texas to take on all challengers. In San Antonio, he beat Lew Plummer and in Houston, he defeated Karl Sarpolis. Then he went to Dallas and took the measure of Juan Humberto in straight falls, in 17 minutes and in 33 minutes, respectively.

With a sigh of relief, Mister Jemmy Londos bundled himself in his kingly mantle, adjusted his slightly slipping headgear and stalked out of the Houston arena still the kingpin of the grunt-and-groan boys, despite the efforts of Sarpolis to appropriate his throne.

From the start, the mighty monarch of the mat found that Doc Karl has what it takes to make a champion clutch his crown tighter, for the dignified doctor came flying out of his corner and clamped on his sensational body scissors before you could say "Christopher Theolopus." Mister Londos registered distress for several minutes but Doc Karl showed no compassion for the suffering sovereign and it was only by crawling to the ropes, that Jemmy was saved. Then Doc, who is admired for his daring and spectacular showmanship, gambled all and made another flying leap at Londos in an attempt to clamp the scissors on again, missed and went sailing through the ropes. He hit his hip a hard whack on the edge of the ring and came limping back inside the ropes an easy prey for the champ. The fall, one of whirlwind action, lasted only eight minutes. (*Continued on page* 48)

GREEN SILK

By CLIFFORD CASHMAN

I'M tellin' you, Kid," said Frank Graham, "this is going to be a swell party."

The Kid looked at his manager thoughtfully before he replied.

"You're a funny bozo, Frank. Here I am three weeks away from the biggest fight of my career and you're bookin' me at parties. Three weeks to go and I ain't had three hours' training."

"What are ya talkin' about, Kid? It's only six weeks ago you put Patsy Werner away in two rounds. Why, you're in the pink, Kid. You're in the pink."

The manager tipped back in the swivel chair and lifted his feet onto the desk. He puffed slowly on an expensive cigar.

"Yeah. I suppose I am," the Kid said, grinning a little at the compliment, "but this Johnny Bonto ain't no Patsy Werner. Johnny is the champ."

"Sure he is. But you'll put him away in six rounds. Ain't all the dough on you? Ain't the sport writers givin' you six rounds to put it on ice?"

"Yeah. I s'pose so."

"Molly is goin' to be at the party tonight. You know that baby is goin' fer you in a big way?"

"Oh, yeah? Well, she ain't a bad number."

"You and that baby are goin' places, Kid. She tol' me she wouldn't mind a bit being hitched to a champ. She's hard to make, too. Understand me? Plenty of big timers have tried to slip a ring around Molly's finger."

"Yeah. I s'pose so. Say, Frank, an old guy like you ought to be married instead of runnin' around to parties."

* * *

THE Kid perched on a corner of the desk and looked around the office, unaware of the cynical smile on his manager's face. His gaze rested on one of the numerous pictures of modern and ancient pugilists hung about the walls. He stared at it, a gleam of admiration in his eyes.

"There's the guy," he said, pointing to the picture. "That guy was a real battler, Frank. They called him 'Kid' too. Didn't they?"

Frank shook his head, his teeth biting deep into the cigar.

"You used to manage him. Didn't you, Frank?"

"Yeah," Frank answered. "Roary O'Ryan was one of my boys but he never made the grade."

"Aw! What are you talkin' about, Frank? A faster guy never drew on a glove. Roary's footwork has never been equaled."

"Oh, the boy was fast, understand me, but he didn't have the stuff that makes a champ. I sold him just before his last big fight. After that he went sour. The fans said he took a dive in that fight. I never heard of him after that. He went West. I guess he must be dead now, that was more than twenty years ago."

"He had a great record," the Kid said in defense of his idol.

"Yeah, a great record," Frank echoed. "What do you say, Kid? I'll pick you up at the hotel at eight?"

"Okay, Frank, but I got to get some sleep tonight. This is the fourth night this week we've been on parties."

"You should worry, Kid. You're sittin' pretty. An' don't forget Molly will be there."

* * *

THE Kid pulled his cap down over his eyes and sauntered out of the office. He strolled along toward the hotel, his eyes following the lines in the cement sidewalk. When he looked up he had passed the hotel by several blocks.

"That's what I get for trying to use my head," he thought, as he turned to retrace his steps. "But it is kind of funny. Frank telling me I'm in the pink."

"Scuse me, Mister," the Kid said to the shabby figure he bumped against.

The shabbily dressed man said nothing but continued to stare into a pawnshop window. The Kid looked from the man to the window, where a motley array of articles were piled in disorderly confusion. He followed the old fellow's line of vision and his eyes rested on a pair of green silk trunks. On the corner of the left leg he distinguished the embroidery as "THE KID." Beneath it in smaller lettering was "R O' R." A light flashed into the Kid's eyes and he dashed into the pawnshop.

"Say," he said, almost breathlessly. "What do you want fer them green trunks in the window?"

"Vell. Let me see," the proprietor said, stroking his chin and sizing up his customer. "I'll take five dollars. A bargain at that."

"Aw. You're off your nut," the Kid said. "They're so old they're no good."

"Sure. I know," the loan broker said, "but they got history. Make it four-fifty," he added, sensing the Kid's anxiety.

"Okay. Give them to me."

The loan broker pushed back the glass door that closed the window from the store and pulled the green trunks from their resting place.

Almost reverently, the Kid took them and handed the man four dollars and fifty cents, not noticing the shabby old fellow had entered the store and stood behind him.

"Boy!" the Kid said. "Roary O'Ryan's trunks."

"He wore them once," the shabby old fellow said. "He wore them in the only fight he ever lost."

* * *

THE Kid wheeled and faced the man behind him. He saw that it was the old fellow he had bumped into outside. Under his eye was a T-shaped scar.

"Say," the Kid said, his voice almost a whisper. "You ain't Roary O'Ryan?"

The old fellow looked away. He couldn't face the straightforward, eager look the Kid gave him.

"I was," he said softly, almost sorrowfully. "I was, but I'm just a bum now."

"Say!" the Kid exclaimed, putting forward his right hand, "I'm Kid Clabby an' I want to shake the hand of the fastest guy that ever stepped in the ring."

The old fellow put his hand around the Kid's and shook it weakly.

"Yeah. They said I was fast," he said lamely.

"Listen, Roary," the Kid said, filled with enthusiasm, "how about you comin' up to my place an' tellin' me some of them stories. You ain't never heard of me, I guess. I'm just a punk compared to what you was, but maybe you'll wise me up to some of them ring tricks of yours. How about it?"

The old fellow dug his eyes into a stain on the floor.

"Come on," the Kid said insistently, taking the old fellow by the arm and leading him out of the store. The green silk trunks disappeared into the Kid's pocket.

* * *

NEITHER of them spoke a word until they were inside the Kid's apartment in the hotel. The Kid had been contented to walk beside the once illustrious Roary O'Ryan and think of questions he would put to him when they were inside the hotel. The old fellow shuffled along timidly, wondering if he dare ask the Kid to buy him a bite of food.

When they had seated themselves in the living room, the Kid spoke. "I'm having some grub sent up."

The old fellow said "thanks" with his eyes.

"Say," the Kid began, pulling the green silk trunks from his pocket and holding them on his knees, "I know your whole record from your first scrap with Duffy Leary right down to—"

TRUNKS

the Kid paused and shot a quick glance at the old fellow.

"To Spider Links," the old fellow said.

"Yeah, Spider Links. He was the champ. I always wondered about that fight. The way I figured—" the Kid stopped abruptly. Maybe he was hurting the old fellow? Memories are often knives out of the past that stab at the heart.

"I'll tell you the way it was," the old fellow began. "You never saw it in no record book. They don't put things like it in the records. Win, lose or draw, that's what goes in the records.

He paused for a deep breath and the Kid leaned forward in his chair.

"It was back in 1908, that fight with Spider Links.

"Before that they said I was the next champ. Never lost a fight, only one draw, knockout after knockout. I had a record. The newspaper boys said I was the fastest man that ever stepped into the ring. See? I was on top. The fight with Spider was what I was after. He was good. They said I was better. See? They said I would put him away in six rounds. So I got cocky. See? Frank Graham was my manager. He was always a fast stepper. You know, parties, booze and women? Well, there was a girl. See?"

"Well, Frank liked this girl, too. He introduced her to me. Well, but she didn't go much for him. See?

"We fell in love and we were secretly married.

"One night, about a week before the big fight, I was on a party with Frank. He was a good guy, ya know. A good spender, too. We was under the weather. See? I'm off in a corner foolin' with some dame, when in my girl comes, and right away she spies me and leaves. I never could figure how she knew I was there or how she got in the place. Nobody knew. I tried to fix things up with her an' she wouldn't listen to me. She wouldn't even see me any more. So I kept drinking an' goin' to parties.

"Frank was tellin' me I was in good shape. I knew he was sayin' that to make me feel good. I tried every way to get my wife to take me back, while all the time Frank thought it was only a lovers' quarrel. He didn't know we were secretly married.

"I loved her, but a friend of hers told me her heart was broken and she never wanted to see me again.

"The night before the fight, a whole gang comes up to my room to celebrate 'cause I'm goin' to be the new champ. I didn't get no sleep. See? That's all, except just before the fight, Frank tells me he sold me to another stable. After the fight—it was more of a slaughter—Frank tol' me he bought Spider. He tol' me it was a deal.

"I didn't have no hard feelin's for Frank. It was my own fault. See? That's all. Well, except my wife died of a broken heart on the night of the fight when she heard I had lost and was badly beaten. What she expected was goin' to be her happiest day, turned out to be her saddest."

* * *

THE old fellow leaned his head against the back of the chair and closed his eyes. A knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," the Kid called.

A waiter entered and placed a table loaded with steaming dishes between the two men.

"Anything else, Champ?" he asked.

"That's all for now."

The waiter went out closing the door softly.

"Pull up your chair and have some grub," the Kid said, after a minute's silence.

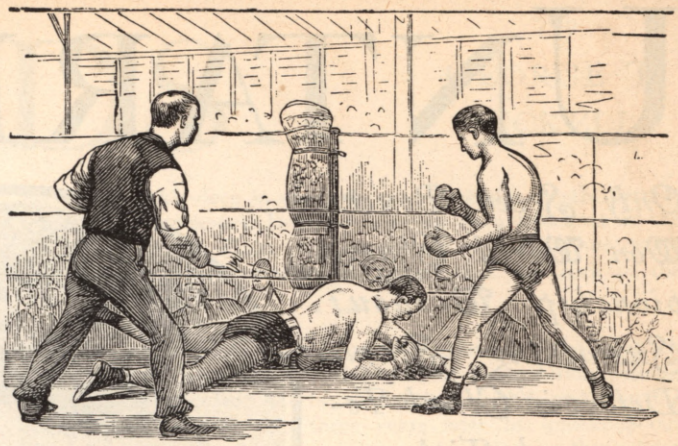
The old fellow edged his chair toward the table and began to help himself greedily. After a few mouthfuls of food he pushed his chair away from the table.

"Ain't you hungry?" the Kid asked.

"I guess I ain't."

"Say!" the Kid said, "how about these green silk trunks?"

The old fellow reached across the table and took them from the Kid. He pressed them against his heaving chest.



"The Fans Say He Took a Dive in That Fight—I Never Believed It. He Never Fought Again. Went West, I Think. That Was More Than Twenty Years Ago."

"She made these," he said, forcing the words past a lump in his throat. "She did this, too," he said, running his finger over the silk embroidered lettering.

"She said her Roary would wear silk trunks made by her own hands when he was champ. We was secretly married, ya know. She said she was makin' the trunks for a champ."

The old fellow swallowed hard.

"I carried them with me all the years since. Till last winter. I was hungry. I put them in. I got a dollar for them. I tol' him I'd get them as soon as I got a dollar." His voice trailed off into a whisper. "I used to go there every day to see nobody got them."

A tear glistened in the Kid's eye. He pushed his chair away from the table.

"Say! Come in here till I show you something," he said by way of cheering the old fellow.

* * *

THEY arose and the old man followed the Kid into the bedroom. From the dresser, the Kid took a picture.

"See! You sort of been my model. I had this picture of you since I was a kid. You got the green trunks on. I knew if I ever saw you, I could tell you by that scar. You got that in the fight with Lefty O'Connor. Huh?"

The old fellow watched the Kid replace the picture beside a faded photograph of a beautiful girl. The old fellow suddenly staggered as he reached to take the picture. The Kid slipped his arm around him to steady him.

"Yeah," the Kid said. "Ever since I was a kid I figured some day I'd be as good as Roary O'Ryan."

"This—" the old fellow said, "where did you get this?"

"Oh, that's my mother. She's been dead for years. I don't remember her at all."

The old fellow slumped in a dead faint in the Kid's arms. The picture clattered to the floor.

The Kid rode to the hospital in the ambulance, holding the old fellow in his arms. On the way, he recovered consciousness long enough to speak a few words.

"Kid," he whispered hoarsely, "Kid, trainin' is what makes a fighter. That's all I can tell you. I can't tell you any more than that. Except, I always figured Frank double-crossed me. See? I found out later he had a lot of bets on Spider. Good odds. But no hard feelin's. See."

The old fellow slumped in the Kid's arms.

"Listen, Kid," the old fellow mumbled. The Kid put his ear near the old fellow's lips. "Listen, Kid. Will you wear the green silk trunks in your fight? You know she made them for a champ."

UNTARNISHED

Only Seven Boxers Won World Championship Without Sustaining Single Defeat in Climb Towards Title

IF you go by the dictionary slant, a pug champ must come pretty close to the status of a superman. For one of the Websterian definitions of "champion" is—"a successful competitor against all rivals," which would apparently eliminate all suggestions of prior defeat in connection with the holder of such a proud title.

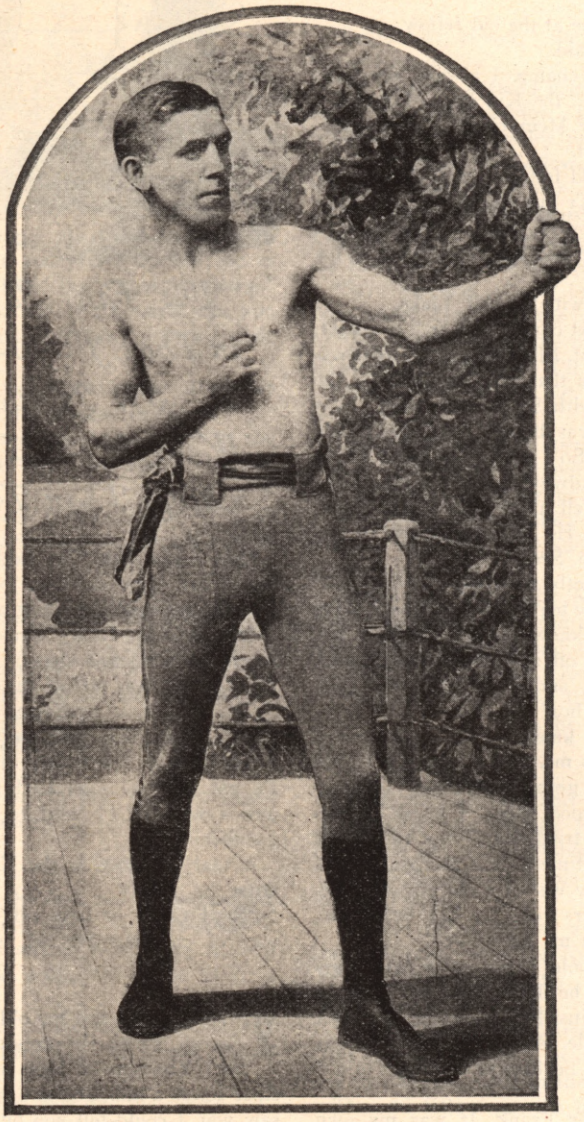
And undoubtedly the average man, unaccustomed to the peculiarities of ring nomenclature, would accept a titled champion as an invincible gladiator, who had progressed from victory to victory and world leadership without sustaining a single check to his battling career. Of course the regular pugilistic patrons know better, for not a division-leader of today, ranging from Heavyweight Champion Max Baer to Flyweight Champ Kid Wolgast, attained eminence without hearing a referee decide against him.

Up to the time he became world's heavyweight king by defeating Primo Carnera, there were six decisions chalked against Max Baer, in favor of Jack McCarthy, Tiny Abbott, Les Kennedy, Ernie Schaaf, Tommy Loughran and Paulino Uzcudun. The present light-heavyweight leader, Maxie Rosenbloom, not only lost several decisions before winning the crown from Jimmy Slattery in 1930, but was knocked out by Tommy Milligan, British middleweight, in 1928.

Teddy Yarosz, now American middleweight champion by virtue of his recent victory over Vince Dundee, was beaten twice last year, losing verdicts to Eddie (Kid) Wolfe, and Young Terry. Prior to a victory over Lou Brouillard on October 30, 1933, which gave Vince Dundee the U. S. middleweight title, the latter had taken the short end in eleven battles.

* * *

JIMMY McLARNIN, again welter champ through a point decision over Barney Ross, first won that honor by stopping Young Corbett III, on May 30, 1933. Although Jimmy had been campaigning over ten years, starting as a bantam and progressing through intervening classes up to the 147-pound grade, he never succeeded in annexing a title until he dethroned Corbett. He was twice whipped by Bud Taylor, lost decisions to Johnny Farr, Sammy Mandell, Billy Petrolle, Lou Brouillard, and was stopped in eight rounds by Ray Miller.



Jimmy Barry, who with Jack McAuliffe not only retired undefeated, but never had a decision registered against him.

Barney Ross, present lightweight champion, had participated in forty-six bouts when he became boss of the 135-pounders in 1933, by defeating Tony Canzoneri. Out of that number, he had lost two, dropping a decision to Carlos Garcia in 1930, and another to Roger Bernard in 1931.

Freddy Miller, recognized by the N. B. A. as world's featherweight champion, was okayed by the European boxing authorities in that capacity when he defeated the British title-holder, Nel Tarleton, at Liverpool, England, last September. This victory put Miller right at the head of his class, although he has yet to receive official sanction by the New York Boxing Commission. Miller's record is long and creditable, dating from 1927. He has engaged in over one hundred and twenty-five battles, with seven defeats registered against him.

Al Brown of Panama, the colored lad who holds the world's bantam championship, began his professional career in 1924. It is worthy of note that Brown, tallest of all recorded bantams—he stands five feet eleven, with a reach of seventy-six inches—has beaten featherweights, as well as men of his own poundage, with comparative ease. In 1932 he held Nel Tarleton, who was later to become English feather champ, to a fifteen round draw. Brown has figured in over a hundred ring encounters, and has ten defeats listed against him.

Kid Wolgast was recognized as world's flyweight champion in 1930, after a victory scored over Black Bill in fifteen rounds. The big shot of the small fry is credited with over seventy-eight battles, of which he lost four and suffered one technical kayo, by refusing to continue in a bout with Britt Gorman before a Detroit club, a non-titular affair.

* * *

IN the face of the above recorded facts, it is amusing to reflect that none of our modern champs can put up his hands in public without running the risk of hearing some former opponent at the ringside snort scornfully to a neighbor—

"Call him a champ! Didn't I whale the daylights out of him? Don't take my word for it. Look up the record books!"

Yet, all this must not be supposed to indicate that the present crop of titled pugs is necessarily of greatly inferior quality to those of previous harvests. Because—out of all champions developed in the various grades since Marquis of Queensberry Rules and padded mitts were substituted for the London Prize Ring methods and bare fists—only seven fighters reached the summit of slugging fame with escutcheons unstained by defeat.

Those unconquered knights of the gloved arena were, respectively, John L. Sullivan, Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey, George Dixon, Jimmy Barry and Jim

RECORDS

By GEORGE T. TICKELL

Jeffries; and each became champion without ever having lost a battle.

From February 7, 1882, when Sullivan won the heavyweight championship by knocking out Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City in nine rounds, under London Rules, up to the night of March 10, 1892, when he lost the title to Jim Corbett, the big Bostonian never lowered his colors. Nor in his career prior to the Ryan engagement, which began in 1878 and included battles both in the old and new styles of milling, did John L. meet with his superior.

His conqueror, Jim Corbett, could boast of a fairly clean slate of ring achievements. Yet there was one black mark on Corbett's record before he became champion. That was a four-round bout in which he figured with Billy Welch before the Ariel Club of San Francisco, in 1886. Welch was declared winner on that occasion and is said to have bested Corbett neatly. Yet James J. could not be listed as a novice then, for he had already scored eight ring victories, among his victims being such well-known men as John Donaldson and Martin (Buffalo) Costello.

In a return match with Welch the score was evened by Corbett kayoing his man in one round. From then until defeated by Bob Fitzsimmons in fourteen rounds at Carson City, March 17, 1897, Corbett participated in fifteen contests without losing a decision.

* * *

BEFORE winning the world's middleweight title from "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons had a kink put in his record by Jim Hall. The latter knocked out Fitz at Sydney in four rounds, in 1890. When Fitzsimmons came to this country, he insisted that he laid down to Hall, but Australian newspaper men who saw the contest always asserted that Hall won on his merits. From 1891, when he defeated the Nonpareil, until his victory over Corbett at Carson City, Fitz only lost one decision.

That was in the notorious affair with Tom Sharkey at San Francisco, when Bob was declared loser on a foul in the eighth round. The ruling in question was generally admitted to have been made in the interests of certain gamblers by Referee Wyatt Earp. Sharkey was really knocked out by a stomach punch well above the belt, but there was no appeal from the referee's decree, and Bob had to rest content with the situation.

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, who never scaled much above the welter mark, although milling constantly as a middleweight, held the championship for the latter division many years, without losing a battle, either with the bare knuckles or gloves. In fact, prior to his disastrous experience with Fitzsimmons in 1891, the "Nonpareil" only experienced one defeat. That was an acknowledged fluke, when George La Blanche, the marine, kayoed Jack with the "pivot blow" which was later barred by all boxing clubs.

Jack McAuliffe.

In passing, it may be observed that La Blanche was a light-heavyweight, but Nonpareil Jack was used to taking big chances. Both fighters and spectators were of tough fibre in those days. When the Nonpareil fought Johnny Reagan at Long Island, in 1887, it was midwinter, the ring became submerged in water about the fourth round, and hostilities were temporarily suspended. The entire cortège moved off, traveled twenty miles, pitched the ring anew, and, ankle-deep in snow, the middleweights fought fiercely for nearly four hours, Dempsey winning by a knockout in the forty-fifth round. Fight postponements on account of rainy weather were unknown when Nonpareil Jack was cock of the fighting roost!

* * *

LIKE John L. Sullivan, big Jim Jeffries was destined to march straight to the championship goal of his ambition without sustaining defeat. He began fighting in 1896, and won the heavyweight championship three years later by knocking out Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds at Coney Island. During those three years he engaged in ten battles without meeting with a reverse. For that matter, he retired victorious, and never experienced the shock of defeat until he foolishly tried the comeback which resulted in his surrender to Jack Johnson in 1910.

Marvin Hart, who claimed the title following Jeffries' retirement, was a mediocre performer, who had lost several battles prior to his assuming the synthetic crown. Tommy Burns, who whipped Hart, and was recognized universally as world's heavyweight champ, had lost decisions to Mike Schreck, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, and Jack (Twin) Sullivan. Burns' conqueror, Jack Johnson, suffered a three-round knockout at the capable hands of Joe Choynski, when the colored man was rather new to the business. Jack also dropped decisions to Klondike, Hank Griffin, Marvin Hart and Joe Jeannette, in the days before he ranked with the topnotchers.

Before Jess Willard won the championship from Johnson at Havana, in 1915, the giant victor had been a somewhat uneven performer, who frequently fought as though he cared little whether he won or not. There were four adverse decisions rendered against Johnson's conqueror, in favor, respectively, of Joe Cox, Gunboat Smith, Lou Fink, and Tom McMahon, prior to the Havana joust. Nor did Willard shine radiantly in several no-decision bouts, where the huge 250-pounder always preferred to loaf a trifle on the job. He was not destined to become one of the immortals of the fight world, or as colorful a figure as the man who succeeded to his title, Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

* * *

WHERE has ever been such glamour surrounding the history and exploits of Manassa Jack Dempsey that it seems as though it would be correct to play him up as a slugger who marched over the prostrate bodies of all opponents straight to the championship heights, without missing a step. But that, while dramatic, wouldn't be in accordance with the cold facts. Not that Dempsey didn't run up a bully record. Forty-eight knockouts and eleven decisions scored out of seventy battles, with four draws, four verdicts lost, two no-decision bouts, and but one case where he had to take a ten-count—that's the Dempsey list of ring accomplishments, and one to be proud of!

Settling aside the two battles with Gene Tunney, bad luck only socked the Manassa Mauler three times—in 1916, when he lost to Jack Downey; in 1917, when Jim Flynn soaked him on the chin so vigorously that Dempsey, for the first and only time in his existence, went down and out; and in 1918, when fat Willy Meehan outscored him in a four-round bout.

The Downey episode occurred when Jack was still comparatively new at the game, and didn't amount to much anyway, being just a four-frame affair, in which Dempsey was outpointed. Regarding the kayo administered to him by Jim Flynn, in less than one round, Dempsey's friends have endeavored to belittle Flynn's achievement by stating that Dempsey needed the money and "laid down," a statement concurred in by the Manassa Mauler.

It will be remembered that Fitzsimmons employed a similar subterfuge to excuse his defeat by Jim Hall in Australia, and in fact there have been numerous cases of fighters preferring to represent themselves as playing a crooked game, rather than admit that they were honestly beaten. But those who remember Jim Flynn when he was scrapping around New York, will admit that he could fight like a whirlwind and punch hard enough to drop any man he hit on the right spot. The consensus of opinion is that his wallop did just that for Dempsey!

* * *

BATTLING WILLY MEEHAN was a sort of fighting terror on the coast, where he was famed for his ability to travel a short route at high speed, and give trouble to any crack heavyweight. His record contains nearly two hundred battles, with a surprising amount of knockouts listed, and victories over plenty of good men of the period extending from 1909 to 1923. You can see where he bested Sam Langford, knocked out Battling Johnson, held Jack Dillon even, kayoed Kid Carter, won from Bob McAllister, and so on. Jack Dempsey's name occurs several times in the line-up. In fact Willy was one of the pests of Jack's fighting career.

Dempsey never could do much with the corpulent Frisco scrapping pet. Meehan was most emphatically a trial horse. He had been beaten several times, but he was the kind of chap who, while not of championship timber, was generally sure to make plenty of trouble for any champions who tackled him. Jack won, drew and lost with Meehan, each time in four-round encounters, and was heartily sick of his job on every occasion. For Willy had no respect for reputations, and fought with the cheerful abandon of a wildcat defending its young. There is no doubt that he "got on the nerves" of the man who was destined to dethrone Jess Willard in 1919.

Had it not been for one unfortunate turn-up with Harry Greb, whereby Gene Tunney lost temporarily the light-heavyweight title, Gene would have gone down in fistic history as one of that little band whose members attained the championship goal without first undergoing defeat. But Greb whipped Tunney in 1922, over a fifteen-round route, and in so doing administered what was probably the worst hiding the loser ever was made receiver-general for.

Tunney reversed the decision later, and decisively, for Gene was a keen student of form, and could always be depended upon not to make the same mistake again. So it followed that Greb was twice badly whipped by the man he defeated earlier. After which Greb was a warm admirer of Tunney, and predicted freely that Gene would be the next heavyweight champ. Harry carried his belief to the extent of betting on Tunney in the first fight with Dempsey at Philadelphia, and cleared five grand on that occasion.

Schmeling, Sharkey, and Carnera, each lost two, seven and five battles, in the order named, before they figured in championship rôles. German Max was beaten by Jack Taylor in 1925, and in 1928 suffered a kayo at the hands of Gypsy Daniels. From 1924 to 1930 inclusive, Jack Sharkey dropped decisions to Ed Record, Charlie Weinert, Bud Gorman, Johnny Risko, Max Schmeling, and was knocked out by Romero Rojas and Jack Dempsey. During the period extending from 1929 to 1932, Primo Carnera was defeated by Young Stribling, Jimmy Maloney, Jack Sharkey, Larry Gains and Stanley Poreda.

* * *

PROBABLY never in ring history was there a greater furor created over a heavyweight fighter than in the case of Georges Carpentier, prior to the gorgeous Frenchman's quick kayo by Jack Dempsey in 1921. Having cleaned up all the Continental and British heavies, and being duly recognized as European heavyweight champ, Carpentier was lionized abroad as few fighters have been in the past. A terrific ballyhoo made him an equally prominent figure in the U. S., when he was preparing for the Dempsey battle, for with his war record and successes in foreign rings, Georges was a truly colorful figure from the publicity viewpoint. Yet from 1908 to 1914, Carpentier was knocked out by Dixie Kid, Gloria and Bill Papke, and lost to Salmon, Buck Shine, Snowball, Henri Piet, Frank Klaus and Joe Jeannette.

Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy were undoubtedly two of the classiest middleweights that ever held title honors in that division, but neither of them came to the throne with records unbroken by defeat. Ryan was kayoed by McCoy in 1896, before the former became middleweight king, and the subtle Kid, craftiest of ring men, was beaten in one round during his lightweight days, by Billy Steffers, before a Cleveland club. The year previous to his knockout of Ryan, the Kid visited England, and lost a ten-round decision to Ted White before a London club.

The spectacular Stanley Ketchel crashed through the middleweight ranks like a cyclone, piling up a sensational kayo record, and finally being crowned champ of the division when he knocked out Joe Thomas in 1907, after a savagely contested battle that lasted into the thirty-second round. But even Stanley had his early hoodoo. He was boxing as a lightweight around Montana and, with the audacity which always distinguished him, never passed up any chance of a scrap that offered, no matter who his prospective opponent might be.

Maurice Thompson, a short, deep-framed lightweight, with an ugly right wallop, was knocking 'em over frequently around the Montana mining towns, and had scored several victories in Butte. Ketchel asked for a chance with Thompson before a Butte club, and got it. They went six rounds on March 22, 1904. Thompson held the upper hand from the start and Ketchel was badly punished, but managed to stay the limit. They met again in Butte the following October, this time in a ten-frame session, and Thompson repeated his victory. In later years Ketchel was wont to state that he took more hard knocks in that ten-rounder with Maurice Thompson than in any of his battles for big money.

* * *

NONE of the Middleweight champs who followed in Ketchel's footsteps—Billy Papke, Frank Klaus, George Chip, Al McCoy, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Wilson, et al, could boast of a clean record before winning the title. Nor, for that matter, could that really great fighter, Harry Greb, who, while top-dog of the middleweight bunch, frequently stepped out of his class and administered beatings to big fellows. But before he became a title-holder, Greb took a ten-count at the feet of Joe Chip in 1913, lost a decision to Kid Graves in 1915, and was defeated by Pete Wring in 1918.

Tiger Flowers, the colored middleweight who deprived Harry Greb of the class title in 1926, could boast of what was probably the most disastrously variegated career of any pug who gained championship honors. For the records show that Flowers was knocked out no less than seven times, going down before Panama Joe Gans, Sam Langford, Lee Anderson, Jamaica Kid, Jack Delaney, and twice taking the count before Kid Norfolk. He also lost decisions to Mike McTigue, Lou Bogash and Maxie Rosenbloom; yet all these setbacks did not prevent him from eventually heading his division.

Mickey Walker succeeded Flowers as middleweight champ, and anyone who thinks Mickey hadn't a hard row to hoe before becoming big chief of the 160-pounders, has another guess coming. Even prior to his winning the welter title from Jack Britton in 1922, Mickey had lost to Phil Delmont and Dave Shade, and in the interval up to 1926, when he ousted Tiger Flowers from the middleweight pinnacle, he was beaten by Lou Bogash, Jock Malone and Harry Greb. But Mickey was to prove himself so superior to his contemporaries that, in time, there was no foe worthy his steel among the 160-pounders, and he ultimately graduated into the light-heavy and heavyweight classes. His most notable feat was the holding of big Jack Sharkey to a fifteen-round draw, in 1931.

(*Continued on page* 43)

New Punches Merely Bare-Knuckle Swats Revived

(Continued from page 6)

and disconcerted him greatly."

Put into modern English, the above simply means that Perrins worked the pivot racket, landed on his opponent's head and cut the latter's mouth. In the instance quoted, however, the exponent of La Branche's famous kayo slam, failed to score ultimately, as Jackling won in the sixty-second round.

* * *

WHEN Jim Jeffries won the world's championship from Fitzsimmons in 1899, the crouching attitude adopted by the victor baffled all Bob's attempts to reach the bigger man's jaw, and it is a matter of record how Tommy Ryan worked for weeks with Jeff before the fight, teaching him to assume the pose in question. And to this very day some fans talk about the "Jeffries crouch" as though it were the first time a fighter had adopted such a stance.

But in 1829, when Jack Carter and Bill Cousens set to at the Fives Courts, in London, England, a fistic commentator of the day tells us that—"Carter fought in a bent-over position which made it exceedingly difficult for Cousens to make his hits tell. After twelve minutes of fast milling, Cousens pulled off the mufflers (gloves) and declared he would not continue, as Carter crouched too cowardly and would not stand up like a man."

Four years before the newspapers and ring patrons went haywire over the wonderful "Jeffries crouch," an American colored fighter made international fistic history with the aid of a similar pose. That man was Frank Craig, better known as "the Harlem Coffee Cooler." Craig is almost forgotten now, excepting by his own clan in the district where he was born and some of the veterans who recollect how he once flashed like a comet across the pugilistic horizon.

But in his day, the Cooler was a dusky person of considerable slugging prominence. He was a middleweight, five feet ten in height, long of reach, a trenchant puncher with either hand, fast on his feet and clever as they make 'em. His mentor was Professor William Robertson, who had an all abiding faith in his colored charge. There are many of the New York Old Guard who can remember the Cooler's battle on Long Island with Fred Morris, otherwise known as "Muldoon's Cyclone," another very capable Negro boxer, whom the late Boxing Commissioner fancied as a coming champion.

* * *

CRAIG and Morris battled for $1,000 a side, with skin tight gloves, on March 16, 1894, the Harlem pet winning by a clean knockout in the eighteenth round. After which the Cooler began slapping 'em down in all directions, one of his victims being Bill Slavin, brother of the famous Frank (Paddy) Slavin of Australia. His white contemporaries on this side of the water were none too anxious to mix with the Cooler, opponents were scarce, and Craig finally accepted an offer to fight Welsh Johnny O'Brien before the National Sporting Club of London, England.

But just prior to sailing, Robertson was approached with a proposition to let Craig box Peter Maher at Boston, and consented. The Irish heavyweight was not in the best of shape at that particular time, having neglected training, and it may be that Craig's handlers were aware of this fact; otherwise it seems hardly likely the colored lad would have ventured to give weight to one of the hardest punching heavyweights of the day.

Craig fought in a crouching position, and might have been likened to a black leopard about to spring, as he paced the ring with elastic steps, his long, ebony left flashing out with the speed and precision of a rattlesnake's fang. That left stung Maher nearly to madness during the first round of their Boston engagement. The Celt was hog-fat, with rolls of flesh overhanging his belt and he missed repeatedly with wild swings, was jabbed half-silly, and went to his corner at the bell without having landed a single clean punch on his elusive antagonist.

As he sat, Maher's stomach heaved up and down, his wind was gone, and his chances not worth a lead nickel. Close by his corner loomed the massive form of old John L. Sullivan. The latter was slightly "in his cups," to put it mildly. Also, he was outraged at the sight of a colored boy beating hell out of a gossoon from the old sod. John stuck his head through the ropes and handed up a pint bottle of whiskey to the distressed Celt.

Disregarding the remonstrances of his seconds, Maher grabbed the liquid gift and took a long and hearty draught. The bottle was half empty when replaced in John L.'s gigantic paw. And Maher stopped panting, his rotund belly heaved no more, and his eyes shone redly, like a bull terrier in the pit, straining to go! In Craig's corner, Robertson was exhorting him to play safe, and keep jabbing at long range.

At the bell, Maher came storming out of his corner in an all-over-the-ring rush, Craig met him halfway, and sent Peter's head bobbing back with a straight left. Peter missed with both hands, and staggered from a short right to the chin. The Cooler, disregarding warning yells from his corner to "stay away," charged in for the kill. As he did so, Maher's formidable right drove furiously up from the hip, landing squarely on the Cooler's chin, lifting him fully a foot from the floor, and depositing him upon his back. The referee could have counted one hundred without disturbing Craig's serene slumber.

Joe Walcott and George Dixon, welter and feather champs, were at the ringside. Both had wagered heavily on the Cooler. When Craig went down under that thundering impact on his jowl, Walcott turned to Dixon and said sorrowfully:

"Gawge, Gawge, there ain't no use talkin'. That Irishman sure do hit a scanlus hard punch!"

Craig's reputation did not suffer heavily by his defeat, which was caused by his own recklessness in mixing with Maher, when he could easily have outpointed the Irishman, and probably have stopped him. In the opening round it was noticeable that Craig's crouch bothered Maher not a little, it was only when the Negro stood erect and went to swapping punches that Peter could reach him at all.

* * *

AT all events, the match in London with Welsh Johnny O'Brien was still on, and thither went the Cooler. O'Brien was then considered England's premier middleweight, and had more than once distinguished himself by stepping out of his class and whipping men much his superior in size and poundage. But the Cooler's speed, and above all his baffling crouch, proved too much of a handicap for the Welshman, who was kayoed in the second round.

British boxers as a whole followed the teachings of the Jem Mace school, with its erect pose and studious attention to use of the straight left. The crouching attitude had not been seen in English arenas since it was affected by some of the London Prize Ring men. It was therefore an innovation in 1894, when the Coffee Cooler began his triumphal career abroad.

London has ever been a sort of paradise for high-class colored boxers and the British sports fussed over Craig almost as much as they did over Peter Jackson, when that great battler was in his prime. The Cooler certainly gave them something to talk about. Including the victory over O'Brien on October 8, Frank scored twelve clean knockouts up to December 17 of the same year, and his victims were the best men that England could produce at the time, among the number being no less a personage than the famous Ted Pritchard.

Craig's visit proved the opening wedge that split up the orthodox system of sparring among British boxers, even as Tod Sloan's "monkey crouch" seat on a horse was destined to revolutionize riding methods among the English jockeys. As the influx of American fistic talent grew in volume, the British glovemen naturally adopted many a trick exploited by the visitors, that formerly had no place in their schedules.

* * *

WITH one exception, no Englishman seemed able to solve the puzzling problem of Craig's odd defensive and offensive tactics. That exception was, curiously enough, an amateur—Mr. Joe Steers, gentleman middleweight champion of Great Britain. Like our own Billy Rodenbach, who refused all inducements to turn professional, Joe Steers could not be persuaded to abandon his amateur status, although the general opinion was that he could whip any pro in the Empire, heavyweights included.

Finally a four-round meeting was arranged between the star amateur and Craig. It was billed as an exhibition bout, Craig being paid for his services, the amateur boxing just for the glory of the thing. The result was a bit surprising to Mr. Craig, for Steers, in the slang of today, "boxed the Cooler's ears off," and was in no wise

intimidated or puzzled by the crouch and tactics which had caused the downfall of so many Britons.

Steers' showing heartened up the English sports, but so far as the pros were concerned, Craig continued his triumphal progress. At length he was matched with Frank (Paddy) Slavin, the Australian "Cornstalk," whose desperate, though losing, battle at the National with Peter Jackson remains one of the epics of the ring.

Slavin was not in tiptop condition. He had been out of the ring for nearly three years, following his defeat by Jackson. In the interval he ran a tavern and led a free-and-easy life. Naturally, Craig was a heavy favorite in the betting. They met in Holborn, London, on March 11, 1895, and from the first tap of the bell the Cooler swarmed all over Paddy, peppering him with lightning jabs, and finally driving him to the ropes, where the colored man cut loose with both hands, trying for a knockout.

Slavin, his back against the ropes, seemed ready to go down under the bombardment of blows that Craig showered upon him. He clinched, they broke, and as Craig stepped back a trifle, Paddy swung a furious right that missed its mark. But as the glove whizzed past Craig's head, Slavin suddenly reversed its motion and brought his powerful forearm back in a swishing, clublike impact on his opponent's jaw. Craig's feet flew from under him, and he slumped to the floor, a senseless mass. The battle hadn't lasted a full round!

"They aren't all Peter Jacksons!" was Paddy's only response to the cheers of the crowd, as he left the ring. As a matter of fact, the blow that whipped the Cooler was actually a kind of half pivot, and might have caused Slavin's disqualification had the fight taken place in an American ring. But they were more tolerant in England then, although today the pivot is barred there also.

In the heyday of his British triumphs Craig made a lot of money and at one time was proprietor of several London public houses. It was a sight to see him drive down the Strand in a phaeton drawn by a team of white horses, a footman in the rear, and the Cooler's dark visage beaming in an ivory smile from under his tall silk hat. Like most of his race who rose to fame and temporary prosperity in the world of pugilism, he went broke in the long run, and was reduced to working as a porter in one of the taverns he formerly owned.

Immortal Jack Dempsey

(*Continued from page* 22)

Auliffe, Gus Tuthill and Mike Conley.

Fitzsimmons' seconds were Jimmy Carroll, then his manager; Doc O'Connell and Prof. Robinson. Dempsey's timekeeper was Jimmy Colville, and for Fitzsimmons, W. J. Crittenden. The battle took place at New Orleans.

Among those who contributed toward the Dempsey monument were: Hyland L. Baggerly, Harry Corbett, Jim Corbett, Jack McAuliffe, Jas. W. Coffroth, Jim Griffin, Sol Levinson, Col. Martin Brady, Eddie Graney, Matt Larkin, Tad Dorgan, Alex Greggains, Biddy Bishop, Young Mitchell, Spider Kelly, Abe Attell, Billy Lavigne, W. W. Naughton, Toby Irwin, Tim McGrath, Jack Stelzner, Joe Gans, Phil Wand, Jack Gleason, Dan Leary, Jim Neil, Frank Purcell, Young Peter Jackson, Jack Welch.

The poem which has become internationlly famous, written by MacMahon, follows:

The Nonpareil's Grave

Far out in the wilds of Oregon,
On a lonely mountain side,
Where Columbia's mighty waters
Roll down to the ocean's tide,
Where the giant fir and cedar
Are imaged in the wave;
O'ergrown with weeds and lichens,
I found poor Dempsey's grave.

I found no marble monolith,
No broken shaft or stone,
Recording sixty victories
This vanquished victor won;
No rose, no shamrock, could I find,
No mortal here to tell
Where sleeps in this forsaken spot
The immortal Nonpareil.

A winding, weeded canyon road
That mortals seldom tread
Leads up this lonely mountain
To the Desert of the Dead.
And the western sun was sinking
In Pacific's golden wave,
And these solemn pines kept watching
Over poor Jack Dempsey's grave.

Forgotten by ten thousand throats
That thundered his acclaim,
Forgotten by his friends and foes
Who cheered his very name,
Oblivion wraps his faded form,
But ages hence shall save
The memory of that Irish lad
That fills poor Dempsey's grave.

Oh! Fame, why sleeps thy favored son
In wilds, in woods, in weeds?
And shall he ever thus sleep on,
Interred his valiant deeds?
'Tis strange New York should thus forget
Its "Bravest of the Brave"
And in the wilds of Oregon
Unmarked leave Dempsey's grave.

It's Not All Comedy

(*Continued from page* 33)

ed blood poisoning in his leg. Was forced to have it amputated and died from the effect. He wrestled with the Indian, Chief Red Cloud, when he suffered the injury.

"Jim Londos laid up for repairs in a New York hotel for several weeks trying to get well from a leg injury in his match with Jim McMillen at Madison Square Garden, and a few weeks ago Jim luckily escaped death in an auto spill between Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Milwaukee, Wis. In fact, the rush of reaching ringsides from city to city, via automobile, has proved a ready accessory to mishaps in the game.

"It was in such an accident Down South that George Kotsonaras was killed, and Paul Jones almost suffered the same fate near Nashville, Tenn. Jack Hurley, the Toledo impressario, was killed; Frank Smith, the manager of Jim Browning, dropped dead from a heart attack immediately after the Browning-Savoldi match in Toronto. The strain of the match proved to much for Smith.

"Firpo Wilcox, a hearty husky, who was game to the core, suffered injuries on the mat in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which forced his retirement from all sport contests for the remainder of his life.

"Jack Hurley, heavyweight, fell from a hotel window, a fall which cost his life less than an hour after he wrestled Dick Shikat at the Coliseum in New York.

* * *

GUS SONNENBERG, who is double-jointed, says there is not a whole bone in his body and his heart has suffered injury from the strain of mat work. Jose Domingo is hobbling on two crutches as a result of a toe hold applied to his tootsies.

"Sandor Szabo broke his hand in a bout with Frank Bronowicz and lay in an Albany hospital battling with a grim dose of blood poisoning. The medico held a consultation and decided that his only chance to live was to amputate the arm. The operating room was in readiness and Szabo brought in for the ether treatment. However, the Hungarian champion pleaded so strongly to postpone the cutting for one more day, that the operation was held over. This delay saved his arm. Improvement set in and today he is fully recovered.

"Earl McCready's life was despaired of as a result of a head collision with a hard mat. Several weeks in the hospital restored him.

"Joe Savoldi's shoulder completely came out of the socket during a Buffalo match and it was several weeks before his plaster cast could be removed.

"Jack McArthur lay lifeless on a Toronto mat. And Billy Middlekauf's elbow was injured in Newark, when water developed it took heroic action to give him relief and save his arm and wrestling career.

"Ed Kennedy lost his life in Atlantic City after a mat event at Convention Hall. However, a bullet and not a hold ended his life.

"Fred Grobmeier, the Minnesota spinner, was badly injured. George Manich sustained severe arm and leg breaks. Ernie Dusek broke two of his ribs, while his brothers, Joe and Emil, were forced to cancel all dates because of contracting a rare fever. Another brother, Rudy, had a lot of trouble with a badly cauliflowered ear. Len Hall, Osto Pavuck, Charles Lehman, George Calza, Tom Draak and Eli Fischer, all suffered severe injuries which removed them, at least for a time, and some of them permanently, from all action in contests on the mat.

"Many other cases are on record for the last year, and yet there are plenty of jokesters who do not think there is anything but play in wrestling.

"In the lingo of the White Chapel English fan: 'If that's fun and play, then bloime me.'"

So, after all, injuries are not as scarce as one might imagine. The wrestlers travel a rocky road, which is further evidence of their sturdy constitutions, for, despite all the bumps and knocks, many of them continue right past the half century mark and some have been known to be active when on the far side of 60.

Untarnished Records

(Continued from page 40)

VETERAN Jack McAuliffe's case is peculiar in that he never met with defeat, either before or after he won the lightweight championship of the world. Thus he retired a victor who had never known disaster! He came close to the verge once, in that grueling 74-round mill under London Prize Ring Rules in 1887, with Jem Carney of England as his opponent. The ring was broken into by the mob and the referee was obliged to call it a draw.

Carney is said to have had a little the better of matters just then, but McAuliffe has always insisted that he was holding his own and could have beaten the Briton. Like his contemporary, John L., McAuliffe became as formidable an exponent of the gloves as he had been with the bare knuckles. Unlike John L., however, Jack knew when it was time for him to quit, and was never coaxed into the perilous windings of the comeback trail.

George Lavigne, better known to the votaries of pugilism as the "Saginaw Kid," succeeded McAuliffe as lightweight champion, and clinched his international claim by fighting it out with Dick Burge, England's premier lightweight, before the National Sporting Club of London. Lavigne won on a knockout in round seventeen, on June 1, 1896.

Lavigne began fighting in 1885 as a featherweight, and he didn't start by the amateur path. Amateurs were unknown birds around the rough, tough Michigan burgs, where the lumbermen came from the woods to spend their season's pay, drink red-eye and raise Hades in general. The Kid's early battles were all ferocious affairs, strictly professional, frequently conducted with small gloves, and George usually wound 'em up via the kayo route.

Later the Kid made good on the Coast, in Oregon, Illinois, the Sunny South—wherever the fight fans foregathered—and hit the high places of glory by defeating the formidable Joe Walcott, the notorious Giant Killer, in fifteen rounds at Maspeth, L. I. In sixty ring battles the Kid never suffered a single reverse. His first defeat was in 1899, when he was beaten in fourteen rounds by Mysterious Billy Smith, a welterweight. A few months later Lavigne lost the lightweight title to Frank Erne at Buffalo, on a twenty-round decision.

* * *

FRANK ERNE lost two battles before he won the lightweight title from Lavigne, having been beaten by Martin Flaherty in twenty-five rounds, and losing to George Dixon in a bout of similar length. Joe Gans took the crown by kayoing Erne in less than one round, in 1902. But preceding this triumph, Gans had lost to Dal Hawkins, Terry McGovern, Bobby Dobbs, George McFadden, and dropped a decision to Erne himself.

Battling Nelson, conqueror of Gans, was in many a tight spot before he finally jammed, battered, smashed and roughed his way to the head of the lightweight procession. Bat's defeats before becoming champ are too numerous to give in detail. Suffice it to say that on twelve separate and distinct occasions the husky Dane heard the voice of the referee declare him a loser.

Oddly enough, Ad Wolgast, who dethroned Nelson, had only one defeat listed against him before whipping the Dane, and that by an obscure scrapper who fought under the nom de plume of "Young Nelson." Willy Ritchie, who won the title on a foul from Wolgast in 1912, had lost a decision to Freddy Welsh the year before. Later Welsh was destined to win the lightweight championship from Ritchie on a point decision in London, England. But Freddy had previously been defeated by Matt Wells and Packey McFarland. His luck held good from 1914, the year he won the title, until Benny Leonard took it away from him on a kayo in 1917, for Welsh never lost a decision throughout the intervening years.

* * *

AMONG lightweight title-holders of more recent years, Jimmy Goodrich, who was declared champion in 1925 when he stopped Stanislaus Loayza, was previously on the losing end with Johnny Dundee, Kid Kaplan, Bud Christiano, Al Shubert and Jim Fruzetti. Rocky Kansas succeeded Goodrich as champ, with the reputation of having lost five decisions, and succumbing to knockouts administered respectively by Benny Leonard and Luis Vincentini. When Sammy Mandell took the crown from Kansas, the winner had already been knocked out by Joey Sanger, and defeated by Phil Salvadore and Jimmy Goodrich.

New York fans still have a lively recollection of the night in 1930, when Al Singer cracked Mandell on the jaw, and Sammy went out like a blown light. Singer had been beaten by Joe Barbara and Kid Chocolate, to say nothing of a kayo he received from Ignacio Fernandez. His short tenure of the lightweight championship came to an abrupt end the same year, when Tony Canzoneri outed him in a punch. The latter's long and honorable record up to then included only six adverse decisions, in bouts with Davey Abad, Harry Blitman, Andre Routis, Sammy Mandell, Jack Berg and Billy Petrolle. Canzoneri successfully defended the title up to the night of June 23, 1933, when it passed into the keeping of the present champion—Barney Ross.

* * *

GEORGE DIXON'S journey to the featherweight championship was unmarred by a single defeat, but Terry McGovern was beaten once before he took the title from Dixon, when he lost on a foul to Tim Callahan. The conqueror of McGovern, Young Corbett, was beaten in two rounds by Young Jack Dempsey, stopped by Benny Yanger in eight, and kayoed by Kid Broad in four frames, before he became famous as the chap who whipped Terrible Terry. None of the succeeding featherweight kings, including Abe Attell, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, Johnny Kilbane, Kid Kaplan, Andre Routis, Battling Battalino, and others known to fame, duplicated Dixon's feat of becoming champion without losing a decision.

However, Dixon had a close call upon one occasion from having a kayo registered against him. That was in 1892, when he boxed an exhibition bout with Walter Edgerton, the "Kentucky Rosebud." Edgerton was as much of a thorn in Dixon's side as was Willy Meehan in that of Jack Dempsey later. The Bud and Dixon met several times in four-round bouts. George got a couple of decisions over his colored brother, but Edgerton held him to a draw twice, and somehow Dixon could never seem to solve the Bud's fighting methods.

Manager Tom O'Rourke consented to let Dixon box an exhibition bout with the Bud at Philadelphia, at the Winter Circus, in aid of the city Bread Fund. Whether George was careless, or the Bud sneaked one over, nobody knows, but the fact remains that a right to the jaw laid out Dixon cold. O'Rourke grabbed him and worked like a Trojan to bring George round. He did so, and Dixon finished the bout. But there was no getting away from the fact that the feather champ had been temporarily knocked silly.

Being an exhibition bout, the kayo account never got into the record books. There was no doubt that Dixon was the better man. But in some indefinable way, the Bud had the Indian sign on him to a certain extent. Dixon could, and did, wallop out men who had stiffened the Bud, but Edgerton in person was just so much poison to the featherweight champion.

* * *

WHAT Dixon was to the feather brigade, Jimmy Barry of Chicago was to the bantamweight division. Or rather, he was what McAuliffe was to his division. For like McAuliffe, the Chicagoan, who reigned as bantam champion from 1893 to 1898, not only reached the title goal without being defeated, but retired undefeated, and never had a decision registered against him.

Harry Forbes, who whipped Danny Dougherty for the bantam title in 1901, lost five battles before he attained the leadership of his class. Harry Harris, who later defeated Pedlar Palmer for the world's bantam title, lost decisions previously to Clarence Forbes and Steve Flanagan. Frankie Neil, who won the championship from Forbes, had been beaten by Forbes and Hanlon earlier. Before Johnny Coulon became champion he lost a decision to Kid Murphy. Going down the line you will find that Kid Williams, Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Eddie Cannonball Martin, Charles Phil Rosenberg, Jimmy Walsh, Johnny Buff, all crack bantam leaders, were on the losing end of things before they scaled the championship heights.

There is always hope for the ambitious youngster who sustains rough bumps during the early pugilistic climb toward fame. Early reverses by no means spell absolute disaster for the boxer who is in earnest and not easily discouraged, as the foregoing examples of champs who were once "chumps," tend to prove. For no prophet is wise enough to tell just what that perverse jade, Lady Luck, may do!

A Knight of the Purple Sage

(*Continued from page* 16)

the Kangaroo. Jim thrived on those "distance" battles, so he figured Australia would be the ideal setting for him.

His first battle in the Land "Down Under" was a twenty-rounder that he won from Bill Lang, then a fast fading warrior. Now, his bitter rival, Langford, turned up again. They fought a bruising bloody battle for twenty rounds but Sam copped the decision. At that it was close, very close, and Jim was heartened. "I'll get 'im yet," he vowed in a letter to the writer.

Then in quick succession, he began to drop fights one after another. Sam McVey won a twenty-round go. Porky Flynn won two twenty-rounders in quick order. Then came the last of his many frays with Langford. The dusky Boston warrior gave Barry the shellacking of his life. The eleventh round found Jim groveling in the resin, down for the count.

That ended Jim's sojourn in Australia. Broken now, in both body and mind, he returned to the States. Completely subdued in spirit, the one-time pride of Montana was a pitiful figure. Demon Dope was the reason, too; for somewhere along the thorny path that he had trod, he had become addicted to its use. Whatever ability he had left, was soon dissipated in this manner.

Three more times, he clambered through the ropes in a futile effort to regain the place he once held in the fistic world. Porky Flynn gave him a terrific mauling over the twelve-round route. Tom McMahon licked him in ten sessions at Youngstown, Ohio. One more battle and the curtain was rung down on his ring career. It was a six-round go with Luther McCarty, himself one of the ring's tragic figures.

I've always had the suspicion that Luther could have named the round and punch against Barry that night of September 14, 1912, when he and Barry clashed at Pittsburgh. I've always thought that McCarty realized Jim's true condition and carried him through the entire six rounds. Perhaps I'm wrong, perhaps I'm not. No one will ever know, for less than a year later, poor Luther passed to his last reward in a battle with Arthur Pelky which was fought at Calgary, Canada.

* * *

AT that time Uncle Sam was building the Panama Canal, and Barry by now was a confirmed roamer at heart. He was unwilling to stay in any one place any length of time. The call of Panama was too much to resist. Jim had heard that easy money could be made fighting for the entertainment of the thousands of workers, white, brown and black, that were digging the mammoth "ditch."

Shortly after reaching his destination, Barry went on a protracted "spree" with the "Demon Dope" surging through his veins. A quarrel in one of the "dives," that he by now had begun to frequent, led to a shooting fray. Barry was mortally wounded. He died the next day in a Panama hospital. His slayer was never apprehended.

Thus the curtain was rung down on one of the most colorful figures that ever graced the American prize ring. By no stretch of imagination could Barry be termed as one of the ring's greatest exponents, but, at the same time, he was far from a "push-over" when he came out from the plains of Montana with his heart set on winning the world's heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson.

The ring could stand more Jim Barrys today, and how!

Marshall Rises to Heights

(*Continued from page* 24)

ranch and, taking the advice of Horace Greeley, went West. He didn't have to travel far. It would have made a much longer journey for him if he had made up his mind to go East. He thought of the East, particularly New York, but saved that impression for a later day. He simply wanted to be sure of himself before invading the Atlantic seaboard where naturally a bigger population meant larger competition for him.

* * *

EVERETTE battled around the western and Middle West mat centers until last year, when he convinced himself he had attained his ambition and now has set out to reach his goal—that is, another bout with Londos for the world's title, and I'm telling you now he can't miss.

One big thing he has in his favor, is that he is still comparatively a youngster when age is taken into consideration. Londos at forty-three is an excellent wrestler, but age eventually will tell even in the mat sport.

Apart from his wide variety of holds, Marshall has that indefinable thing known as "color." He is of the mould of such other greats as John Pesek, Marin Plestina, Charley Hanson, John Evko, Earl Caddock and others, but overshadows these former illustrious wrestlers by the manner in which he struts about the ring, his aggressiveness and agility while he is in there trying to pin his opponent.

One thing Marshall has surely accomplished—he has made Jack Curley momentarily forget about importing any beezarks from Europe. Of course, if a good one comes along, Curley's purse-strings are ready to snap, but the New York mat maestro would rather string along with American born and bred lads.

From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page* 23)

held the fans spell-bound. On several occasions it seemed that he would not last another minute, yet he continued. Through grand reserve power and unlimited nerve, he pulled himself through each time. On two headlocks and a toe hold, especially, did the Greek man bring forth wild cheers from his many admirers.

* * *

ZBYSZKO got a toe hold toward the end of the match, fifteen minutes time remaining, and held it for nearly two minutes, applying enough force to break an ankle on the ordinary man. It seemed certain that Londos would be unable to withstand the pain and he was asked several times by Referee George Baptiste if he wished to give up.

He refused to quit and finally succeeded in pulling his body far enough away from the powerful champion to break the hold. The first severe headlock the champion had on Londos was clamped on at the 35-minute mark and the Greek boy did not get away until two minutes afterward. He finally broke loose by continually bouncing his body on the mat, his shoulders sometimes hitting the mat, but never staying there long enough to be caught by the referee as a pin fall.

Zbyszko gained the two punishing headlocks from a standing position and in front, having clamped his arms around Londos' head, forced the Greek boy backwards to the mat. The champion had other headlocks during the hour and eight seconds, but it was the two gained from a standing position that resulted in severe punishment and close calls for Londos. The champion is a powerful man, whose weight advantage of about 35 pounds made life somewhat miserable for the smaller grappler on these occasions.

* * *

HEADLOCKS and toe holds were not the only punishing holds Londos had to display great science and strength to get away from, as he got out of a couple of double wristlocks, one in particular toward the end of the match, when Zbyszko had a double wristlock with Londos' arms about him with Jim on the floor. The champion was lying on top with his face upward and it was up to Londos to bridge to save himself.

When Londos finally got out of this dangerous position there were only ten minutes of time left and the Greek boy put up fine defensive work in his effort to keep on his feet for the balance of the time. He went to the mat a couple of times, but the champion was not successful in getting a real hold on his youthful opponent, while Londos also killed time on a couple of occasions by getting headlocks and holding on as long as possible. A couple of times Jim threw the champion over his shoulder with headlocks.

Although Londos had several holds and made matters interesting for a champion on a number of occasions, he never had the old boy in real danger of a fall. A toe hold toward the finish, in fact within a couple of minutes after Londos had broken the severe one Zbyszko had punished the Greek boy with, was the only time that the big Pole was in any real agony and then only for a few seconds, as his great knowledge of the sport enabled him to get away before being severely damaged.

In our next issue we will cover Stecher's defense of his championship after winning the crown from Zbyszko in 1925.

When Gratitude Meant Just That

(*Continued from page* 19)

of this tale, and shows you where the gratitude section of it comes in. Our show closed that week and next day I met O'Rourke on the street and he told me about Walcott and his plan to grab my dough. Tom's show was still running on the Bowery and that same night he took me down to see the performance, saying also that he wanted me to have a look at Walcott.

"Soon as I saw him box a couple of rounds, I realized what O'Rourke had done for me. I not only couldn't have stopped Walcott in four rounds but there was a very good chance that *he might have stopped me!*"

* * *

THAT ended the tale as far as McAuliffe was concerned and we begged him to tell the yarn of what had happened in Boston and the circumstances leading up to O'Rourke's gratitude. But Jack only laughed and said it didn't amount to anything and we'd have to ask Tom himself about it sometime, if we could get him in a mellow mood. That showed also that McAuliffe was a modest sort of a chap and didn't like to talk about himself. When he did, he always made himself the victim of his own laughable yarns, making them funnier still.

But to make the yarn complete, here are the facts of what happened one desperate night at the Gladstone Club in Boston when McAuliffe was one of those instrumental in saving Dixon from a bare-faced steal that was being attempted. O'Rourke and his great little colored gladiator had been back from England but a short time after licking the mighty Nunc Wallace, English champion, in eighteen rounds at the National Sporting Club in London.

They had fought for the world's title at the then featherweight limit of 115 pounds. There was a purse of $1,500 and a side wager of $2,000 each, the famous Peggy Bettinson then being matchmaker of the club. Dixon had won a glorious victory and made clear his title. But up around Boston they had a chap named Johnny Murphy, a bald little fellow who was a protégé of Jake Kilrain and who had achieved a great reputation for having fought a fifty-round draw with Australian Billy Murphy, then one of the greatest of the little ones. Murphy afterwards was boxing instructor for several years at Harvard University.

Boston had been eager to get this match with Dixon for a long time and it was decided October 23, 1890; the club hanging up a purse of $1,500 and the weight set at 115 pounds. The clubhouse was packed to the doors and but few of those present realized how close there came to being a riot and perhaps murder. Such a situation was saved only by the coolness of a capable referee and the fact that Dixon was coached to take his time and show no eagerness to finish the affair by taking unnecessary chances.

* * *

O'ROURKE had been tipped off that there was a job on to stop Dixon from winning if Murphy were to show at any stage that he was about to fail. O'Rourke knew of the thugs that had been planted around the house to close in and break it up if their favorite showed symptoms of weakening. Tom had just a handful of friends but he thought they were strong enough to handle any situation that might come up.

Those were not genteel days for the prize ring. A manager had to fight about as well and as often as his principal, and often did. Tom himself was of an old school around Boston and had taken a lot of instruction at about the same time that John L. Sullivan was being groomed.

Murphy was known to be a powerful hitter, much stronger than Dixon, and when Murphy stood off on the defensive and let Dixon do all the leading and forcing, the crowd was mystified but sat back waiting. It was a finish fight with two-ounce gloves, so they had all night for it and weren't in a hurry. Dixon, much to his surprise, discovered early that Murphy was easy to hit. In fact, he went back to his corner at the end of the tenth round and told O'Rourke that Murphy had nothing and that he could finish him easily with the next five rounds.

The wise O'Rourke knew his knitting and was well acquainted with his Boston, though in this case, both he and his fighter, though really natives, were as if total strangers to that mob that sought their defeat by any means, no matter how foul. It was their purpose, those thugs, to win, tie or wrangle, as the old expression had it. Slowly it dawned upon Murphy's close supporters that he was a gone goose, a whipped man without a chance or hope—save their own foul measures.

There were in that mob several well-known sporting men of both Boston and New York, and in the rounds soon after the thirty-fifth, they began. Three went into Dixon's corner to pick a quarrel with him. A fellow known as Slugger Quinn struck viciously at Dixon with a cane whenever he got close to the ropes. O'Rourke knocked him flat and he was carried out. Then Jack McAuliffe showed himself a hero by knocking out Patsy Kerrigan, who was about to sock O'Rourke over the head with the cane that Quinn had dropped.

Through it all, though hit several times on the shins with a blackjack, Dixon showed rare courage and coolness. He kept away from the ropes, on top of Murphy all the time except when Johnny retreated to his own corner. There Dixon dared not go.

But they could not intimidate the referee and just as the Murphy mob was about to shut off the gas, the referee took his own life in his hands and awarded the decision to Dixon in the middle of the fortieth round, Murphy being totally unable to further defend himself, a bloody and badly beaten mess of cuts and bruises.

This is a true story of gratitude of the old days. It's too bad the meaning of the word has been forgotten.

The Cowboy Wrestler

(*Continued from page* 27)

is not one to be discouraged by defeat, instead it seems to serve only as an incentive to win. So he began a campaign on the West Coast and piled up one victory after another. His most spectacular bout was on the semi-windup of the Lewis-Don George championship bout, when he wrestled to a gory draw with Joe Malcewicz, the Utica Panther. The match was so intense, fiery and bloody, that the mat was soaked with blood and Lewis and George refused to grapple until a new mat had been supplied.

Then Cupid directed the wrestling cowboy's steps to Topeka, Kansas. One night after a match, some of his old rodeo pals who were with a show that was in town, dropped by and invited Dick to come to the rodeo the next day. Dick went around for a visit and there met "the one and only girl," Esther Seibert, a champion trick rider. It was love at first sight and when Esther's tour was ended, they were married in Saint Mary's, Kansas, and spent their honeymoon on the Coast.

In San Francisco, Dick met with misfortune. He was grappling John Pesek, the Tiger Man, and was far ahead in the scuffle when he was thrown from the ring into the press row. A spectator seized one of the newspapermen's telephones, and before anyone could stop him, beat Dick on the head with it, injuring him seriously. It later developed that this person was an escaped lunatic from the State Insane Asylum and not a scribe at all. Dick suffered a fractured skull and was taken back to Dallas to recuperate.

Thus Dick's wrestling career was temporarily halted. When he had recovered, he spent the winter months touring with a rodeo, bulldogging and wrestling. Then last year Dick invaded Eastern fields and proved to the "mighties" that he really has the stuff. Among his many victims are listed, Paul Jones, Orville Brown, Jim McMillen, Rudy Dusek, Billy Edwards, Man Mountain Dean, Juan Humberto and Doc Karl Sarpolis, skilled scissors star.

* * *

DICK'S ring tactics enrage spectators wherever he goes. He's a rough boy, Dick, and he plays rough. His habit of swelling his massive chest when he has an opponent in a tough spot ires the fans until the arena thunders with "boos." But Dick doesn't mind. He only lowers his head, crouches his mighty shoulders and charges his opponents in answer to the hisses.

Outside the ring, he is a boyishly good-natured fellow and very likable. His favorite pastime is swimming. He also likes hunting, aqua-planing and fishing. He holds the Pacific Coast record of having landed a 1,228 pound shark by himself. While in California, he worked in several films, "The Sign of the Cross," "Rackety Rax," "Deception" and many westerns. He has doubled for many stars, among them Wallace Beery and George Bancroft, and among his friends, he counts Buck Jones, the hero of many "westerns."

Dick trains vigorously for his mat contests. He rides horseback a great deal and walks fifteen miles a day. He eats heartily and drinks lots of milk and prefers the "little woman's" cooking.

Dick's philosophy of wrestling is concise and simple, "I want to win as many matches as possible to increase my earning power. I haven't any personal feelings against an opponent after a match is over but as long as I am wrestling, the fellow before me is an enemy and I'm going to beat him."

Red-Headed Negro a Star

(*Continued from page* 12)

Rankin has worked his way carefully through all the stages of prelims, feature events and special spots and now is ready for big stuff. Of course he'd like to get a crack at Teddy Yarosz for the title. He is being handled by the Goldston brothers, Mushy and Claude, who bought his contract recently.

Oscar always has been death on the Mexican fighters. He says he beat both Bert Colima and Sandy Garrison handily and practically put them out of the running. And his several workouts with Lee Ramage were as interesting as any seen in any gymnasium.

Recent rankings in the East put Oscar nowhere. In California good critics, and some of them familiar with the best middleweights of the East, place him right up there in the front rank. They feel certain he could easily beat Vince Dundee.

There are other excellent fighting men in the Ethiopian group of Los Angeles and surrounding Southland that are worthy of favorable exploitation from time to time. It appears that Wirt Ross, who is familiarly known as "Ol' Two Gun" by the gang, has something of a monopoly on the management of the husky duskies of the neighborhood. He has developed a lot of them and generally annexes those who burst upon his vision or those already pretty well along on the road to readiness.

Wirt is a big hearted chap with most likable ways. He's the fellow who took King Solomon to New York and created quite a stir in the heavyweight ranks, for a few hours at least. He's had experience all over the world and was with Uncle Sam's Army men at various parts of the globe and especially Panama.

Somehow Wirt knows the ways and foibles of the Negro better than anybody around the fighting game. He can get them to work harder and faster and they seem simply to have the greatest faith and confidence in him. He had Dynamite Jackson, heavyweight, for a time and splashed into a lot ot good money matches with him in the Southland.

Now he's bothering with a mighty good lightweight, Young Peter Jackson, a great puncher who looks as if he might at last be getting on the right road to a prominent place in his division. He's taking him East shortly and will exhibit the clever chap wherever there is a chance for a dollar or so.

Along in his party will go the skilled little Henry Armstrong, a featherweight who is high in the rankings in California.

An Open Letter to Baer

(*Continued from page* 3)

Carpentier who almost knocked Jack out in the second round, with Firpo whom many still insist should have had the verdict, with Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden, with Tom Gibbons in Montana. Dempsey won but always had to have the smile of Fortune. Never afterwards could he attain the physical perfection of that afternoon in Toledo in 1919.

Gene Tunney didn't need my advice or anybody's to know when his turning point had been reached. He took a fortune while the taking was excellent and then told the boys they could have the leavings—smart enough to know the human frame cannot stand everything, even if it is cared for in the intelligent manner he always showed.

No use rehearsing the Chicago long-count and such things. The Dempsey luck had been shifted over to Tunney's well-shaped shoulders and there remained. No use, either, to dissect the nondescripts who came after and who gradually led up to his victory over the second foreign holder of that bauble known as the title. You know them as well or better than I do.

* * *

BUT of some few things I claim superior, pre-eminent knowledge and of which champions learn only after bitter experience. I would speak of the pitfalls that have beset all champions from Figg on down, and more especially deep in these later days of our boasted civilization. These are such things as the irregularity of the food, the breakfasts in bed or, perhaps, none at all, the sly telephone, the brocaded and quilted dressing gowns, the expensive clothes, all business matters thought out carefully for you, most personal affairs arranged second-handedly, that obsession for pleasure, the lack of mental calisthenics outside of your profession and very little inside of that profession.

You have announced some good intentions. Doubtless you meant to keep them—maybe only to yourself. But forgive me for repeating that idleness has killed off more champions than opponents' gloves. Don't let that superman stuff sink too deeply into your noggin. There is no superman. Every one's just a human being, some luckier than others, some better endowed. Be grateful for what Nature gave you and don't abuse the gift horse.

There's a good solid, stolid, efficient German brain behind you which offsets what flightiness your own may develop. Pay heed to your competent handler. If you don't, we fear the first man that fights you, big or little, is apt to beat you.

Sincerely,
ED W. SMITH.

The Passing of Johnny Eckhardt

(*Continued from page* 21)

thought and figured out ways of puzzling his opponent; he had to be as crafty as a serpent, as well as game as a bulldog. The short-route men gear themselves up for a speed-burst, and that's about as far as their generalship goes.

"Well it's all of a piece with the everyday fast-action of an age where speed means all, and there's scant time for reflection, unless you want to be left in the ruck. It must be that way of course. When you're in Rome, you must do as Rome does, and if the 'milling cove' has changed his rôle to that of the 'glove artist,' he's quite right from his point of view in keeping up with the times."

From the foregoing remarks may be deduced something of the creed that Johnny Eckhardt steadfastly practiced and adhered to. His beliefs were his own and he stuck to them, but that didn't prevent him from respecting the other fellow's ideas. He was critical, but lenient, never dogmatic enough to imagine he could put the clock back. In the words of Shakespeare—

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again!"

The world of sport is the poorer for the loss of one of its most ardent champions, who played the game straight to the end.

Olin, Champion

(*Continued from page* 18)

still ranks the best referee in New York.

On the basis of points, the only thing we might give Olin credit for was aggressiveness. He was outhit, outmaneuvered, and far less effective than was Rosie. Whatever heavy hitting was delivered, came from Maxie's fists. On the basis of points, I scored thirty-four for Olin as against sixty-six for Rosenbloom and on the basis of rounds, I scored eight for Rosie, five for Olin and two even.

On aggressiveness alone, did Olin do his scoring. He gained his five rounds out of the first eleven, but Maxie swarmed all over him in the final four.

* * *

THE case of Peter Jackson is simply another example of the many raw decisions which have been so prevalent in New York of late. Gans took a beating such as Joe Grim, the old Iron Man, used to take in the old days, only to find himself on the winning end. Danny Ridge's decision gave Peter the bout after the judges, Harold Barnes and Abe Goldberg, had disagreed, Goldberg voting in favor of Sammy. When Ridge was asked for his reasons for taking the bout away from Fuller who had scored three knockdowns on clean punching and once dropped the Negro to his finger tips, he replied:

"It's the new deal in boxing. The peculiar rules under which we are compelled to work. Personally I thought Fuller won, but had to give Jackson the fight under our new rules."

Bob Olin, the new champion, is a product of the amateur ranks. He launched his career in the Metropolitan association about seven years ago, when he won the "Met" title in the 175-pound class and later repeated in the Golden Gloves tournament.

In 1929 he entered the professional ranks and has competed in the light-heavyweight division since. Among his victories are those over Charley Massare, who also beat him and fought him a draw; Unknown Winston, Bob Godwin, whom he stopped and later beat; Ralph Ficucello, Al Gainor and Clyde Chastain. He knocked out Tait Littman and fought a draw with Abie Feldman. He engaged in fifty-eight bouts, and contrary to the report that he won fifty-four of those since entering the professional ranks, his percentage of victories is just ordinary.

He has lost bouts to, Joe Banovic, twice; Al Gainor, twice; Willie Bush, Baxter Calmes, Arthur Huttick, Tony Shucco, and was knocked out by Martin Levandowski.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Inquisitive

Q.—What muscles do you consider most important to develop for wrestling? Are the use of dumb-bells O.K.? Do you recommend the Atlas course. What is dynamic tension? Do you think Dempsey could have whipped Peter Jackson and Tunney could have whipped Willard?

A.—The muscle of the legs, arms and abdomen. A good wrestler has well developed biceps, triceps, neck muscles and abdomen. I do recommend the Atlas course as a very good one for a wrestler to follow. Dynamic Tension is complete, 100 per cent tension of the body. Tension is the tensing of all muscles simultaneously under mind control. Perfect coordination.

Dempsey, I think, would have lost to Jackson and Tunney would have whipped Willard.

Tommy Harlan, Orlando, Florida.

Q.—Was Young Stribling ever the world's light-heavyweight champion?

A.—No. He fought Mike McTigue for the title in 1923 at Macon, Georgia, but Referee Harry Ertle, amidst riotous scenes, called the bout a draw.

Len Cumisky, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is the development of the arm muscles sufficient for a fighter or should he develop the muscles of all parts of his body? What book would you suggest as having the best exercises for the development of the entire body? Will rope skipping affect my heart? Is light bag punching a wind developer?

A.—No, a good boxer, like any good athlete, should have all parts of his body properly developed. Don't be one-sided. My "Height Increasing" book was written with two purposes—first to show you how to attain an increase in height through exercises and secondly, as a body developer. The exercises in that book are splendid for body development. They will develop the muscles of every part of your body and in that respect, "Height Increasing Exercises," is a book I would recommend to every boxer and wrestler, every athlete, regardless of how tall he is. Study the exercises and you'll never have anything wrong with your body after that. Those exercises will not only perfect your body, be you man or woman, but will prevent most of the kidney, stomach and back ailments from which many persons continuously suffer. They follow a definite study—try them. Rope skipping will affect the heart only if overdone, otherwise it is a splendid exercise for the wind and for strengthening the legs. Light bag punching is an exercise for developing quickness of the eye.

Q.—Who was the winner of the Risko-Poreda bout in 1932?

A.—They didn't fight in 1932. They fought in 1931 and Poreda won a ten-round decision.

Q.—What were the heights and weights of Risko and Levinsky when they fought in 1933?

A.—Risko weighed 197 to Levinsky's 196½. Levinsky was 5 feet 10½ and Risko 5 feet 10½.

Jack Shishoto, Olaa, Hawaii

Q.—Can one enlarge the wrists as well as reduce them?

A.—Yes. Chopping exercises, tree climbing, spading, rowing and general wrist exercises will increase the size of the wrist. Massaging, rope pulling, will decrease the size.

Q.—Is too much bending bad for the kidneys? Do bending exercises reduce the waist? I know a boy who works every day on a bending job. His hips almost stick out of his sides. He has a small waist. Does that job affect him that much? Can he reduce that form and become more normal?

A.—Yes, too much would affect the kidneys. Too much of any type of exercises is not good for you. Your body can and will stand only so much and the organs and muscles won't react properly if asked to do more. Yes, that job has affected your friend. He bends too much. Now if he did other forms of exercises to offset the steady bending, he wouldn't be that way. For example, he probably bends forward all the time. He should therefore often bend sideways and backwards to even matters. He can become normal again, since he is still a boy, by training faithfully along the line I have outlined. He should get my book, "Height Increasing Exercises," and do those exercises no matter how short or tall he is. That book contains the form of exercises he most needs.

Donald Kittredge, Cambridge, Mass.

Q.—I am 16 years old, 5 feet 7½ inches tall, have a normal chest of 36 and expanded, 38; biceps of 12¼; forearm, 11; waist, 30½; thigh, 20¼; calf, 14¼; ankle, 9; neck, 14¼ and reach, 70. Do you think I am well enough built right now for boxing or wrestling?

A.—Yes for boxing and for wrestling as an amateur. You'll develop more with proper training. Of course you'll not do for professional wrestling right now, but if you want to compete as an amateur, as you say, your measurements are not bad. You should, however, develop your neck and chest. Your reach is fine. With proper exercising you can develop your biceps an inch.

Q.—Will I be a heavyweight at twenty-two?

A.—No. Not at twenty-two unless you feed well on body building food. You'll be a light-heavyweight or a heavy-middleweight.

John Ge Otis, Madison, New Jersey

Q.—What are measurements of Jim Londos?

A.—Age, 42; weight, 203; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; reach, 74½ inches; chest, normal, 46; chest expanded, 49½; neck, 18; biceps, 17; forearm, 15; waist, 33; wrist, 9; thigh, 26½; calf, 18½; ankle, 11.

Artemas Esposito, Houston, Texas

Q.—I would like to know if Professor Pilates, to whom you referred in one of your recent issues, has any books or pamphlets which are purchasable. I am very much interested in what you said about his special course on muscle control and his invention of an exercising machine for flat feet and an exercising chair for paralysis.

A.—Yes, write for a copy. His studio, at 935 Eighth Avenue, is full of his marvelous inventions on physical education. "Collier's Weekly" only recently wrote a full page about this marvel of the age. Candidly, I believe he is the greatest teacher of physical education and that he has done more to benefit the human race through his corrective exercises, than any physical culturist I've ever known or heard of. That's going some, but I know it to be true.

I have only recently seen a chair which he invented and patented, which if placed in the hands of our beloved President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is still suffering from the effects of the spinal meningitis which he contracted years ago, would enable him soon to discard his cane and walk normally. It is a chair that has astounded the medical men who have inspected it. Why Professor Pilates doesn't market his chairs, beds and other corrective inventions which he uses in his studio for his students and patients brought to him by physicians, I do not know, unless lack of finances is the reason. I am now using his iron shoe and have been using it for two months because of an ailment I suffered, and thanks to that shoe, I am now in as perfect physical condition as I ever was, and I assure my readers no one ever was more healthy and active than I. Perhaps Professor Pilates will read this and get out an exercise book in addition to the one you can now get from him, "Your Health."

Michael Bebe, Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Q.—I have a copy of your book. I stand five feet and six inches in my shoes and I am eighteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds stripped. Here are some of my measurements. Chest normal, 39 inches; waist, 26½ inches; thigh, 20½ inches; calf, 13¾ inches; neck, 15½ inches.

I have attained these measurements by having wrestling workouts and by exercising with dumbbells weighing from seven to twenty pounds.

Do you think that I will grow any more in height?

A.—Yes, certainly. You'll gain at least 2 inches and perhaps 3 to 3½. Do the exercises in my "Height increase book," both for height gaining and general body building. My height increasing exercises are splendid body builders.

D. G. Obeyesekere, Ceylon, India

Q.—What is the method of awarding points on the basis of five maximum, for amateur bouts in England and Ceylon? I give five to the fellow who lands the greatest number of clean hits with the knuckle part of the gloves and is more skilful, aggressive, etc., and then give a proportionate amount to the other fellow. Is that correct?

A.—That would be the correct method. Let clean hits and aggressiveness count most. Hitting to a vital point cleanly, counts most in boxing.

Q.—Are bouts in U.S.A. decided on points in each round or on the total number of rounds won?

A.—They are decided in some states on total points for all rounds and in others, like New York, on points scored in each round only. The winner of the greatest number of rounds under the last-named system, wins the bout. This is a wrong system but New York and other leading states have adopted it.

Q.—Are back-hand blows with the knuckles part of the glove a foul in U.S.A.?

A.—Yes. All back-hand blows are fouls. Read my book, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight."

Q.—Do the referees enter the ring in amateur fights in U.S.A. or do they remain outside as in England?

A.—Inside the ropes.

Q.—Is the count over a fallen boxer loud or silent?

A.—Loud so that he can hear it.

Tommy Hayes, 43 East First St., New York City

Q.—Is it true that Gus Martel taught Young Griffo how to box?

A.—No. It is not. Griffo knew how to box when he came here years before Martel made his mark as an amateur. Griffo was taught to box by the great Larry Foley.

Q.—Is it true that Martel taught Griffo how to stand on a handkerchief and not be hit?

A.—No. That was a trick Griffo learned in Australia.

Q.—Is it true that Martel taught Battling Nelson, Joe Gans, Ad Wolgast and other stars how to fight and win a title?

A.—He says he did and we'll have to let it go at that. Griffo had many trainers, but Nelson's trainer and manager throughout his career was Billy Nolan.

Q.—After whom did Dempsey name his left hook, "Iron Mike?"

A.—He didn't name it. One of the scribes did that.

Q.—Is it true that Gus Martel beat Nonpareil Jack Dempsey or any other professional of note?

A.—No.

Q.—Where does Petey Hayes come from?

A.—Brooklyn.

Q.—What is meant by the famous Dempsey roll?

A.—A rolling of the body from side to side while coming in towards an opponent. By the roll he made his opponent miss more often than land.

Wallace Jennings, South Porcupine, Ont.

Q.—Is there any method by which I can attain shapely legs? I am slightly knock-kneed.

A.—Yes, one way is to wear the legs braced for a while. The other, is to follow the exercises I have outlined in my book, "Height Increasing Exercises" which you already have. Of course, it all depends on your age. If your body is still supple and you have not quit growing, it will not be difficult to alter the condition of which you complain.

Edwin James, San Francisco, Cal.—U.S.S. "San Francisco"

Q.—When I get hit over the heart with a hard blow, it causes a pain there for two or three days. Is there any way I can cure it?

A.—Yes, but since the heart is an organ one shouldn't fool with except through a doctor's advice, I would suggest you see your boat doctor and explain matters to him. That stitch in the heart might be a lesion, in which case it would be best for you to quit boxing.

Q.—Which is the better for speed, rope skipping or shadow boxing?

A.—Rope skipping.

Q.—Does road work before breakfast do one much good?

A.—Yes, finest time to do it. Gives you a good appetite. Brings circulation to a fine point. Opens up all the pores. Brings on bowel movement.

Q.—Will the Atlas course advertised in "The Ring" help me any? Will it help to build up a person faster than through just ordinary exercises?

A.—Yes, the Atlas course is a good body builder. I recommend it to "Ring" readers. I have complete faith in the honesty, sincerity and good will of the persons backing the Atlas course. Likewise, the splendid course offered by Jowett. I recommend both to you.

Ring Reader, Ottawa, Canada

Q.—Just received copy of "Modern Wrestling", worth twice its weight in gold to any wrestler. I am 19½ years old, weight 180 pounds. Should I go in for light-heavyweight or heavyweight wrestling? What are Jim Londos measurements?

A.—Yes, go in for heavyweight. You'll soon be in that class even though you are only a heavy light-heavyweight now. You are still growing. Thanks for your compliment. While on the subject, I would suggest that every wrestler might also add to his book list my Height Increasing Exercises book, as the exercises in that are ideal for the fellow taking up wrestling. George Bothner, famous wrestler and referee who owns Bothner's Gymnasium, has adopted my exercises for his class of wrestling students. He says he never came across a finer set for the development of the muscles a wrestler should develop. As I have told others, the book is not for height increasing only; it also contains a fine body developing series of exercises.

You'll find Londos' measurements elsewhere in answer to another query.

Abie Shutsky, Dallas, Texas

Q.—What should be the average height of a heavyweight?

A.—Five feet ten is a good height.

A. Robertson, Scotland

Q.—Can you let me know how many rounds Kid Lavigne and Young Griffo fought in America and who won? Also Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt?

A.—Britt and Gans fought twice. On October 31, 1904, Britt lost on a foul in San Francisco in the fifth round, and on September 9, 1907, Gans knocked out Britt in the sixth round at San Francisco.

Lavigne and Griffo fought twice. On February 10, 1894, they fought a three-round draw in New York and on October 12, 1895, they fought a twenty-round draw at Maspeth, L. I.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 35)

The second fall started with Londos playing his customary game of hippity-hop around the ring, evidently for the purpose of showing his public that though he is a great big rassler, Jemmy is just a little boy at heart. However, the little by-play wasn't appreciated by Doc Karl who rushed in and exhibited for the wrestling public just how to get holds on a champion. For forty-eight minutes, the Doctor had the champ crawling for the ropes, slugging, twisting fingers and gouging eyes to break holds and, it may be added, it was with a great deal of disappointment that ringside veterans witnessed these actions on the part of the champion who seems to have joined up with the rough school of wrestling.

However, after weathering a series of hammerlocks, splits, armlocks and toe holds, the champion retaliated by getting a combination split and leg-breaker that forced Sarpolis' shoulders to the mat for a final fall.

Charlie Rentrop, veteran of the ring and now a promoter in Memphis, was the referee.

* * *

DIDJA KNOW—That Billie Blackstock, Marsh's little blonde wife, is his manager?

That Chief Chewchki has the cutest little bull-dog named "Skippy"?

That Stan Sokolis is a life guard in the summer at Wildwood, N. J.?

That Jemmy Londos is an ardent reader of imposing volumes on scientific subjects?

That Pete Schul, Ed Lewis' bald-headed young protege has "inherited" the Strangler's favorite training device, a "wooden head" used to develop the headlock?

That Lewis, in his twenty-five years of wrestling, has participated in over 5,000 matches, and has held the title five times?

That Nick Elitch, Yugoslav wrestler, is suffering a leg injury that caused him to cancel several bookings?

That Doc Kar Sarpolis is a racing enthusiast?

That Bill Sledge, ex-Rice University football player is an Army flyer?

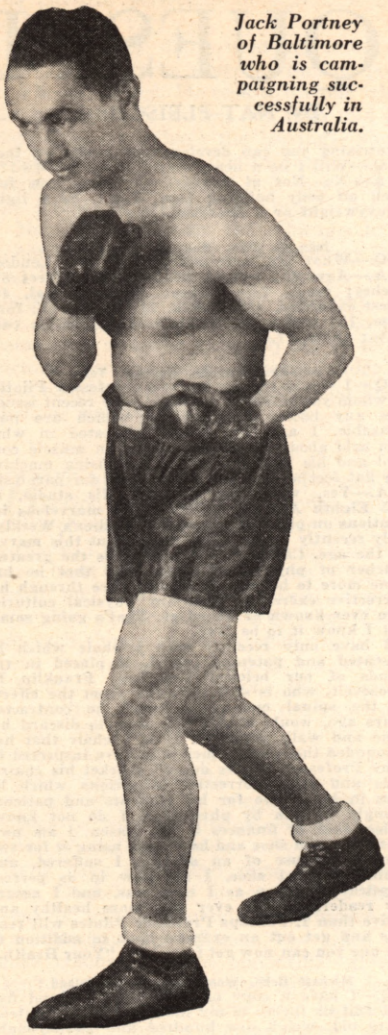
That Lew Plummer has spent over $5,000 for medical attention to his cross-eyes?

* * *

Bette Hardemann, another of our star Dixie reporters, sends in this note about a Southern favorite: Orville Brown, protege of Champion Jim Londos who hails from Zanzabar Ranch near Wallis, Kan., learned to wrestle from bulldogging steers and later as a blacksmith. For several years he followed the rodeo business and made quite a success of it. During '27 and '28, he made over $10,000.

At twenty-one, he took up wrestling seriously, and now after three years of it, he still likes it. The championship is his goal. He may never reach it, but he'll give his opponents a tough battle.

Out of two hundred and sixty matches, Brown has lost only a few. He frequently trains with Jim Londos. Orville says the secret of his rapid climb is clean living. He believes in keeping in rigid training while wrestling, no smoking, drinking, or late hours. He never misses a day's training and frequently the furniture suffers as result of his zeal. A strong rope and a doorknob serve for his training when no gym is handy.



Jack Portney of Baltimore who is campaigning successfully in Australia.

Brown is one of the cleanest wrestlers in the game, unless extremely riled. Then he can dish it out as well as take it. His pet holds are the Indian headlock and an unusual version of the flying scissors.

His five-year-old son, Richard, is the neighborhood champion already, but Orville is resolved that he will not be a wrestler.

* * *

FROM Bill Hawkins, comes the following wrestling news from Iowa:

Waterloo, Ia.—Joe Savoldi defeated Sun Jennings in two straight falls. Abe Kashey won over Jimmy Coffield; Jack Hader tossed Tony Catalino . . . . Marshalltown, Ia.—Dutch Hefner won over Rudy Laditzi, in a slam-bang match. Laditzi was knocked unconscious with drop kicks . . . . Des Moines, Ia.—Joe Cox drew with Ernie Dusek, one fall each; Joe Dusek threw Johnny Plummer; Emil Dusek won from Jack Hader; Jimmy Coffield drew with Barney Cosneck . . . . Cedar Rapids, Ia.—With a wild haymaker to the solar plexus, Frank Speers floored Babe Carnera to win the third fall of their match; Jack Hader subdued Baron Von Beusing; Sun Jennings used everything in the book to conquer Earl Wampler . . . . Sioux City, Ia.—(Put this in your scrapbook and show your grandchildren how they did it in 1934.) Without going into details of the thing, let it be said that Dutch Hefner won over Rudy Laditzi by the simple process of banging him on the head with a chair. (Such a nice chair, too!) Mr. Laditzi was knocked cold. Pat McGill and Jack Vincent drew in a thirty-minute match: Al Schanke tossed Bud Logan around and won with ease. . . . Shenandoah, Ia. — "Roughhouse" Nelson and Don McIntyre went to a draw. Pat McGill won from Mike Gettson; Eddie Wirth won from Eddie Murray . . . . Sioux City, Ia.— Rudy Laditzi won over Howard Culver after kicking him out of the ring. Al Schanke won from Murrell Hogue. Pat McGill forfeited to Jackie Patterson. . . . . Shenandoah, Ia. — In a rematch, Roughhouse Nelson lost a decision to Don McIntyre on a foul. McIntyre was twisted in the ropes and was nearly unconscious when spectators released him. Mr. Nelson and the referee staged a battle to help matters. Jack O'Dell lost to Jackie Patterson; Howard Culver and Walter Logan went to a rough draw.

* * *

We apologize for an error that appeared in these columns in the last issue. The names of Floyd Marshall and Everette Marshall were confused and the report we carried about Floyd being billed for both Delaware and New York bouts was wrong. Floyd did appear, as scheduled, in Delaware where he beat Zelesniak; and Everette, on the same evening, won from Shikat in New York.

* * *

We received an interesting letter from South Africa a few days ago informing us that many American wrestlers are performing in that country and are doing well. The letter was from U. Du Preeze Jennings of Port Elizabeth, and in part he says:

"We have good material from overseas here at present, including Henry Irslinger, Ray Steele who was at first billed here as the Masked Marvel; Bob Myers, Gus Kallio and the Scandinavian Terror, Thor Jensen."

It might surprise our South African readers to learn that Ray Steele is performing in America and has never left these shores for South Africa. He has been competing regularly in California, his home, and the fellow who is masquerading in Ray Steele's shoes had better not let Ray take a sock at him. The promoter who is billing Steele as the American Ray should also be looked after by the South African fans. The American who is acting as booking agent for the clubs, and is perpetrating such fraud, should be sent back on the first boat. Such an imposter does the game no good.

Before a gathering of about 10,000 enthusiastic wrestling fans, Jim Londos successfully defended his title against Everette Marshall in Madison Square Garden on November 19th. It took Londos a little more than an hour to turn the trick but only after he was manhandled by Everette, as never before in his career. The following night, Jimmy wrestled for one hour and a half for a draw with Dick Shikat in Baltimore.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

SOME interesting turns were developed during the month in boxing circles which created wide comment and caused an increasing interest in the eyes of the fans. Bob Olin was acclaimed the new world's light-heavyweight champion, on the strength of his victory over Maxey Rosenbloom. Whether merited or not, Olin is the new titleholder. Paul Pirrone, rejuvenated Cleveland middleweight, is making fistic history with his sensational work, last month he whipped Mickey Walker. Marcel Thil defended his middleweight title successfully against Tino Polando in Europe. Tony Falco upset the dope when he defeated Young Peter Jackson and Frankie Klick scored over Harry Dublinsky in surprising fashion.

Al Brown knocked out Young Perez in defense of his bantamweight title, while Tiger Humery surprised with a victory over Cleto Locatelli, and Jackie Kid Berg staged a comeback by disposing of the British lightweight titleholder, Harry Mizler, in ten rounds. Pablo Dano defeated Midget Wolgast in an overweight match. Those bouts featured the month's work.

Patsy Perroni heads the active heavyweight list for the month with victories over Tony Galento and Hans Birkie. Natie Brown was held even by Mickey Walker. Charley Massare defeated Unknown Winston and Larry Johnson. Steve Dudas scored two victories over Ralph Ficucello. Red Barry won over Tiger Jack Fox and Wally Fraser. Joe Louis disposed of Stanley Poreda in one, Jack O'Dowd in two, and Artie Sykes in eight sessions. Corn Griffin scored over Adolph Wiater but was beaten by Tony Cancela. Salvatore Ruggirello finished Dewey Kimrey in four rounds. Bob Tow scored over Buck Everett. Hank Hankinson kayoed Chester Matan in six rounds. Roy Lazer finished Tommy De Stefano in the third.

Prior to losing the title to Bob Olin, Rosenbloom fought a draw with Johnny Miler in an overweight match. Joe Knight disposed of Wilson Dunn in three rounds. Al Gainer whipped Lew Poster. John Henry Lewis disposed of Earl Wise in three rounds but was beaten by Jimmy Braddock, a heavyweight. Tait Littman scored over Anson Green. Fred Lenhart stopped Bob Godwin in seven rounds. Al McCoy kayoed Willie Feldman in five rounds. Emilio Martinez was beaten by Chuck Hefner. Dave Maier finished Larry Udell in four rounds. Don Petrin scored over Mickey Taylor. Rosy Rosales kayoed Jack Palmer in three rounds but was beaten by Carl Montebano. Leo Kelley disposed of Pietro Georgi in four rounds.

Thil's victory over Tino Polando was the most important victory in the middleweight class. Teddy Yarosz scored over Johnny Phagan. Paul Pirrone gained more prestige through his victory over Mickey Walker. Carmelo Candel drew with Kid Tunero. Freddy Steele whipped Andy Di Vodi and kayoed Joe Glick in one round. Lew Halper kayoed Billy Mosca in three rounds. Frank Battaglia kayoed George Black in four rounds, Bud Saltis in seven, and drew with Young Stuhley. Alabama Kid whipped Stonewall Jackson, drew with Sammy Slaughter and was kayoed in two rounds by Jack Charvez. Slaughter scored over Vincenzo Troiano. Wally Sears was kayoed by Henry Firpo in four rounds but disposed of Jackie Aldare in one. Aldare drew with Mickey Bottone and defeated Joey Kemp.

Kid Azteca headed the prominent welterweights with two victories over Kenny La Salle. Cerefino Garcia defeated Bep Van Klaveren. Tony Falco exploded the expected greatness of Young Peter Jackson by whipping him in ten rounds. Eddie Kid Wolfe drew with Willard Brown. Frankie Hughes won over Kid Frattini but was beaten by Joey Speigal. Morrie Sherman whipped Tony Dominquez, Johnny O'Keefe, and drew with Izzy Jannasso. Jannasso scored over Joe Rossi. Johnny Martinez won over Sammy O'Dell.

Laddie Tonelli whipped Toots Bernstein and kayoed Fritzie Zivic in three rounds. Jackie Davis drew with Davey Grande. Eddie Dempsey was beaten by Frankie Genovese and kayoed by Steve Haliako in seven rounds. Bucky Jones whipped Young Firpo and Danny Devlin. George Salvatore scored over Ray Kiser. Tommy Romano disposed of Billy Clark in four rounds. Frankie Britt whipped Harry Devine. Tommy Bland defeated Connie Morrie. Eddie Marks whipped Mickey Paul but was beaten by Petey Gulotta.

Frankie Klick advanced several notches in the lightweight group with his victory over Harry Dublinsky. Young Peter Jackson was given the verdict over Sammy Fuller. Tiger Humery stepped into the elite class with a victory over Cleto Locatelli. Eddie Cool kayoed Eddie Ran in six rounds and defeated Al Roth. Tracey Cox kayoed Tony Herrera in seven rounds and was beaten by Lew Massey. Massey also whipped Phil Baker. Jack Portney is doing good work in Australia—he whipped Herb Bishop and kayoed Alf Blatch in seven rounds. Kid Chocolate scored over Jerry Mazza.

Berg's ten-round kayo over Harry Mizler gained for him the British lightweight title. Lew Feldman scored over Petey Hayes. Joey Ferrando won from Irish Jimmy Brady. Joe Zodda scored over Johnny Morro, but was beaten by Leonard Del Genio who also defeated Charley Bedami. Leo Rodak whipped Pete De Grasse. Seaman Watson whipped Con Flynn, Desmet, and kayoed George Odwell in four rounds. Davey Day won from Frank Sagilio. Battling Battalino disposed of Cocoa Kid in seven rounds. Roger Bernard kayoed Foster Young in seven rounds. Joe Vignali whipped Carmine Nacchio. Al Casimini drew with Jimmy Fantini. Tommy Corbett whipped Mickey Cohen. Eddie Zivic drew with Gene Salvatore and then finished him in one round. Jackie Flynn scored over Wesley Remey in South Africa.

Freddy Miller, featherweight leader, won on a foul from Gilbert Johnstone in ten rounds. Baby Arizmendi scored over Henry Armstrong. Mike Belloise disposed of Joe Marciente in eight rounds. Joe Conde whipped Jackie Wilson in Mexico City. Mero Blandon won over Billy McNally. Gene Espinoza drew with Johnny Pena and lost to Davey Abad. Tony Morgano scored over George Hansford. Abad and Morgano are too heavy to be listed with the featherweights. Pete De Grasse whipped Frankie Covelli. Vernon Cormier whipped Jose Santos. Jimmy Walsh disposed of Nicolas Wilke in nine rounds. Bucky Burton whipped Billy Landers and Al Ragone. Conrad Conde drew with Joe Doherty. Julie Katz defeated Tony Passaro.

Al Brown retained the bantamweight title by knocking out Young Perez in ten rounds. Speedy Dado scored over Augie Ruggiere. Young Tommy disposed of Baby Face Matheson in one round. Baby Quintana turned in a victory over Joe Tei Ken. Henry Moreno defeated Jimmy Perrin. Nat Litfin whipped Eugene Huat. Emile Pladner kayoed Padron Finnigan in ten rounds. Henry Hooks scored over Midget Azteca. Johnny King drew with Dick Corbett. Ross Fields whipped Dave Barry. Billy Miller scored over Billy Maharg. Frankie Martin defeated Lefty Gwynne. Frankie Wolfram kayoed Tommy Dixon in two rounds, Jackie Powers in one, and won over Billy Landers.

Midget Wolgast, head of the flyweights, was beaten by Pablo Dano. Benny Lynch scored a five-round kayo over Billy Johnstone. Valentin Anglemann whipped Pedtrio Ruiz. Joe Mendiola scored over Praxille Gyde and kayoed Peter Miller in the second. Bobby McGhee defeated Billy Tansey. Tommy Steele drew with Jim Devlin and scored over Willie Leggatt. Peter Miller whipped Freddy Webb. Billy Nash won from Herbie Hill. Small Montana defeated Tony Marino. Bobby McGhee won over George Smith.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Kid Salerio, Morocco.
Bantamweight—Joey Palmo, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Featherweight—Willie Nussbaum, New York City.
Lightweight—Bus Breese, Manhattan, Kan.
Welterweight—Mickey Makar, Bayonne, N. J.
Middleweight—Al Cocozza, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Freddy Panico, Paterson, N. J.
Heavyweight—Frank Wallulia, Seattle, Wash.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending November 17:

	Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
	World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1	Steve Hamas	Maxey Rosenbloom	Teddy Yarosz	Kid Azteca
2	Art Lasky	Tony Shucco	Young Corbett	Cerefino Garcia
3	Primo Carnera	Joe Knight	Paul Pirrone	Bobby Pacho
4	Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Oscar Rankins	Harry Dublinsky
5	Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Carmelo Candel	Tony Falco
6	Jack Peterson	John Henry Lewis	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
7	Natie Brown	Johnny Miler	Jock McAvoy	Eddie Kid Wolfe
8	Johnny Risko	Tait Littman	Fred Henneberry	Willard Brown
9	King Levinsky	Fred Lenhart	Freddy Steele	Tiger Burns
10	Lee Ramage	Al McCoy	Lew Halper	Jack Carroll

	Lightweights	Featherweights	Flyweights	Bantamweights
	World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	World's Champion Title Vacant
1	Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2	Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Speedy Dado	Jackie Brown
3	Young Peter Jackson	Nel Tarleton	Pablo Dano	Benny Lynch
4	Tiger Humery	Petey Hayes	Young Tommy	Valentin Anglemann
5	Cleto Locatelli	Petey Sarron	Louis Salica	Maurice Huguenin
6	Lew Ambers	Joe Conde	Star Frisco	Young Siki
7	Eddie Cool	Johnny Pena	Baby Quintana	Tommy Pardoe
8	Lew Massey	Henry Armstrong	Little Pancho	Joe Mendiola
9	Tracey Cox	Merv Blandon	Joe Tei Ken	Bobby McGhee
10	Benny Bass	Jackie Wilson	Henry Moreno	Phil Milligan

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

KID CALIXTO, welterweight of note, scored a ten-round decision over Humberto Casals, recently returned from Spain. Conguito II scored over Kid Musulongo, and Mario Hernandez beat Tyto Milet.

Santiago Alvarez outpunched Prudencio Arce in ten rounds of hectic milling, and Pablo Ramirez won over Kid Gibara in six rounds.

Lope Tenorio, the Filipino windmill, outpointed Joe Coego, Cuba's sterling southpaw welterweight. Sixto Morales won over Baby Face Quintana in ten heats.

Joe Legon earned the duke over Joaquin Jorge in six rounds. Tony Cruz won over Jose Jover. Jose Fernandez beat Kid Izaguirre, and Kid Sabates scored a three-round knockout over Armando Delgado.

Kid Chocolate arrived in town unheralded, and is on his way to Caracas to fight Kid Nebo. The Kid appears to be in good shape.

Wrestling is drawing good houses here. Jose Dominguez, Spanish heavyweight, scored over Doctor Ruata and Justi Giraldi, at the Cristal Arena. Jim Downing from Tampa is here promoting the wrestling bouts.

The boys who will be selected to represent Cuba in the coming Olympics at San Salvador are having their chance at the weekly amateur programs held at the Cristal Arena. Aramis del Pino is in charge of the boys.

Pincho Gutierrez is making good as promotor at the Cristal Arena.

Fillo Echevarria, Spanish lightweight, is looking better than ever.

Gomez Naya, heavyweight, and Mariano Arrila, bantam, are here from Spain for fights.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THERE does not seem to be any remedy for poor decisions rendered in this state. The Boxing Board has tried every conceivable plan to eradicate this evil but those bad decisions will continue so long as incompetents are listed as judge and referees. The latest miscarriage of justice was in taking the light-heavyweight title from Maxey Rosenbloom and awarding it to Bob Olin; and the award to Peter Jackson over Sammy Fuller who won all the way. Olin and Rosenbloom clashed in a fifteen round battle in Madison Square Garden and in the opinion of fair-minded judges, there was no question but that Rosenbloom had a pronounced lead at the finish and should have retained his title.

For several years I have commented on Rosenbloom's illegal tactics in the ring. His slapping, hitting with an open glove and heeling were contrary to the rules of boxing but he got away with it and no one ever took the trouble to censure him. But when the Rosenbloom-Olin match came up, the Commission became overzealous in its aims to make Rosenbloom live up to the letter in boxing. He was publicly criticized and censured by the Boxing Board and was told that he would be disqualified if he continued his slapping tactics.

Automatically, the Commission's attitude convicted Rosenbloom before he was put on trial. The Board's actions swayed the officials who presided that night in discriminating against Rosenbloom, and even though he lived up to the rules, probably for the first time in his career, they took the title away from him! The threats on Rosenbloom by the Commission practically forced the judges to give Olin the title. Referee Arthur Donovan was fearless. He gave the fight to Rosenbloom. Maxey was not cautioned once during the fight. It was a hard-fought battle, devoid of any thrills and dispelled any previous notions that the fight was "fishy" in any respects except so far as the decision was concerned.

When Olin and Rosenbloom were matched several months ago, the Commission made an investigation as to the managerial status of Olin because there were rumors that Frank Bachman, manager of Rosenbloom, was also interested in Olin. Following the events closely, it is my opinion that the Commission would have done better if they examined their own staff instead of trying to cast aspersions on men outside of their realm. The fans are sickening of new rules being instituted every week and poor decisions being rendered at every important fight. Consequently, the boxing fans stay away from boxing bouts and naturally the gate receipts suffer and the state is a heavy loser financially. The state loses its share of the taxes at a time it needs all it can get and all because the Boxing Commission is destroying public confidence in the sport.

Another verdict that equalled the Rosenbloom-Olin calamity was that between Sammy Fuller and Young Peter Jackson. Fuller scored knockdowns in the first, second and ninth rounds and won a substantial margin in a few of the other rounds yet the judges disagreed and Referee Danny Ridge awarded the bout to Jackson. A demonstration of disapproval was voiced by the fans that almost wrecked the Garden.

John Henry Lewis, highly touted light-heavyweight from the Coast, made a good fight but was beaten by Jimmy Braddock in another ten-rounder. Lewis was dropped in the fifth round and was cautioned in three other rounds for low hitting. He made a good finish but not enough to overcome the knockdown and the rounds lost through penalization.

Joe Davin scored over Ed Karolak in the four-round opener. The gate receipts were $12,300 net, which was fairly good, considering the unpleasant comment created on the star bout. Harold Barnes and Charley Lynch, two of the most efficient judges on the staff, awarded the verdict to Olin.

Charley Massare, since being under the personal supervision of Sammy Goldman, is fighting a different style and is improving rapidly. Charley is still the best bet for heavyweight honors and he and Patsy Perroni stand out as the two best younger heavyweights. Although they do not rank on form with Lasky, Hamas or Schmeling, there is no question but they are far superior to the three accredited leaders in the heavyweight division, excluding Baer. Massare's victory over Unknown Winston and Perroni's triumph over Tony Galento were masterpieces.

Paul Pirrone is keeping up the good work in the middleweight division. His latest victim was Mickey Walker, over whom he scored a ten-round decision, including a nine-second knockdown in the eighth round.

Walker previously drew with Nati Brown, a good heavyweight, which boosts Pirrone's stock all the more. Eddie Mead is certain to get a crack at the middleweight title if he keeps up the good work with his charge and Mead knows what to do with a good fighter.

The unpleasant rumors about the financial escapade of the recent Baby Arizmendi-Henry Armstrong bout in Mexico City did much to harm boxing conditions in that city and naturally innocent persons were harmed with the fiasco. An independent promotion, staged by William Hollyfield, produced the affair at the National Stadium. The Boxing Commission rules that when anyone gets a guarantee, the money must be deposited with them. Fly-by-night promoters get under this rule by giving the principals in the feature event a percentage and thereby waiving the guarantee ruling. There is nothing that prohibits them from disappearing with the gate receipts if the fighters are careless enough to let them. Over a stretch of fifteen years, seven incidents such as the above have occurred in that locality.

Jimmy Fitten who has been promoting boxing in Mexico regularly during the past twelve years had nothing to do with the Arizmendi-Armstrong affair. He has been in touch with the most prominent managers in that time and has never done anything reflecting upon boxing in Mexico. He has done all in his power to eliminate such bad taste. He has suffered losses in his promotions and has always paid off one hundred cents on the dollar, and anyone negotiating with Fitten is certain of a square deal in their transactions. It is unfortunate that such a thing happened but it is certain that others will profit by what occurred.

Frankie Klick came through with a slashing victory over Harry Dublinsky at the Garden in another show that produced plenty of action. It was a ripping, smashing bout and the outcome was in doubt until the last minute. Tony Falco on the short end of a six to one fight dissipated the greatness of Young Peter Jackson in the latter's debut. Tony fought a plucky fight and forced the fight all the way. Jackson is strictly a counter fighter and disappointed the gathering who flocked there to see the 1934 edition of Joe Gans. Jackson was a complete disappointment.

Eddie Cool gave Al Roth a thorough beating in their ten-rounder, although Roth injured his hand in one of the rounds. Leonard Del Genio showed signs of future greatness in whipping Charley Bedami in an eight-rounder. Del Genio will be a mighty big asset for New York promoters in the near future. Joe Davin scored over Ed Karolak in the opening four. The show attracted customers to the amount of $18,400, net figures.

Lew Diamond expects to stage some boxing shows in Richmond, Va., in the near future. He believes that Richmond is ripe for some good fights and he intends to furnish that. With the assistance of Charley Hamilton of the *News Leader* and Mike Stoneton of the *News Dispatch*, Lew expects to put Richmond on the map as a lively boxing center. Jim Slavin, Wilkes-Barre, (Pa.) light-heavyweight, recently returned from Seattle and the Northwest where he waged successful warfare for several months, but suffered from homesickness, hence his return.

An error was discovered in the Jamaica, B. W. I., notes of last month. Young Herrera should be credited with a two-round kayo over Jack Hawthorne instead of the opposite. Leonard Del Genio turned in another victory at the St. Nicholas Palace at the expense of Joe Zodda. Irving Eldridge and Jimmy Martin fought to a draw in a slam-bang battle of six rounds. Battling Battalino furnished a pleasant comeback when he disposed of Cocoa Kid in seven rounds at Hartford.

Amid surroundings of elegance and splendor, the New St. Nicholas Palace opened its doors for the winter season and brought out Lew Feldman against Petey Hayes. Hayes was three to one favorite, but Feldman came through with a scintillating victory that left no doubt as to his superiority. He was at the top of his form and could have whipped nine-tenths of the current lightweights that night. Hayes fought his usual aggressive fight but could do nothing against the speed and craft that Feldman revealed.

Morrie Sherman and Izzy Jannasso fought to a draw in the eight-round semifinal. Sherman was floored in the first round. Joe Zodda, on the short end of five to one, won over Johnny Morro in six rounds. Julie Katz, fighting the best fight of his brief professional experience, outslugged Tony Passaro in six vicious rounds. Katz's eye was completely closely in the first round but he went on to victory, nevertheless. Frankie Cinque won over Al Dunbar in another six, while Victor Caggiano scored over Pete Shettino in the opening four. It was swell turnout for the opening show and an enthusiastic audience was in attendance.

It was gratifying to Jackie Kid Berg's friends in this country to see him win the British lightweight title at this stage of his career. He stopped Harry Mizler in the tenth round and while it is certain that Jackie has seen his best days, it is pleasant to know that he attained some recognition in his own country before leaving the ring. Berg made and established himself in this country by his two-fisted style, which did not meet with the approval of the staid, English style of boxing.

Tiger Humery, French lightweight, put over a good victory when he defeated Cleto Locatelli in Paris. Humery is one of the best of French fighters and may take the notion of visiting this country, on the strength of that last victory.

Andy Crowley has taken over the reins of Allie Todesco, Jersey featherweight, and may put him across if Allie can produce the necessary fighting qualities. Mike Burke, old-time Greenwich Village light-heavyweight, has interested himself in the career of two former amateur stars, Victor Vallee, bantam, and Andy Jesserun, welterweight, and they both look promising enough to develop into future headliners.

Al Brown made one of his periodical championship bouts in Europe and defended his title by knocking out Young Perez in ten rounds. Kenny La Salle, who went to Mexico to battle Kid Azteca, gave him two very good battles. Jackie Wilson was beaten by Joe Conde one week later there. Poor Joe Glick fell victim to Freddy Steele in one round, and it's a real pity that Joe is forced to continue fighting by circumstances which force him to remain in the ring, although he is a weak shadow of his once fighting self.

Kid Chocolate showed his wares at the St. Nicks before a crowded house and looked anything but impressive in his ten-round bout with Jerry Mazza, which he won. Chocolate has gone back considerably and to compare him with what he was four years ago would be high treason. It's time that he laid away the gloves before he is seriously hurt. Chocolate was a great little warrior and it's a shame to see him fight so feebly against mediocre opposition.

Al Casimini and Jimmy Fantini went through eight hurricane rounds to a draw. Jimmy Casablanca drew with Andy Muratella in six rounds.

Cerefino Garcia, Filipino welterweight, put the skids under Bep Van Klaveren in their Coast bout and, while not profiting to any extent financially, it is expected that the victory will enhance his prestige to the point where he will profit by it in the future. Eddie Cool went from one extreme to another. Fighting Eddie Ran, a welterweight, one week, he stepped in with Al Roth, a featherweight, a week later.

The Cleveland notes last month revealed the information that Jackie Davis knocked out Tommy Romano in ten rounds in New Haven. Just to keep the records straight, Davis won by decision and did not score a knockout. It was one of the greatest fights seen in the Nutmeg State. Billy Stevens has Davis in a good spot and, if Davis can deliver a few good victories, he will be in an enviable position in the welterweight ranks.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

LEN HARVEY, light-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, now has the prefix of EX attached to his Title.

Len defied the British Boxing Board Of Control, when he told them that he would not accept the 750 pound purse that the "Belle Vue" Manchester offered for his contest with the Bow Charabanc Driver, Eddie Phillips, for the Title held by Harvey.

The climax was that his title was declared vacant, but that did not trouble Harvey, as he signed to meet Walter Neusel, the "Blond German" for the opening show at the Wembley Stadium sports arena in a bout of 12rds when a 1000 pound heavyweight competition will be staged for novices under 25 years of age.

Charlie Baxter defeated Tommy Marren in the 10th and last round at Portsmouth, when the Referee, Pat Fox, intervened when Marren had a badly cut right eye.

In an 8 round Welterweight contest, Victor Zimmer, son of Ex-Sergt Jim Zimmer made his debut as a professional, when he met Tug Wilson (Silvertown) at the end of a close bout. It was declared a draw.

Dom Volante and George Morgan tore into each other for 12 rounds at the Liverpool Stadium, and it was perfect when the referee called the bout a draw.

Len Rowlands, a youthful lad from Dagenham, won again at Bethnal Green Drill Hall when he met Ex Seaman Harvey of Clacton-On-Sea.

Jack London defeated Johnny Rice in the 9th of a 10 round contest at the Ring, London. Rice suffered a badly cut eye when the referee stopped the fight. In the supporting bouts, Archie Norman, a most promising young heavyweight, stopped Johnny Allen in the 4th round. Alec Bell defeated Del Fontaine on points and Eddie Pierce was unlucky to lose (by Disqualification) in the 3rd round for striking Manuel "Kid" Abrew, a colored lad from Scotland, a low blow.

Sonny Lee (Leeds) stepped in as a substitute at Walsall for Tommy Rogers (Willenhall) and slapped his way to victory over Nobby Baker (Pontypridd) over 12 rounds on points.

"Ginger" Frank Ross scored a quick K.O. over Johnny Smith (Glasgow) when he put the Scotchman to sleep in the 2nd round with a left hook to the chin.

Paul Schaeffer was outpointed by Chuck Parker over 12 rounds at Newcastle. Parker was down in the 2nd round for nine, from a hard right to the jaw, but arose and worked well on the defense. Schaeffer tried hard to score a winning punch, but found the Barnsley lad too elusive, and the latter won on points.

Chris Dawson followed up his run of successes by defeating Seamen Harry Ewin over 12 rounds on points at Alcazar Edmonton.

George Brennan engaged in his second professional contest at Leicester, against Seaman Harry Rowles and made good by stopping the tough sailor inside the distance.

The end came after 8 rounds of hectic fighting when the sailor could not come up for the 9th round and Brennan was declared the winner after a glorious battle.

In the supporting bout scheduled for 10 rounds, Pat Butler scored a decisive win over Paddy Peters, who was forced to retire midway through the 7th round, after taking a good deal of punishment.

Johnny Quill and Billy Bird met over 12 rounds at the Stadium Club, London, in what was called an eliminating contest as a challenger for the Southern Area Welterweight Championship.

At the end of a scrambling bout, the referee, Mr. Moss Deyong, made them both level and called the bout a draw which was a good verdict.

Seaman Tom Watson made his debut as a lightweight at West Hartlepool, and outpointed Con Flynn after 12 hard rounds.

Freddie Miller had his hardest fight to date since coming to Europe when he met Jimmy Walsh in a 12 rounds bout at The Stadium, Liverpool.

Johnny Best made a wise move when he matched these two popular performers, and three days before the fight the whole house was sold right out. Scenes that have seldom been seen at Liverpool occurred, when extra police were called out to clear the entrance and streets of about 5000 people who could not get into the Stadium.

Walsh surprised his ardent admirers the way he stood and fought back against the World's Champion, and for the first five rounds Walsh held his own, but fell away for the next 5 rounds but still gave Miller resistance and outsmarted the American in many ways.

Miller tried hard to put the Chester lad on the canvas but he found one after his own heart, who, when stung fought back with great pluck.

The last two rounds were fought at fast pace and with his right eye closed, Walsh carried the fight to Miller which ended with both in the middle slugging away, till the referee Mr. C. H. Douglas stepped in and raised Miller's hand as winner.

Manuel "Kid" Abrew defeated Frank Bagley in the 4th round of a 12 round contest at Newcastle when the towel was thrown in as a token of defeat.

Jim Anderson is a youngster with a future. He keeps on winning and enhanced his reputation when he clearly outpointed the seasoned Billy Boulger after 12 rounds at the Alcazar, Edmonton.

The East End of London came into its own once again with the opening of the Pavilion Sports Arena (Late Pavilion Theatre noted for its Jewish Plays).

The first show was a huge success for the promoters and the public got plenty of excitement when Moe Moss met Danny Evans. Both these men boxing as Middleweights and over 10 rounds fought themselves to a standstill.

Mr. Jack Hart gave the decision as a draw, and everyone agreed that it was a great bout.

Al Burke gave an unimpressive display when he caused Louis Wustenrad to retire in the 6th round.

Freddie Miller, after his win over Jimmy Walsh at Liverpool went to Llannelly, Wales, to take part in a 6 round "No Decision" contest against Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr.)

Both boys put up a good show that pleased the 3000 fans, who gathered to cheer the champion, who gave his services free of all charge to help the Dependents of the Victims of the Great Mine Disaster that recently occurred in Wales.

Dave McCleave again emerged the victor when he met Jimmy Walker at the "Ring," London.

Johnny Peters suffered his first K. O. defeat at the hands of Joe Connolly (Ex amateur from Leith, Scotland). The incident happened in the 1st round of what was to have been 10 rounds.

Tommy Hyams (Kings X) and Billy Smyth (Belfast) went 10 smashing rounds to a draw.

Jack Lewis made a welcome return in London, when he easily outpointed Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park) over 12 rounds at Chalton Ring Euston.

Whatever the result into the inquiry by the B.B.B.C. of Dick Corbett coming 5 lbs. overweight at the weigh-in for his championship fight with Johnny King (Manchester), the public were losers, also the promoters were at loss whether to cancel the show or not.

King willingly saved the situation, by agreeing to box at catchweights, although he himself had made weight at ½ lb. under the bantam limit.

The bout was of a give and take order with outbursts of booing against Corbett, and at the end, the referee, Mr. Jim Kenrick, declared a draw. A loud outburst of booing greeted the decision which lasted until Corbett left the Ring.

Seaman Tom Watson (Newcastle) made a big impression when he met George Odwell (Camden Town) in a 12 round bout at 135 lbs. at The Stadium Club, London.

The show was staged by the Booths Street Charity organization and was a huge success financially. Watson was the first to lead and scored with right hand punches to Odwell's ribs. After 2 minutes of the 4th round Watson put Odwell on the canvas for the full count with a right to the jaw, and thus ended the bout.

Pat Butler scored a clever victory after 12 rounds over Len "Tiger" Smith when they met at Wolverhampton.

Harry Rowles scored a K.O. over Teddy Phillips in the 9th round after a great bout.

Tommy Farr scored a points victory over Eddie Pierce (South Africa) after 15 rounds at Bradford.

Billy Murdoch, after having the best of his bout with Benny Sharkey at Carlisle, got careless, and in the 7th he received a long right to the chin, and the bout was over as far as Murdoch was concerned.

George Bunter who has been showing fine form recently, was disqualified in the fifth of his 12 round bout with Sol Severns when he struck the latter low.

Peter McKinley was awarded the verdict over Peter Cuthbertson when the referee disqualified the latter for persistent holding during the 6th of a 12 rounds contest at Edinburgh.

Fred Morris and Freddie Baxter met at the "Stadium Club" Holborn for the Southern Area Bantamweight Championship, with Morris winning the decision.

The show was run on behalf of the Princess Beatrice Hospital and many distinguished people were there including the Duke of Kent, Lord Londsdale, Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and others, beside all the Boxing Champions of Great Britain. It certainly takes a Boxing crowd to show the way to help Charities.

Mr. Moss Deyong was in great form, and collected a big sum for the worthy cause with an appeal from within the ropes.

Freddie Miller travelled to Glasgow to meet Gilbert Johnstone in a 10 round contest.

The bout ended in the last round when the Scotch lad was disqualified for alleged butting after taking considerable punishment. Johnstone made a great fight of it and when he was ruled out, burst into tears, and there were wild scenes till the boxers reached their dressing rooms.

Fred Mitchell came in as a substitute for Pat Butler and well outpointed "Tough" Herbie Fraser when they met over 12 rounds at Pavilion Sports Arena, London. Another splendid contest was between Nat Franks and Jack Robinson who went 12 rounds before the former was declared the winner. Jimmy Vaughan and Len Wickwar drew after 12 rounds of hard punching.

Al Conquest scored a T.K.O. over Dave Carstens in the 3rd of a 12 rounds contest. The referee intervened when the latter had risen from a long count and was unable to defend himself.

Eddie Pierce stopped Jack Grant in the 4th of a 15 round bout at East Ham when the latter's both eyes were badly cut.

Len Rowlands, a young cruiserweight of Dagenham, shows promise to develop into a comer. At the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, he caused Pat McAulliffe to retire at the end of the 8th after he had taken a lot of punishment.

A scheme for the fusion of the National Sporting Club and Jeff Dicksons Promotions Ltd, came to light when Jeff Dickson gave a lunch at the "Savoy Hotel" London to the Press.

Commander E. W. Leake who is the man behind Europe's Tex Rickard, stated that the plans for the new N.S.C. Arena will be large enough to run Boxing, Ice Hockey, Professional Tennis, Cycle racing, and various other sports.

There have been many efforts in the past to establish a Giant indoor arena, based on the plans of the Paris Palais Des Sports and Madison Sq Garden, of New York. Now that Commander Leake and Jeff Dickson have both set there hearts on this venture, London will certainly see an Arena that will challenge any building in the world.

Archie Sexton spotted the colored Scotch cruiserweight, Manuel "Kid" Abrew, 16 lbs. in weight, and an artistic trimming, when they met over 10 rounds at the Pavilion Sports Arena, London. In the supporting bout of 10 rounds, Eddie Pierce defeated Jim Mount on points. In another 10 round bout Douglas Parker lost on points to Fred Carpenter.

It was a great night at the "Royal Albert Hall" London, when Jeff Dickson staged the British Lightweight Championship of Great Britain between Harry Mizler and Jack Kid Berg. The house was packed when these two Hebrew gladiators stepped into the Ring. After Mizler had won the first two rounds, Berg got into his stride and gave the "Albert Hall" boxing fans a replica of his American form of non-stop hitting. The fans said that he could not keep up the pace he set, but he did, and Mizler couldn't. At the end of the 10th round he wisely retired *"claiming"* that he had damaged both hands.

Of the bout itself it was onesided from the 6th, although Mizler fought back gamely.

The Smashing, Crashing, Dashing, Jack Kid Berg in a fighting fury, outfought the Orthodox Boxer Harry Mizler to gain the British Lightweight Championship.

In the chief supporting bout, Jimmy Walsh outclassed Nicholas Wilke who took all that was coming to him and after taking a couple of hard socks to the jaw in the 9th the referee stopped the one sided bout.

Jim Stewart met Ralph Lenny, sparring partner to Freddie Miller, at the Liverpool Stadium over 12 rounds before a big crowd.

Lenny at times made Stewart look like a novice, but the Liverpool lad did not deter, and kept up his aggressiveness and after the full course had been travelled, the Local received the most unpopular decision amid a storm of booing.

In conclusion I would remind all those readers that want replies to their letters, to enclose a stamped addressed envelope, to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward St., London E.1.

"Thank you, and here's wishing you all a Happy New Year."

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

FRANKIE HUGHES of Clinton, Indiana, and Kid Frattini of Italy, staged a thriller for ten rounds at the Auditorium in Washington with Hughes taking the duke. Frattini took a substantial lead in the early rounds but Hughes cut him down with heavy pounding around the midsection and in the later rounds the Italian was very unsteady.

Mickey Genaro, of Hartford, Conn., bested Tony Lopez in a feature eight-rounder in Baltimore. This was Tony's first defeat in Baltimore where he is quite a favorite.

Charlie "Stumpie" Jacobs scored a close win over Joe Grecco of New York in ten rounds at Richmond, Va.

Bob Wilson and Jay McCadon fought a hectic twelve-round bout at the Riding and Hunt Club in Washington. McCadon put Wilson down for no count in round eleven and possibly took the eyes of the referee and one judge, the other voting for Wilson. The bout was faster than their previous engagement that ended in a draw.

Jimmy Jones and Buster Brown fought a local natural in Baltimore with the younger Jones taking a unanimous duke in eight rounds. Three thousand fans turned out to see the local boys go.

Bob Turner, of Newport News, belted out K. O. Burns in six heats at Newport News, Va. This was somewhat of an upset as Burns gave Ken Overlin a terrific battle not long ago.

Pete DeGrasse and Frankie Covelli fought a lively ten-round bout at the Riding and Hunt Club in Washington with DeGrasse the winner. The bout was one of the best featherweight scraps seen in Washington. Young Nicco lost a close one to Carl Guggians in the eight-round semifinal. Danny Hanugno surprised by winning over Eddie Burl in a six-rounder.

Charlie Thompson lost to Jimmy Jones in eight rounds at Baltimore. Thompson and Jones are local boys and the largest attendance to see a fight in Baltimore in five years was on hand. Calvin Carp, another promising Baltimorean, bested Joe Raspi in the eight-round semifinal.

Phil Zwick, Cleveland featherweight, had an easy time with Johnny Alba of New York in eight heats at the Riding Hunt in Washington. The bout was very uninteresting as Alba never came out of his shell the entire bout. Lou Terry and Joe Grecco fought a fast eight-round draw. Sid Silas and Peter Mike fought even for eight heats and Toney Lopez won over Young Izzo in the opening eight-rounder.

Carey Wright, of Washington, lost on a technical knockout to Lew Raymond in six rounds at Baltimore. Raymond had Carey in a bad way when Referee Charlie Short stopped the affair. Will Mathews won over Mel Shephard in the eight-round semifinal.

Tony Dominguez beat Bob Turner in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. Carl Guggiano lost to Eddie Burl in the ten-round semifinal in a very close bout.

Natie Brown and Mickey Walker fought a ten-round draw in the Washington Auditorium. Brown was far too big and strong for Walker, and Mickey was content to box his way through. Mickey Taylor made a good showing in losing to Don Petrin in the eight-round semifinal.

Eddie Burl made a remarkable comeback in taking a decisive win over Carl Guggiano in an eight-rounder in Washington. Burl fought his best fight in many a day and looked like the boy that took Pete Sarron here two years ago. Toney Dominguez lost to Morrie Sherman in eight rounds; Toney Lopez licked Gabe Columbo in six heats; while Danny Tanugno was disqualified after winning easily over Leroy Dougan, in eight rounds. Both Dougan and Tanugno were suspended for thirty days for rough tactics.

PICKUPS—Local matchmakers are having trouble in getting suitable opponents for Phil Zwick . . . . Toney Lopez, Carl Guggiano, Tonel Dominguez and Baby Joe Guzzman have returned to Florida with their manager Gabe Menendez. California Joe Rivers is the latest boxer to make Washington his headquarters, although Jimmy Erwin has imported Buck Everett from Chicago and is now boxing out of Washington. Pete Sarron is going to hand the gloves up after a few more shots . . . . More fans are attending fights in Baltimore these days than in heydays of boxing . . . . Of course the houses are not so large in dollars, since the prices are scaled as low as forty cents, but nevertheless they are on a par with the gates in other towns where the prices are considerably higher. Practically all the bouts consist of Washington and Baltimore boys, and considerable interest is being manifested in boxing in the Monumental City . . . . Washington, D. C., is still a red hot boxing town, with the average gate around two grand . . . . Richmond, Va., has not lived up to expectations and with the exception of a few outstanding cards the shows have been operating at a loss . . . . Lou Diamond, Jersey boxing promoter, is now trying a hand in Richmond, and Lou expects to try and bring out the fans with national attractions . . . . George Shepard, New York fight manager, has shown many good boys in this locality and is getting plenty work.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

SOME day visiting boxers will realize that to fight in New Orleans out of shape, is the same as struggling around with one leg. Atmospheric conditions in the Crescent City are not paralleled anywhere else in the United States, as Babe Triscaro, Cleveland, bantamweight, discovered. After the third round of his scheduled tenner with Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans favorite, Triscaro was puffing badly and at the end of the bout was a well-shellacked youngster.

New Orleans in the past has had many good bantamweights, which led mainly to the belief that lads in that weight were the best drawing cards. However, recent matches have proved otherwise, and the little fellows have drawn little more money through the turnstiles than fighters of other weights. Chiefly was this noted in a "natural," the Perrin-Henry Moreno affair, which ended in a draw decision—so the official judges stated.

Marty Burke, New Orleans promoter, tested a different promotional scheme than any he has tried for some months. This time he staged an all-new-talent show composed of three six-rounders and a like number of fours, all the boys battling on percentages. The idea was nothing to rant over, either financially or fistically.

Ervin Berlier, swift stepping New Orleans southpaw lightweight, was brought back to his home ring after dallying elsewhere for some time. His opposition, George Clausen, Mobile youngster, proved easy in ten rounds. After it was over the promoter spilled some red ink on this one, too.

Elmer Freas of New Orleans, former Southern A.A.U. middleweight champion, was the fistic starlet for the month. He stopped Charlie Barbat and pounded Moon Couns for a decision win.

Not a few of the scrappers in this section put their best foot forward during the month. Battling Burroughs trounced Henry Deubler; Tommy Murphy beat Leo Snell and Boswell Thompson, all middleweights. Ervin Berlier outpointed Joe Marcus of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Joe White downed George Holmes and Lenny Jaeger; Mike Cusimano was beaten by Stringbean Monahan, drew with Johnny Russo but defeated Benny Nastasi; George Clausen outfought Gene Tillman; all lightweights. Russell Gonzales, Filipino, stopped Joe Engi and won over Alex Hoffspar; Jimmy Lacoume defeated Dixie Grandas and Bill Hogroder; Hogroder downed Joe Saille; Sidney Duncan drew with Jerry Doyle and Buck Landry; Oliver Shedden won from Bruce Bano; all featherweights. Angelo Musso lambasted Caveman Farace and Joe Fryou decisioned Santos Hugo, Filipino; all bantamweights.

Wesley Farrell, Negro lightweight of New Orleans, further demonstrated that he is the peer of any fellow, in any color, of his weight in the South. This time he put a stop to Eddie Kid Brown's bid for fame through the kayo method in the sixth of a scheduled ten rounds. Nearly 5,000 spectators cheered the victor.

A near riot featured the match of Mexican Pete versus Chester Jones, colored middleweights. Scheduled for twelve rounds the affair was stopped in the seventh when Pete was suffering from a severe cut over one eye. The loser was incensed by the turn of battle and it took the efforts of several policemen to keep him from continuing. A goodly crowd was interested.

Other colored bruisers contributed some good matches during the month. P. G. Carson of Jacksonville, Fla., again leads with two kayo victories over Carlos Phillips; Baby Wills defeated Roland Dixon; The Arkansas Kid won over Royal Jones; all middleweights. Battling Siki won two over Jimmy Bennett and Kid Adams; all welterweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—There has been no professional boxing activity in Louisiana outside of New Orleans, to speak of . . . . Mobile, Ala., for its size, is drawing fairly well . . . . Indications point to a dull winter boxing season in New Orleans . . . . The city lacks a good favorite with a knockout punch . . . . When corresponding with this writer please enclose postage if an answer is desired . . . . I enjoy answering letters and my address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE LAST BELL—Joe Kelly, boxing promoter for the American Legion Drum Corps at Mason City, Ia., was killed in an automobile crash. Mr. Kelly whose real name was Joseph Analore was well known in boxing circles in the Middle West, and had a host of friends from coast to coast. His last show in Mason City featured Jack Dempsey as referee, when the latter was on his Iowa tour. May the soul of our good friend rest in peace.

Sioux City's first Golden Gloves Amateur Boxing Tournament is now in the making. The sponsorship is the *Sioux City Journal* and Chamber of Commerce. The tournament is open to any amateur boxer, holding A. A. U. membership, in Western Iowa as far south as the boundaries of Monona and Crawford counties. In northeastern Nebraska, as far south as the boundaries of Thurston, Wayne and Pierce counties; southwestern Minnesota and the entire state of South Dakota. For further information write Dan Desmond, Sports Editor, *Sioux City Journal.*

Phil Montgomery has been named matchmaker for C. T. Pimm of the Y.M.C.A. and weekly boxing shows are being staged every Tuesday night. It is the only club going in Sioux City, at this writing.

Results of the bouts staged at the Y.M.C.A. during the past month follow: Kid Newman, Merrill, Ia., lightweight, shaded Terry Griffith in six; Speedy Clayton shaded Lloyd Weaver; Tommy Sacco outboxed Billy Clancey. Kid Montgomery beat Joie Junior; Young Lund won over Duke Sorrell; Bobby Burnes beat Harry Smith; Mickey Slater scored over Billy Clancy; Speedy Clayton won over Duke Sorrell; Ernie North beat Jackie James; Young Lundy beat Kid Wright; Tommy Sacco won over Baby Chocolate; Tommy Haddit and Frankie Sacco went to a draw; Kid Newman scored a T.K.O. over Terry Griffith; Mickey Slater won over Speedy Johnson; Speedy Clayton won over Willie Johnson; Tommy Sacco and Dale Olson drew; Benny Brown lost to Don Rhymer; Billy Clancey and Joie Junior drew; Frankie Smith shaded Jim Hayes. The referees were Frankie Pasha, Irish McKenna, Bill Hawkins, and Phantom Roscoe.

Des Moines, Ia.—Over 5,000 fans turned out to watch Maxie Rosenbloom, recognized light-heavyweight king, and Johnny Miler, Albia, (Ia.) youngster, battle ten rounds to a draw in a non-title fight. It was the feature fight of Dave Fidler's show, and the crowd was one of the largest to attend a fight in Des Moines in several years.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—In a thrilling six-round main event bout, which had the fans on their toes every second, Jimmy Salvatore shaded Mickey Slater of Sioux City; Buddy Short and Goldie O'Hara went to a draw; Jackie James beat Benny Salvatore; George Fritz and Hal Mullenhoff drew; Art Burl beat Jack Kelly.

Loup City, Nebr.—Don Honeywell was knocked out by Kid Bukowski; Cordell Brown was knocked out by Young Auble; Eldora Nutter won over Francis Gallagher; Johnny Kuta and Battling Bischell drew; Arney Peters and "Nerts" Weller also fought a draw.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Babe Daniels, Minneapolis, stopped Frankie Martin, of Moose Jaw, Sask., in six.

Huron, So. Dak.—Deck Demeray, Aberdeen, So. Dak., knocked out Joe Bourne, of Minneapolis, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Stanley Dorgan won over Dennis Rya; Joe Domstad shaded Bruno Lahti; Clayton Ness and Jimmy Muir went to a draw.

Lone Tree, Iowa.—Jackie Burnes beat Tony Sutton in ten rounds; Buddy Green and Carl Brady drew in six; Buss Hacker beat Jimmy Stratton in four; Young Yakish lost to Tiger Johnston in four.

Burlington, Ia.—Lou Taylor shaded Scotty McLain in ten rounds; Bert Viscioni beat Al Reeder in six; Louie Viscioni beat Bill Gurias by a T.K.O.; Ross White won over Johnny Pea; Frazier beat Chuck Wilhelmy.

Onawa, Ia.—Burt Woods of Soldier, Ia., knocked out Jack Dimich in two rounds. Boxing cards are held here every two weeks and good crowds are turning out. The promoter is Roy C. Baustian.

Burlington, Ia.—Ray Beetner lost a ten-round bout to Jackie Burnes of Lone Tree, Ia.; Jake Hunzinger beat Ernie Barry; Hack Colbert whipped Carl Brade; Chuck Wilhelmy scored a T.K.O. over Virgil Stockton.

Onawa, Ia.—Lloyd Weaver beat Burt Woods; Artie Stokes and Bobby Nordaker drew; Roy Gray knocked out Wayne Hilton in one round; Bud Dinwiddie won over Irish Kirby; Young Newsboy Brown beat Skinny Bryan; Les Burton beat Cyclone Miller.

NOTICE—*All notes must be in my hands* by the tenth of each month, and mail same to Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia. Managers and boxers, my promoters' list No. 4 is now ready. The charge which only covers the cost of getting same out and into your hands is ten cents.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Tommy Wallish, local light-heavyweight, quit in two rounds in a bout at Onawa, Ia., with Benny Brown . . . . Wallish better hang up the gloves and forget about fighting . . . . Homer Fey, sports cartoonist for the *Journal,* is the proud father of a baby boy . . . . Missouri Valley, Ia., will hold boxing and wrestling shows . . . . F. W. McDermott is the promoter and Bob McFarland the matchmaker . . . . Pinkie George, Waterloo, Ia., promoter has leased the Waterloo Theater where he will hold wrestling shows during the winter months . . . . Sherrald Kennard, of Fargo, No. Dak., is in Chicago . . . . Sammy Mosco of Omaha is also fighting there . . . . Nevada, Ia., has had some very good shows this month. The American Legion is promoting there . . . . G. E. Churchill of Lone Tree, Ia., informs us the fight game is going good in that section . . . . and says all the boys read the RING . . . . Young Everett Rightmire, Sioux City's promising featherweight, is still going good in Chicago . . . .

Lloyd "Buck" Hagan, Sports Editor of the *Sioux City Tribune,* was considered as a third man for the Rosenbloom-Miler bout at Des Moines, Ia. . . . . Mel Rice, Sioux City junior-welter had an offer from Florida . . . . The fighting Sacco Brothers for the past ten years have landed on Sioux City's sports pages, and many others . . . . Ross and Sammy have hung up the gloves and Tommy and Frankie are just starting out . . . . Billy Clancey, formerly of Minneapolis, is headquartering in Sioux City . . . . Harry Jones, Sioux City's leading promoter, is standing by and making plans for the Journal's Goodfellow Boxing Card . . . . Buddy Short is Sioux City's best dressed fighter. . . . . Roy Gillman, popular Fort Dodge (Ia.) boxing promoter, has started the indoor season off in good shape . . . . The entry list for the Golden Gloves Boxing tournament will close January 23, and every entrant must be in Sioux City on the night of January 29 for a rigid physical examination and will be weighed in . . . . Winners will go to Chicago to the National Tournament.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

FLASH—Tommy Gibbons, former heavyweight contender is now sheriff. THE RING extends its congratulations.

St. Paul, Minn.—Frankie Battaglia won by a kayo over Bud Saltis in seven rounds. Harvey Woods won a hair-line verdict over Gene Connolly in the best fight on the card; Max Kalbrenner beat Frankie Freeman; Tiger Lily beat Kid Miller; Tony Capone beat Bud Glover; Emmet Weller scored a kayo over Gene Cortez.

Duluth, Minn.—Frankie Knauer, Eagle River (Wis.) welter, drew with Jock Moore in six rounds; Henry Atkinson, Minneapolis Negro welter, won over Eddie Ruidle of Proctor. Russ Schultz, former Golden Gloves champion of Minneapolis, scored a kayo over Jack Caspar; Wen Lambert scored a kayo over Joey Cortez in two rounds; Jim Manning lost to Marty Teller; Billy Cody out-punched Pete Lezari. Referee Ed Shave and Bud Hannigan officiated.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dave Maier, Milwaukee light-heavyweight, stopped Larry Udell of Aberdeen, So. Dak., in the fourth round of their ten-round bout. To be correct it was by the T.K.O. route; Joe Goeders won an unpopular decision over Tiger Jack Lilly, a colored boy from Rockford, Ill. Russ Schultz and Lee Savoldi battled to a draw in six; Henry Schaft defeated Ace of Spades in a very good battle; Vern Trickle knocked out Rene Barrett in four; Max Kalbrenner scored an easy win over Everett Grosser; Buster Page won over Tony Capone. The promoters were Frank McCormick, Jerk Doran and Mike Collins. Johnny Sokol, Jack MacDowell and Labe Safro did the refereeing and judging.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Johnny Gaudes of Milwaukee, and Britt Gorman fought an eight-round draw; Jimmy Collins, fresh out of the amateur ranks, made a hit with fans when he scored over Oliver Andrew; Pat Arnold lost to Frank Androff; Earl Mason lost a shade decision to Johnny Simpson; Earl Sather won over Vern Trickle; Bud Clover won over Pastor Calope; Billy Radke polished off Mark Roth in short order; Ernest Kilcoyne won a close decision over Johnny Bersky.

Your boxing news must be in my hands by the eighth of each month, and mail same to 746 South Smith Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. Boxers who are not tied up and who wish to show in this section, get in touch with the writer. Mail clippings and pictures. When writing for information, please enclose stamp for return reply.

Jack Hurley, former manager of Billy Petrolle, has found another great prospect in Babe Daniels, Minneapolis lightweight. Hurley says, "Daniels looks like a great prospect to me. The boy has everything to start, a splendid physique, sound ticker and a great pair of hands, with a willingness to get ahead. By spring I believe he will be ready for the larger cities."

THIS AND THAT—Al Van Ryan feels like making a comeback, no doubt just a feeling . . . . and lots of the old-timers get the bee . . . . My Sullivan is a bartender . . . . Neal Burton, a promising lightweight, is in shape and ready for action . . . . won the bantamweight title of the Diamond belt tournament just a year ago . . . . can be reached care the writer . . . . Billy Ehmke, veteran middleweight boxer, is selling cars . . . . Joe Conn, one-time manager of Charley White, is selling real estate in this section . . . . Mark Moore knows his fighters, ... and also reads THE RING for further dope . . . . Jerk Doran. Mike Collins and Frank McCormick will have some big shows this winter . . . . Johnny Salvatore has plenty of plans . . . . Jack Gibbons, son of the famous Mike, is going good in Chicago.

Mickey Tice, of Rockford, Ill., has his stable in tiptop shape . . . . They are Tiger Lilly, 175-pound, colored; Ario Soldati, 175-pounder, who won the *Chicago Tribune's* golden glove title last year, and Tony Capone a 138-pounder . . . . Young Tony Capone is a cousin of Al Capone . . . . Johnny Knauf is a popular referee at Grand Forks, No. Dak. . . . . Mel Coleman of St. Paul was knocked out in four rounds by George Black at Milwaukee . . . . Billy Clancey, formerly of Minneapolis, is boxing in Sioux City. In his first start there he was beaten by Mickey Slater. At the Pillsbury House, Jimmy Collins beat Glen Pitney; Spike Eheldu beat Johnny Berski; Emil Staude beat Red Campbell in a stirring bout, and Johnny Hanson beat Paul Caruy, all amateur bouts . . . . Lee Savoldi lost by a T.K.O. to Eddie Wenstob in the eighth round at Edmonton, Alta. . . . . Jack O'Brien is manager and trainer of Jock Moore, the Proctor, Minn., welter . . . . Billy Vaughn, the tough Torrington, Wyo., lightweight, is making plans for a trip here. . . . See you later . . . . Xmas wishes and everything good for the New Year.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

WHEN in course of time and human events the nearest approach to boxing action that Boston can offer is a visit here of Jack Dempsey, former world's heavy champion, and said visit merely pertains to a wrestling show, the glove game is in a bad way. As for Dempsey, he was in the Hub and refereed a battle royal while there for Promoter Charley Gordon, one of the local mat impresarios. And, it was a beaut of a mix-up—four bad wrestlers in there seemingly trying to slaughter each other and, to all intents and purposes, succeeding in their fell designs. As for Dempsey, the fans, more than 6,000 of 'em, wanted the ex-mauler to use his fists, and he did. One Gil LaCross, who tried to toss Jack over the ropes, got a biff to the chin that laid him out—just what the cash customers came there to witness. They went away entirely satisfied. And Dempsey, working on a percentage, collected more than $1,000 for a half-hour's work.

The small clubs are creeping back, mostly via the amateur boxing tourney route, but functioning nevertheless. The Millstream S. & A. Club of Chelsea, Mass., staged the first glove tourney in that city in ten years, a good sign. The show also was good and the attendance one that encouraged the promoters to keep going.

Later on, a clientele established, the amateurs may give way to the "pros." Years ago, before the great fire in Chelsea, that city was the scene of some of the most famous mills staged in the country. One of the most notable of these was that great fight between Jack Johnson and Sam Langford, some of the merits of which have been argued ever since. It was in Chelsea that the late Honey Mellody won the welter crown from Joe Walcott, also where Digger Stanley of England and Jimmy Walsh of Boston battled for a bantam crown.

Others to show their wares were Charley Neary, Benny Yanger, Young Corbett, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the famous Twin Sullivans and Gardner brotherhood, Aurello Herrera, Jimmy Briggs, Matty Baldwin, Dave Deshler, Hugo Kelly, Sailor Burke, Mike Schreck and scores of other notable ringsters.

Charlestown, a section of Boston, opened its first boxing club in five years, staging amateur bouts, to be true, but warming back the love for the sport. The promoters plan tourneys every week, also have an eye to the "pro" game later on. In South Boston the Irish American A. A. has been clicking for two seasons with amateur bouts every week, smashing shows that have drawn plenty of spectators. With official overhead reduced—the load of fees and taxes off the shoulders of those who would promote—the fight game will come back.

A move now is on to do away with ringside judges, another expense to the promoter. Such judges are regarded by many as merely preferred spectators. Their presence does not contribute a cent to any fight gate but, on the other hand, can kill off dollars.

The Boston Garden with Ray Cass its new matchmaker has yet to come to bat with a fistic offering, but the day is not far distant when it will. Cass is lining up some bouts that should draw well but, as he recently stated himself, no man can undo in a few weeks the damage of years. It would be no surprise to the writer if Boston sees Jock McAvoy, the British middleweight champion, in action here before 1935. He rates as one of the best ringsters ever turned out in England and should draw well here if suitable opponents can be found for him.

The recent election of James M. Curley to the office of Governor of Massachusetts has brought to the front the usual crop of rumors as to removals and appointments in connection with various state jobs. Of lone concern here is the post of boxing commissioner held by Daniel J. Kelly. Dame Rumor has him slated for non-reappointment when his term of office expires early next year. Jack Sharkey has been named as a possible successor. Sentiment as a whole, however, is in favor of having Kelly continue on the job, inasmuch as he now knows the ropes and has not spared either time or energy in the best interests of the sport.

Tony Bent, the Cambridge lightweight, made a big hit up at Portland, Me., early in the present month, when he stopped Smoky Joe Wood of that city, a tough plugger, in the seventh round. In that session a towel was thrown from Wood's corner. Bent had his man on the deck six times during the melee but was unable to keep him there.

A CORRECTION

In the last issue of The Ring, in the caption of one of the Hamas-Lasky pictures, it was stated that the bout was a fifteen-round affair. This was an error. It should have read ten.

Edward C. Foster, president of the N. B. A., who has advocated the cutting down of official overhead that small clubs may come back into the field has, as chairman of the R. I. Athletic Commission, set the example in his own state by swinging the axe. First, the small "unit club" (as such are termed) will not have to file a $3,000 bond, as hitherto has been the case. License fees for promoters have been cut from $25 to $5; for referees, from $15 to $5; for deputies from $5 to $2; boxers' licenses from $10 to $1; matchmakers and managers from $25 to $5; seconds from $10 to $5 for main and semifinal bouts, and to $2 for prelims.

Maine, which has turned out many good fighters from time to time—Florian LeBrasseur, better known as Al McCoy, the Waterville middleweight, being one of the more recent—has a new one coming along in Jimmy McDougal, a husky young Irish boy of Bangor who is under the management of Henry Mullins of that city. McDougal, transplaned from Millinocket to Bangor, is nineteen years old, stands close to six feet, and weighs about 145. His record to date sparkles with two draws, eleven knockouts and no defeats in his twenty-three starts. His manager hopes to show his boy in fast company after a few months more of preparatory schooling in the smaller club rings.

C. J. Beaudette, of Claremont, N. H., who has been promoting boxing in that town, also in Keene, N. H., for several years, urges greater co-operation between fight managers and club promoters, that a chain of the latter organizations may be built up throughout New England. "A shunting back and forth between a string of these clubs of the better performers, also the elimination of those who show no ability, would re-awaken plenty of interest in the sport," states Beaudette. His idea appeals to the writer as correct.

Al McCoy, mentioned in another paragraph, won over Willie Feldman of New York in five heats in the newly opened Lynn Arena of that city. The fight was even in the first three stanzas. Feldman began to wilt in the fourth and a right to his jaw in the fifth ended the affair. The club, surprising as it may seem, more than broke even.

Joey Kemp, a promising Cambridge middleweight, got a setback up at Holyoke at the hands of Jackie Aldare of New York, over the eight rounds distance. Kemp, who is better at 165, tried to reduce to 160 from 168 in two days, and actually made 162½ pounds. But the reducing took all the fight out of him and, though he went the route, he was a bit easy for Aldare. In another bout Thys Menger, Hollander, booked out of Newark, proved a target for Johnny Rossi of Worcester, who stopped his man in three heats.

Paris Apice, the Providence, R. I., lightweight who really can box but on occasion is given to posing, had one of those nights at Salem and was taken in the ten-round feature by Frankie Smith of Hartford. The upset was some surprise. In the semifinal, Joe Geno, Boston, defeated Johnny Dube of Haverhill.

It has remained for Larry Barry, manager of Bud Mignault, the Bridgewater middleweight, to discover for this section of the country, a new heavyweight—perhaps a coming sensational performer—up at Halifax, N. S., in the person of Terrence "Tiger" Warrington, a colored chap, native of Liverpool, N. S. Barry with his man Friday journeyed up to Halifax in expectation that Mignault was to encounter a light-heavyweight, the poundage to be 172. Warrington may have weighed 172 some time in his life but the night when he stepped into the ring to fight the Bridgewater boy he looked about 190 and, according to Barry, not less than 185. In the sixth round Barry threw in a towel to save his man from being killed outright.

Fanis Tzanatopolous, of Salem, better known as the "Greek Tiger," and Mickey Bishop, of Stoughton, did a lot for the fight game in the Lynn Arena, that city, by contributing a ten-round fight. Both rugged punchers and having some interest in keeping the new Lynn club on the map, they put up a terrific melee with honors so close that the official verdict was a draw. Neither being satisfied with the decision, they went to it again. Referee Henry Brown attempted to interfere and was knocked cold. The combat did not cease until the police rushed the ring and grabbed the fighters.

In the recent election, this state went for the ponies and dogs and another spring will see half a dozen tracks for both forms of sport in full operation within the confines of Massachusetts. The effect on baseball, boxing and all other professional sports may be serious. Boxing, not being in direct competition with horse racing, may be the least affected, though the drain on sporting money due to the presence of the horse tracks at Salem, N. H., and Pawtucket, R. I., during the season just closed has been tremendous. All told, the combined take of the mutuels at these tracks was $42,000,000, the bulk of it coming from Bay Staters. This sum is more than the entire operating expenses of the city of Boston for 1934, also within a few millions of that for the entire state. This includes $15,000,000 spent here for welfare. The boxing men, however, are grave over the coming in of the racing doggies, which will be a directly competitive night form of thrills and recreation. The wrestling folk also are predicting that the year 1935 will be none too good for them.

Though Bud Mignault (mentioned in another paragraph) had tough luck on his initial visit to Halifax, at Keene, N. H., he had the satisfaction of winning a ten-round decision over Walter Carley of Worcester. The latter, though he went in as a substitute for Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., put up a good scrap in spite of being on the losing end. In the semifinal, Hildreth Erickson of Gardner, another former well-known amateur star, breezed through over Dick Gasperoni of Antrim.

Boston came within an ace of having Tait Littman of Milwaukee, the boy who a few weeks ago gave Lou Brouillard a trouncing in Pittsburgh, show here. A real opponent had been picked for Littman and he was agreeable to a go through, but Pittsburgh officialdom stepped in on him, inasmuch as he is to meet Terry Yarosz in an overweight bout in that city, December 24 or 25.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

FIGHT fans filled the Rose Gardens Stadium to witness Kid Silver, our lightweight champ, against Baby De La Paz of Cuba. Kid Silver, hitherto undefeated, had to lower his colors to the sturdy Cuban welterweight in ten rounds of clever fighting.

Battling Ergus gave Charley Perez a hot argument to earn a draw over six rounds. Pancho Valdez again scored over Young Williams in six rounds. Jamaica Canera disposed of Kid Alfonso in thirty seconds of their scheduled six-round bout. Breezy Boy scored over Tony Red.

Jamaica witnessed a professional wrestling match between Jean Naldi (Italian) and Fred Ebert (Austrian) battling to a draw. An appreciative gathering saw the contest, supported by boxing. Paul Granda and Bill Tate fought an eight-round contest, with Tate winning the decision.

Young Clarke and Young Corbett went through four rounds with Corbett winning the decision. Black Bill, a willing youngster, and Young Schmeling fought four rounds to a draw.

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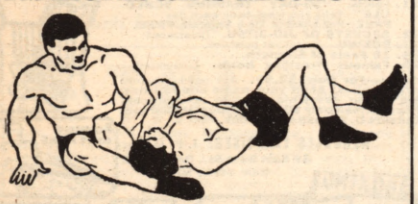

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

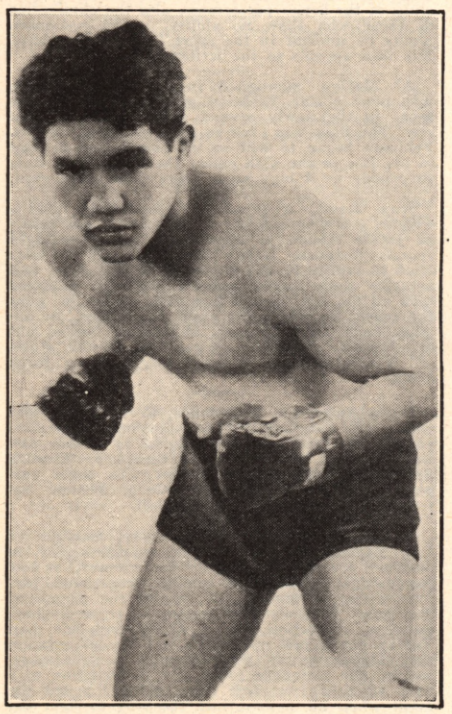
By GENE VINASSA

CEFERINO GARCIA, "bolo" punching welterweight from Manila, scored the biggest win on the Coast the past few months when he pounded his way to a decisive victory over the Holland windmill, Bep Van Klaveren, in ten fast rounds at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

Although the Dutch boy was game, tough and willing, his style did not make a hit with Los Angeles fans. He got a guarantee of two grand, and $500 carfare was taken off the top. The show grossed $4,150, so the club took a big loss as well as George Parnassas, manager of the brown-skinned belter. Parnassas took fifty per cent of the gate and paid Van Klaveren the two grand, and after he got through paying off sparring partners, advertising in the five Filipino papers in California, and other incidentals, the Greek gent was out about $350. But he got a good win for his charge, and it looks like Garcia's next big shot will be against Young Corbett in Frisco, under the promotion of Tony Palozolo of the Boston, New York and Chicago Palozolos, and Johnny Sylvester.

Week in and week out, the Oakland Auditorium draws a good crowd. Ora Forman, promoter, stages shows every Wednesday night and averages around the $2,000 mark.

Forman is ably assisted by Dee DeJulio, who is assistant matchmaker and handles the publicity for the Frisco and Oakland papers.



Bobby Pacho, Pacific Coast welterweight, who made good in the East.

Colored scrappers go over big in Oakland, as there is a large colored population there and the dark boys support their favorites big.

Little Frankie Castillo, Los Angeles Mexican bantam, is the biggest Mexican card Los Angeles has had since Bert Colima was knocking the middleweights dead seven and eight years ago. He is being groomed by Al Lang and has won all his bouts the past year.

Al Morro, former protege of Jim Jeffries, has been coming along fast since going under the care of Dolph Thomas.

Frank Paccassi, Oklahoma City boxing manager and fight promoter, is "fronting" for Buddy Baer for Ancil Hoffman. The tall Italian was assistant to the late Maurice Cain when the latter was business manager for Jack Dempsey. He is one of the best hustlers in the game and can outtalk anyone in the boxing game, according to this writer.

Although the Hollywood Legion Stadium continues to average around $3,800 each show, the grade of fighters being used in the main events by Manager-Matchmaker Charley MacDonald would not draw $750 in the big Olympic club. Boxers from all over the country are clamoring to get a shot in the movie city arena and thus MacDonald is able to line up his shows three and four weeks in advance.

Ralph Cohen, diamond broker of Los Angeles, is now backing Tom Gallery at the Olympic Club. Lou Daro is out altogether with the boxing end and is now centering all his interests with the grunt-and-groan boys. The new bank roll man is well versed in boxing, has a host of friends, and it looks like Gallery will get a break at the big club. With Daro backing him, Gallery worked at a great disadvantage. Tom had several good matches in the making but had to send transportation to Eastern cities and whenever he approached Mr. Daro the latter would let out such a terrific howl that the walls of the arena would shake.

Davey Abad is back from Seattle, where he defeated Cecil Payne and knocked out Johnny Hynes. The veteran Panamanian still has a few good fights left in his system. Abad and Georgie Hansford may box at Hollywood some time in the near future.

Leo Leavitt, originally out of Minneapolis, Minn., who handled King Tut, Frankie Battaglia and a string of other well-known fighters, is operating a high-class night club in Oakland called the Bowery Night Club. Boxing men, horsemen, and stars of the theatrical world are seen at his Twelfth Street spot nightly.

Suey Welch plans an invasion of Eastern rings soon after the first of the year with his hard hitting heavyweight, Hank Hankinson, and his cagy negro, Gorilla Jones. His big Swede registered a string of knockouts in Los Angeles and San Diego rings. He will flatten anyone he hits. Jones recently underwent an eye operation and Welch says the Memphis boy is rarin' to go.

King Tut is wrestling as a middleweight now. The Minneapolis boy, who made some sensational battles as a junior-welterweight and welterweight, is just as interesting to watch on the mat as he was in his fighting days.

Bill Miller is representing Joe Waterman's fighters in California. Wilyum is no longer doing publicity for Jack Kearns, who has temporarily retired from the game. But you can't keep a good man and hustler like the old doctor down, and he'll soon bob up with some fighter. Fiermonte's getting stiffened was a heart-breaker for him—also for Miller, who got out some great press stuff on the Italian.

THIS AND THAT—Frank Loscalzo is on the Coast with Midget Wolgast, who dropped a decision to Pablo Dano in his first fight at Hollywood . . . . Al Lang is training the little Italian . . . . Morris "Doc" Miller, former manager of Andy Divodi, is looking after Sammy Levine, a promising 140-pounder, from Minneapolis . . . . Tony Palozolo may jump into Mexico City late in January with Johnny Pena, Portuguese featherweight, who is being sought to box Baby Arizmendi in the Latin capital . . . . Hymie Caplin made a lot of friends while in Los Angeles with Lou Salica and Abie Feldman and is welcome back any time . . . .

When Gene Tunney visits Frisco he never fails to see his old A.E.F. pal, Joe Gorman, who is a licensed referee in California and a good one . . . . This from the pen of Tom Laird, able sports editor of the *San Francisco News*: "Christmas is coming, but I doubt if Max Baer is, and the Xmas present Baer promised Mrs. Frankie Campbell likely will be nothing more than part of Baer's gift of gab." . . . . All of the Frisco sports editors are "hot" at Baer and Hoffman for delaying the benefit show for the widow of Frankie Campbell, who died after his battle with Baer in the ball park several years ago . . . . Jimmy Duffy, former star of the four-round days in California, referees regularly in Oakland, Calif., his home town . . . . A lot of managers would like to have a Duffy in their stable now . . . .

Boo Boo Hoff and his wife are spending the winter in Sunny California . . . . The Philly sportsman has three good club fighters out here, namely: Harry Serody, Frankie Caris and Tony Morgano . . . . all of the boxing critics in Los Angeles are for Hoff one hundred per cent . . . . they haven't forgotten the splendid times Boo Boo showed them during the first Dempsey-Tunney battle in the Quaker city . . . . Georgie Nichols, former N.B.A. light-heavyweight king, is due on the Coast sometime in January to box under the Charley Martin banner . . . . Leonard Sacks and his wife were in Los Angeles during November and December . . . . Mrs. Sacks is a talented pianist and singer . . . . Outside of Young Corbett, there is not a fighter in San Francisco that can put more than $2,000 in the house . . . . Corbett and Yarosz would draw around $20,000 in an over-the-weight battle anytime in Frisco . . . . for the middleweight title, the fight would do better than $50,000, but Teddy will probably wait some months longer before he puts his title on the block . . . . Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action in this section by seeing Al Lang at the Ringside Gymnasium, 154 West Twelfth Street, Los Angeles.

PITTSBURGH CHATTER
By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

CHARLEY MASSARE of Monongahala, Pa., easily defeated Unknown Winston of Hartford, Conn., at Duquesne Garden, winning every round of the ten-round fray. Charley showed much improvement since his last appearance in Pittsburgh and, on the form shown in his easy win over Winston, he will give any of the leading heavyweights plenty of trouble. He swarmed all over Winston and at more than one stage had the ebony lad groggy. Massare at 182½ pounds, was outweighed twelve pounds. In the feature bout of the three sixes that preceded the main event, Al Quaill scored his ninth consecutive win since turning professional, winning handily from Mike Bazzone, dropping him three times for no counts. Red Bruce, red-headed colored middleweight, defeated Oscar Schmelling of Cleveland, and in the opener Marty Gornick won by T.K.O. over William Eley in the third round after the latter had taken two eight second counts.

Tait Littman of Milwaukee took a step forward towards a match with Teddy Yarosz, by beating Anson Green in a thrilling ten-round wind-up at Duquesne Garden. Littman was on the floor twice for counts of two but came back and scored a clean-cut ten-round win over Homestead's devastating Negro puncher. The fight grossed $2,300. Littman received a $1,250 guarantee. The promoters, Frishman and Beck, lost money on the show. In the eight-round semifinal Joey Speigal received the decision over Frankie Hughes. In a six-rounder Maxie Elling beat Babe Dunning and in the opener Sharkey Lesko won by a T.K.O., in the sixth round, over Steve Nicklich.

Dick Shikat of New York, 222 pounds, defeated Sandor Szabo of Hungary, 215 pounds, in the main event of a wrestling match at Duquesne Garden after 43 minutes and 13 seconds of action, when Szabo, making a dive for his opponent, went hurtling through the ropes and was unable to reenter the ring in time to resume the match. In the semifinal, Vic Christy of California, 226 pounds, threw Floyd Marshall of Phoenix, Ariz., 241 pounds, after 25 minutes and 55 seconds. Kans Kampfer of Germany, 228 pounds, and Karl Pojello, Chicago, 202 pounds, wrestled to a thirty minute draw while Stan Sokolis, of Philadelphia, 212 pounds, threw Al Getz, of Scranton, 214 pounds, in 25 minutes.

Nat Litfin, local bantamweight, reached the second round of the bantamweight eliminations, held in Montreal, to decide the 118-pound championship. He easily bested Eugene Huat of France, considered one of the favorites, in a one-sided ten-round bout at Montreal. He made a decided hit with the Canadian fight fans by the decisive manner in which he trounced the hard-punching Frenchman. Nat's next bout in the tournament will probably be with Sixto Escobar, who is considered to be the best lad in the bantamweight class. Good luck to you, Nat!

A bout between Tait Littman, who has made a hit in both of his winning fights here, and Teddy Yarosz is rapidly approaching the "Natural" stage. Your correspondent believes that it will probably be a non-title affair, held by one of our local clubs, on either Christmas or New Year's afternoon. Incidentally, Yarosz was offered $20,000 by Taylor and Gunnis, of Philadelphia, to box Paul Pirrone, Young Cleveland slugger, in a title bout. Ray Foutts, Teddy's manager, has turned down the offer. He does not want Teddy to risk his title until next summer. Ray, however, will take a few matches for Teddy—for a price and above the middleweight poundage.

Governor Pinchot dismissed Dr. W. L. McClelland and once again reappointed Havey Boyle as athletic commissioner, just before the November elections, obviously for political reasons. Boyle has been in office three times and the doctor has been appointed twice. From this corner it looks like McClelland will be back again after the first of the year when the Democrat faction will take office. It is too bad that the athletic commissioner's job is a political plum, because both men are capable, earnest and conscientious.

This writer can be reached at 1405 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. When writing to me, please enclose a self-addressed envelope if your letter requires an answer.

BOXING STEW — Al Quaill, sensational Brookline middleweight, who has won all of his professional fights, four of them by knockouts, has had every one of his opponents on the floor, at least once . . . . The Sportsmen's Enterprises, Inc., has closed a contract to take over Motor Square Garden. They intend to hold boxing shows twice a month . . . . Johnny Durso, local lightweight, has won two fights in Cincinnati and has established himself as a card in that locality . . . . Jimmy Thomas, local Negro bantamweight, is back in training after a six months' layoff . . . . Bus Vogel has teamed up with Bill Dummer in promoting fights at the Northside Arena . . . . Farmer Bill Schwerin, middleweight, managed by Bill Simondinger, has won seven straight fights as a pro.

Owing to lack of space, two stories advertised for this issue were held out and will appear in the next issue—"Rasslers and Their Mileage" and "Ballyhoo in Fisticuffs."

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

MOOCH MURPHY and Young Andy, both of Trenton, fought the main preliminary to a double windup. It was one of the most sensational preliminaries ever waged at the Arena. Andy opened a nasty cut over Murphy's right eye in the first round, but it received such skillful treatment in the minute rest that it did not bleed the rest of the bout. Although outweighed by eight pounds, Murphy was the aggressor and landed the harder blows, thus winning the bout.

Carmen Presti of Trenton won over John Franchiski of Landesville in a six-round bout. This bout was well received by the crowd; both boys tried hard and inflicted plenty of punishment upon each other. Presti forged ahead and won the last two rounds and the bout.

Jackie Aldare of Brooklyn and Mickey Bottone of Newark boxed an eight-round draw. In the other half of the windup, Wildcat O'Conner of Carbondale won by a technical knockout over Jimmy Reed of Erie in the fifth round. Al Lasky of Trenton and Johnny Pastor of Hightstown boxed a draw in the four-round opener.

The next month will find plenty of activity in boxing circles. The Arena has three shows lined up. And the possibility of a Johnny Oakey-Mickey Walker match for New Year's day. There will also be the amateur tournament and that will mean two shows. So it sure looks like plenty of action for Trenton fans.

Without a doubt, Mooch Murphy is the best looking prospect that Trenton has turned out in many a day. Just put his name down for future reference.

Joe Reno, who is boxing coach at Bucknell University (and, by the way, he is doing quite well for himself) has turned his two fighters, Larry Mangine, lightweight, and Joey Saxon, featherweight, over to Jimmy (Fats) Pinto. These boys will turn professional immediately after the amateur tournament. This makes Fats Pinto the busiest trainer in Trenton; he now has Johnny Oakey, Mooch Murphy, Carmen Presti, Arkie Berman, Jack Reilly, Eddie Michaels, Tommy Rittley, Knockey Murphy, Billy Cracker, and the two boys mentioned above, under his wing.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

A HUGE crowd jammed the Broadway auditorium for the Big Boy Brackey-Young Hippo bout and conclusively proved that boxing in this city is on the way back to popularity. Neither Brackey nor Hippo employ any scientific boxing methods. Both are sluggers, devoid of skill, simply throwing punches right and left.

Hippo was brought here a few weeks ago by Dick O'Leary of Wilkes-Barre and after winning over Frankie Kowalski of Syracuse there was immediate talk of matching the newcomer with George Brackey, who is known in the ring as Big Boy. The latter has been winning steadily as a professional and, although the type of fighters matched with him were of the palooka type, to give him all due credit he is a murderous puncher.

Hippo, too, showed a healthy wallop and is as tall and heavy as Brackey. Both are 6 ft. 4 inches and both weigh around 220.

Officials called the Hippo-Brackey slugfest a draw, after both men had been on the canvas several times. In the first round Brackey went down for nine, almost out. He got to his feet and was fighting strongly at the end. Several times during the encounters Hippo was on the floor and stumbled around the ring. In the latter rounds he would grab the rope with his right hand and stab Brackey time and again with his left. Oftentimes he would smash Big Boy with his right and rock him.

It is extremely doubtful if either Brackey or Hippo will ever be able to stand up with a good boxer, who has a punch. They are both very young and may get a lot better but they certainly should go to work on the improvement of their left hands. A fighter without a left never got very far in the annals of the ring.

Other matches on the Brackey-Hippo card resulted as follows: Tommy Howells knocked out Joe Gerace, fifth round; Frankie Eagan, Niagara Falls, defeated Bad Boy Emanuel, Syracuse, decision, six rounds; Billy Nichy, Pittsburgh, won from Al Settle, Chicago, six rounds; Dick Hartnett, Buffalo, defeated Billy Rose, decision, six rounds; Paul Mahoney defeated Joe Fillipo, decision, four rounds.

Two weeks previous to the date of the Brackey-Hippo scrap Promoter Charlie Murray staged a show and played to a mere handful of fans for the Brackey-Alberts go. He was disgusted with the boxing outlook that night but was wreathed in smiles after viewing the turnout for Brackey-Hippo.

Wrestling is skidding fast here. This winter will see the last of the grunt-and-groan brigade. Only a few hundred saw the last mat show of the Buffalo Sporting club which featured Browning and Dusek.

Buffalo was always a red hot boxing center and some great fighters were developed here. Frank Erne, Jimmy Duffy, Rocky Kansas, Joe Kansas, Herman Smith, K.O. Brennan, Frankie Schoell, Jimmy Goodrich, Dick Loadman, Jack Oakes, One-Round Davis, Jimmy Slattery, Benny Ross, Lou Scozza were all splendid ringmen and they were able to cope with the best in their respective classes.

NOTICE—Good boxers of all weights, with records that will stand scrutiny, and who are not aligned with managers should write Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxing in this town is on the verge of an immediate boom and some money can be made here.

SOME SHORT STUFF — Playfair Brown, genial Toronto promoter, is back in harness . . . . Brown is the outstanding boxing man in Canada and will bring the game back in the hustling Ontario metropolis . . . . The Orioles are running amateur fights again . . . . Fred Johnson and Vince Plunkett did some good work for this organization and many good boys were developed in that association . . . . The Buffalo Sporting club has played to two losing houses in its last two shows . . . . Lou Scozza has not been active this Fall . . . . Lou could make some money in England or Australia, if he elected to make an overseas trip . . . . Rumors continue here that a new sports club, heavily backed, will make its appearance . . . . However, things will have to pick up considerably before anyone makes much money in sports promotion . . . . Hymie Goldstein and K.O. Brennan, fistic stars of other days, are ambitious to become referees . . . . Both these boys are well qualified and would make good.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

At Denver—Hershey Wilson, of Eagle, regained the Colorado lightweight title in a ten-round battle with Leonard Viditich, hard-hitting Denver youngster. Wilson was far too clever for the Slovak kid who won a disputed decision over Wilson a few months ago.

At Antonito—Billy Neiheisel of Boulder, state welter title-holder, ran into the surprise of his life when he tangled with Pug Sutherland. Pug spotted Neiheisel seven pounds in weight and then proceeded to lick the daylights out of him, scoring a clean knockdown in the seventh round.

In the eighth round semi-windup, Al Reynolds of Denver toyed with Celestino Roybal, Del Norte battler.

Archie Rogers of Blanca kayoed Nick Garcia of Alamosa in the fourth round of a scheduled six-round go.

At Walsenburg—State featherweight champion, Henry Jackson, won a ten-round decision over the veteran Babe Colima of El Paso, Texas. Both weighed 125 pounds.

In the semi-windup, "Cyclone" Lynch of Aguilar, kayoed Jimmy Puzziti of Pueblo in the third round of a scheduled eight-rounder. The pair are light-heavyweights.

At Denver—Still striding back up the "comeback" trail, Chuck Hefner scored an easy ten-round victory over "Dashing Dick" O'Brien, veteran Denver warrior, who once held the state heavyweight title.

It looks like the end of the trail is in sight for lion-hearted Billy Neiheisel of Boulder. After dropping his state welterweight title to Pug Sutherland, he took on the veteran "Cowboy" Eddie Anderson at Sterling. Anderson battered him from pillar to post all the way. Finally, his seconds tossed in the towel in the eighth round to save him from further punishment.

At San Luis—Hershey Wilson, of Eagle, state lightweight champion, scored an easy victory over Al Reynolds of Denver. Wilson was content to stand back and box the Negro's ears off for three rounds. In the fourth, he stepped in and slapped a left hook to Reynolds' midsection that put him away for keeps.

Another Denver fighter is essaying a "comeback," but with little success. The one-time great little warrior, Mickey Cohen, was soundly beaten by Tommy Corbett of Omaha in a ten-rounder at the Olympic arena in Denver.

A few weeks ago Mickey pushed over an unknown, Dave Garcia, in a single heat.

At Denver—George Manley, veteran Denver light-heavyweight, scored an easy ten-round victory over Joe Bitto, California warrior. Manley did everything but stop the game west coast boy.

In the semifinal, Johnny Gardino, Denver featherweight battler, kayoed Willie Gonzales of Alamosa in the fourth heat of a scheduled six-rounder.

At Pueblo—One of the largest crowds to witness a fight card in the steel-town metropolis, saw Ernie Lara, local favorite, stop Mickey Moran, Walsenburg kayo artist, in the ninth round. It was the second time Lara has kayoed the game little Irishman.

Remember, the writer would like to have all the fight results from this section of the country, but be sure to have them in by the 8th of each month. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the fight game in this neck of the woods, but don't forget to inclose a stamp if you expect a reply.

I also have a list of Colorado fight promoters which you can get for a thin dime. Address all communications to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of Charley Robertson, the White Sox pitcher of several years ago who pitched a "perfect" game against the Tigers in 1923, will they please give me his address so I can get in touch with him.

P.L.S., Sioux City, Iowa: Yes, I am at all times in the market for old sports magazines and relics of the prize ring.

At Denver—Another example of a fighter weakening himself by making weight, was amply demonstrated when Emilio Martinez "boiled" himself down to 163 pounds for Chuck Hefner. Hefner won a split decision after ten rounds of milling. Martinez, a full-fledged light-heavy, will do well to stick to his own class, unless he wants to permanently ruin his ring career. Hefner weighed 160 pounds.

At Ogden—Jackie Burke of Ogden, leading welterweight of the Rocky Mountain region, won a ten-round decision over Joe Martinez, flashy Monte Vista, Colo., Mexican.

The fight game here in Colorado continues on the skids, in the larger places especially, Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, at one time three of the best fight towns west of the Mississippi, are playing to "hick" town crowds. Of course Old Man Depression has something to do with it, but he's not altogether to blame.

Several years back, the above-mentioned cities were bringing in fighters like Fred Fulton, Tom Gibbons, George Chip, Charlie White, the Mitchell boys, Freddy Welsh and a host of other top-notchers—and the S.R.O. sign was very much in evidence. Then the promoters got the notion that at least half of the main event must be home town talent. That wouldn't have been so bad, only they began breaking out with a series of "Chicago" decisions in an effort to make a "card" of the said home-town talent.

I still say ye Colorado fight fan will lay his dough on the line to see fights of this caliber: John Henry Lewis-Lou Brouillard, Art Lasky-Charley Retzlaff; Lee Ramage-King Levinsky; and other boys of that class. Emilio Martinez is a "hot" number out here right now, but the top-notchers are scared off by that "home-town" decision curse that has afflicted the state. And you can't blame the fighters, either.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Unk Gillian shaded Everett Ogle. Bat Green won over Gypsy Bartholomew. Kid Zimmerman beat Billy Dryden. Earl "Punch" Bartholomew and Lewis Laverty three-round exhibition.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Luther Ashford knocked out Jack Mabry in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round main event. Frankie Smirl beat Baxter Kid in six. Fred Reese beat Sammy Weiss in six. Olin Loy beat Earl Parks in six. Tiger Column knocked out Keed Cullum in one round.

Salina, Kans.—Emanuel Aronis, greek promoter of this city who has been out of the game for some time, wishes to inform his friends that he is still sticking around and will be back at promoting both wrestling and boxing shows in the near future.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger has his first amateur show of the season scheduled for this month and will show regularly twice each month. He contemplates staging some pro fight shows in a few weeks.

Chanute, Kans.—Jimmie Carter is back in Kansas and ready to fight the best welters and middles in the middle West. Carter is known as one of the best ring showmen in the country. His clown antics and fighting ability have won him a host of friends throughout the West. Any promoter wishing to book Carter, write Jack O'Day, 412 North Washington Street, Chanute, Kansas.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Luther Ashford knocked out Sammy Weiss in the fourth of a ten-round main event. Curley Martin shaded Earl "Punch" Bartholomew in eight. Olin Loy stopped Newsboy Brown in six. Tiger Column beat Lloyd Smalley in four rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joey Alcanter won a ten-round decision over Jackie Stewart. Cap Harding knocked out Chuck Eastly in four. Johnny Owens beat Carl Lautenschlager in six. Frankie Lee beat Al Nelson in four. Rickey Bass knocked out Harry Campbell in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—George Williams knocked out Johnny Fitzpatrick in the third of a ten-round main event. Athol White beat Carl Lautenschlager in eight. Neil (Pug) Grubbs beat Jimmy Garrison in six. Jack Curley beat Bud Swanson in four. Tommy Jones knocked out Billy Emerson in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—George Williams knocked out Johnny Owens in the second of a ten-round feature bout. Neil (Pug) Grubbs knocked out Al Lindsey in three. Jerry Jenkins knocked out Steve Sule in one. Tony Bradley beat Bus Ward in four. Jimmy Garrison beat Sammy Greco in four rounds.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Billy Markham and Billy Jarvis battled ten hard-fought rounds to a draw. Claude Shadrick knocked out Huck Blaylock in one. Pat Childers is promoting in this city, and it is considered the best fight town in Okla.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Madero (Chili) Villareal came from behind to win by a knockout over Chief Firestone in the sixth round. It was one of the best battles staged here in many a day.

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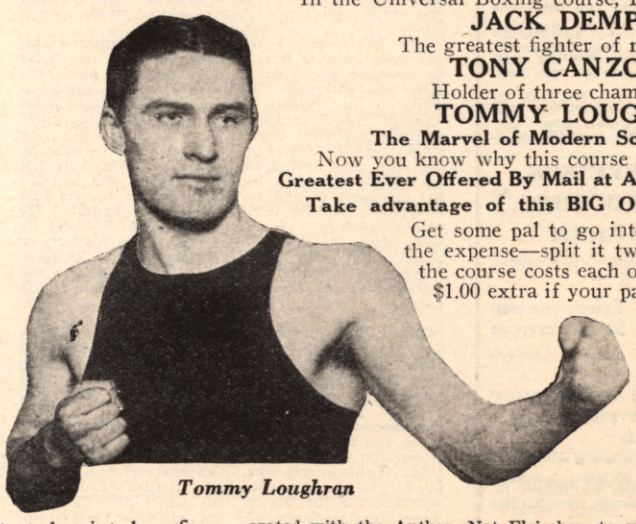

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL is again holding the Canadian fistic spotlight as the "bantamweight mecca," with the world's leading 118-pounders congregating in the Canadian metropolis, from all corners of the globe, for the officially sanctioned "World's Championship Bantamweight Tournament" being conducted at the Forum by Armand Vincent, and the Montreal Athletic Commission. The various commissions agreed to give the tourney winner undisputed recognition as the world's champion, and the currently ostracized titlist, Panama Al Brown, indicated his willingness to start in the meet from scratch and fight for the title lifted from his ebony brow by the solons.

Some radical changes were ratified by the Montreal Commission for the tourney. All of the elimination bouts are scheduled for ten rounds and no draw decisions will be rendered. Should the judges disagree at the end of ten rounds, an extra two rounds must be contested, with a winner declared on the action staged in those extra two rounds. The first eliminations were staged before a fair crowd, with three ten-rounders between entrants comprising the main bit of the card.

Carlos "Baby" Quintana clicked with a bang when he flashed a brilliant performance to eliminate the sturdy, two-fisted Korean, Jo Tei Ken, in the feature ten-rounder. "Baby" was too speedy, shifty and smart for the Jap, who was apparently well below his usual form, and gave the impression of being a colorful performer. Tei Ken also proved popular and, though out of the title hunt, will likely be given the opportunity of showing his wares again.

Frankie Martin captured the Canadian bantam title when he eked out a close verdict over Lefty Gwynne, Toronto, in a hard-fought ten-rounder. Martin is the brother-in-law and former stablemate of Bobby Leitham, who has retired, so the bantam title stays in the stable and the family, so to speak. Nat Litfin was far too speedy for Eugene Huat, the heavy hitting Frenchman, and scored impressively. Litfin proved to be a flashy, heady battler and should keep Pittsburgh interest in the tourney for some time to come. Huat looked to be gym-stale, lack of ring action slowing him down to a pace far below his usual form, opening up with a rally that was much too late. Henri Pilotte, promising southpaw socker, slammed the ill-conditioned Willie Heatlfield, former amateur lightweight who was subbing for Dummy Rowan, for a T.K.O. in round one, while the five-round opener was a draw between Joe Dunn and Henri Auger, welter rivals.

Joe Marciente, colorful Italian featherweight, has been keeping busy of late, He is a smash hit in Toronto where his bulldog displays panic the fans who patronize "Playfair" Brown's presentations. In his Queen City debut Joey faced Earl Weaver, of Syracuse, and was taking a workmanlike pasting from the colored battler for three rounds, climaxed by a stiff right hook to the chin that floored him for nine. Marciente got up and tore in with both fists flying and pounded his opponent around for the next five rounds into a wobbly, reeling condition to win handily. He also pleased in Syracuse and Ottawa, hooking up with Mike Belloise, high ranking New Yorker, in a ten-round main bout at Syracuse and was holding his own in interesting duel until a badly swollen eye forced hostilities to cease in the eighth canto.

Tiger Warrington, colored Maritime light-heavy sensation, has been flattering 'em regularly and looms up as a potential topnotcher. His last victim was Bud Migneault, of Brockton, Mass., whom he stopped in six heats.

Vancouver had its biggest fistic event in years when Gordon Wallace and Billy Townsend battled it out for what was billed as the Canadian welter title. Wallace outpointed the heavy hitting Townsend and won rating as British Columbia's nominee for the vacant title which the Canadian Federation declares was not at stake, since Ontario and Quebec also have contenders; Ontario having Tommy Bland, Toronto's erstwhile Canuck lightweight king who is finding it difficult to keep down to weight, and Eddie Carroll, Ottawa's fast-growing young prospect. At that, the Canadian Federation ought to get busy and see about getting some of these crowns lined-up for capable heads—genuine Canadian champs are very, very few.

Montreal boxers and wrestlers have a new gymnasium to train in. Jack Ostadol and his brother Jimmy, young local light-heavy, are operating it in the former quarters of the Hungarian Athletic and Social Club. The boys have the place renovated and all dressed up, and it is becoming a popular rendezvous for the "regulars." Memberships are obtainable at a very low figure and the privilege of using the place is augmented by the staging of one boxing smoker and two mat exhibitions every week. It is centrally located at the corner of St. Catherine and Mance Streets.

STRAY SHOTS—Rumors are rife that Myer Alper will shortly be flashing his stuff in the pro ranks . . . . judging by his form in amateur rings he should make good . . . Maxie Berger, Y.M.H.A.'s British Empire finalist, also likely to battle for hard cash rather than "glory" . . . . Johnny Keller is on his way to Poland to instruct aspiring pugilists there, according to reports . . . . Joe Marciente, sought for winter's campaigning in Florida, has yet to make up his mind . . . . few know that Joey's inspired comeback may be due to his recent marriage . . . . the Missus is holding the fort in New York, while Joey sends her the shekels after each ring engagement . . . . exit, please!

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

TOMMY BLAND successfully defended his lightweight title against Eddie Carroll of Ottawa in that city by winning the decision.

Benny Stockley, the old maestro of amateur boxing, put on a very successful show at the Maple Leaf Gardens, headlined by the amateur featherweight champion, Sam Tomlinson and Sammy Lufspring, which was won by the latter.

Play-Fair Brown and two partners, Elliot and Croft, deserve credit for the gamble they are taking in this city of Toronto in trying to build up professional boxing. In the first show, Eddie Dempsey, of Syracuse, N. Y., won on a foul from Frankie Genovese, Toronto's coming welter, who lost his first fight in nineteen starts.

Sammy Tomlinson's journey to Hamilton to fight Jackie Callura was not so successful, as he lost a three-round decision to the Hamilton boy, but was far from at his best.

Your Scribe is now living in Ontario and will cover this section for the RING and certainly hopes that the near future will see the pro game back to normal in these parts. Any boy that has a record and no managerial connection would do well to get in touch with the writer, at 58 Charles Street, W. Toronto, Ont. Please enclose stamp addressed envelope when writing.

In the Post Bag—J. Voccola, Bridgeport, Conn. —Everything possible being done for your boys but game quiet at present . . . . Johnny Yarcina, McDonald, Pa.—At present cannot get bookings here for you as record not known but will bear you in mind . . . . T. W. McNeil, Blanca, Colo. —Write the Sports' Weekly, Toronto, Ont., *re* articles. Thanks for Kanner's address . . . . Chas. G. MacDonald.—Glad to hear of success. Keiswetter will bring you joy a little later as a good heavy in that section is the real thing. Promoters should book your boy regularly in Brooklyn and in New York . . . . Frank E. Church, Ripples, N. B.—Cannot do anything for you now; too far away from your section; sorry . . . . Phil Kelly, N. Y. C.—Your boy's name entered in the Montreal's bantam contest awaiting developments in this regard; bookings going forward elsewhere . . . . Promoters (in California and New York) Grahaam and Johnson. "Irish" Jimmie Boyne one of the best welters in Dominion at present time; can arrange bookings at your convenience from now on . . . . Freddie Gruden, Lake Napeau, Alta.—Will see what can be done for you, but you can come along if you care to take the chance . . . . J. J. Walsh, Minburn, Alta.—You can come ahead now but you will have to show here before getting any big money, "Showboat" . . . . Ray McQuillan, Denver, Colo.—I stated that return postage must please accompany letters. I receive so many that I have to ask this. I cannot place a middleweight at this time but will file letter for further reference.

At the Elm Grove show in Toronto, staged at Massey Hall, the U.S.A. representatives from Chicago were beaten six out of seven events on the amateur card, and Armando Sicillia, the U.S. National champion at bantam limit, lost to Tony Canzano of Toronto. Howard Bulmer, Toronto, beat Eddie Cahill by a K.O. in the fourth round. Eddie Parsini, Toronto, K.O.'ed Frank Scavulli, Niagara Falls, N. Y. in fourth round. Joey Bagnato, Toronto, won from Russ Ringehberg, Peoria, Ill., unpopular decision in five heats. George Bland won an unpopular decision over Tommy Todesco, Niagara Falls, N. Y., but Sammy Tomlinson, Dominion featherweight champion, beat Mel, Gliona, Toronto. Uncle Sam's lone winner, Aaron Wade, colored boy, gave Dave Yack a boxing lesson.

In the second pro show in Toronto this fall, staged this time in the great Maple Leaf Gardens, the Victoria A.C. gave the fans another good series of bouts and are to be congratulated upon their efforts. Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, N. Y., lost return fight with Frank Genovese by big margin. Joe Marceinte, Montreal, lost to Orville Drouillard, Windsor, Ont., featherweight. Eddie Carroll won from George Riley, colored boy from Detroit, with some to spare, and "Lefty" Gwynne was the master throughout against Johnny Thomas, another colored boy from Detroit.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

PASQUALE TROIANI was disqualified for foul tactics in his fight with Mookie Goldman at the Teterboro Airdrome. It was scheduled for eight rounds but was stopped in the third round by Referee Johnny Hayes who awarded the decision to Goldman. In the semifinal six-rounder, Billy Burkitt and Willie Lewis fought to a draw. Marvin Hart defeated Nick Sacco in a five rounder, Emil Calcagni edged out Walter De Palma in another fiver, Andy Talmundi knocked out Pep Landret in the first of a four-rounder; while John Le Bernice beat Wild Bill Harris in four.

Patsy Perroni outpointed Tony Galento in the ten-round main go at Laurel Garden in Newark; Stanley Ketchel stopped Frank Rocco in the third of the semifinal (10); Lope Berman beat Bobby Dallas (4); Chang Collura stopped Joe Timpanaro (4); Nick Cocuzza lost to Jackie Connors (4); Lenny Mazza won from Lou Greenberg (4).

Joey Ferrando easily beat Irish Jimmy Brady in the star bout of the evening at the Columbia Park Arena. Brady put up a stubborn battle considering the fact that he was a last minute substitute for Buster Brown who failed to appear. In the semifinal eight-rounder another sub, answering to the name of Ignacio Diaz, a hurricane from Cuba, threw a thousand punches at Mickey Makar to earn the decision. Diaz subbed for Tony Scarpati who was reported as being ill. Angelo Fracasso defeated Frankie Van in a four-rounder; Johnny Clark finished Tony Roe in the second round; while Frankie "Kid" Bruno smothered Seabon Ashley in a six-rounder on the card.

Charlie Massare decisioned Larry Johnson in the ten-round main event at Laurel Garden in Newark. In the co-feature Lou Halper stopped Billy Mosca in the third round of a tenner; Phil Senter put the crusher on Howard Hayden in the first of a four rounder; Ace Buckley drew with Willie Cubic in four; Tommy Fagan did likewise with Young Buckey; while Lenny Mazzi won over Lou Greenberg in the opener.

Freddy Panico held Johnny Dario to a draw in the star bout of the evening at the Teterboro Airdrome; Matty Mario beat Artie Burt in the semifinal; Jackie Corcoran drew with Louis Camps in six; Johnny Riccadulli lost to Tommy Fagan; Sonny Stout boxed Jimmy Flaherty to a four-round draw; while in the opening four rounder; Billy Cheslock, Doc Stanford's new find, beat the highly touted Ernie Tedesco.

At Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.—Mickey Salem outpointed Mike Marshall in the eight-round feature go. Billy Cheslock making his third appearance in the ring, fought the five-round semifinal and easily outpointed Johnny Riccadulli; Chang Collura beat Mickey Doyle in a four-rounder; Tommy Fagan beat Danny Fresco in four; while Joey Troops kayoed Ernie Tedesco in three.

In the feature bout of ten rounds, held at the Laurel Garden in Newark, Patsy Perroni received Referee Jimmy Manley's decision over Hans Berkie. Al Borros scored a T.K.O. in the fifth round over George Glover, colored scrapper from Boston; Chang Collura beat Baby Dempsey in a four-rounder; Willie Lewis outpointed Pep Lombardo; Walter De Palma drew with Jackie Connors; and Joe Dandio lost to Eddie Capana in the three other four-rounders on the same card.

Little Allie Rowan received Referee Phil Erhart's decision over tough Sammy "Red" Panico at the Airdrome in Teterboro. In the semifinal to the Rowan Panico melee.

Billy Cheslock got a draw with Tommy Fagan; Johnny Albanese won from Art Kowalik in a four-rounder; Frank Slavin edged out Frankie Williams in four; while Bobby Larkin finished ahead of Tony Cal in another four.

Jimmy Reilly's welterweight sensation, Buckey Jones of Morristown, defeated Danny Devlin in a ten-round go that featured the show at Laurel Garden in Newark. In the semifinal eight-rounder Roscoe Manning fought Mickey Buttone to a draw.

WHAT LOCAL FISTIC STARS OF DAYS GONE BY ARE DOING TODAY—Joe Jeannette is running a gymnasium in Union City . . . . Jeff Smith, the old globe trotter, is managing fighters . . . . Frankie Burns is the Hudson County boxing inspector . . . . Johnny Daly is up the Hill . . . . Joe Borrell is an officer of the law in Cliffside . . . . Owen McCabe, better known as Young Rector, is a motorcycle cop in Jersey City . . . . Young Seiger, Babe Seiger, Red Allen, Jimmy Francis, and Charlie Seiger (the old Iron Man) are idling away the time . . . . Billy White is conducting a gym in Jersey City . . . . Willie Burns is a conductor for the Public Service . . . . Petey Mack, Johnny Drummie, Ray Newman, Bobby Burns, and Jimmy Delmont, are working down on the docks . . . . Cy Smith is working for a brother whom he put in business when Smith was in his glory . . . . Allie Ridgeway is a co-partner of Doc Stanford in the management of a stable of fighters . . . . Joe Shugrue is a truant officer in Jersey City, Johnny Shugrue is idle in Waterbury, Conn. . . . . Bobby Brady is conducting a beer garden in Jersey City . . . . Frankie Nelson is doing likewise in Hoboken . . . . Jimmy Carter is working for the city in Hoboken . . . . Johnny Hayes is a licensed referee in this state . . . . Joey Ross works at the Fletcher's Ship Yard in Hoboken . . . . Jack De Mave is a watchman in a bank in New York and Joey Celmars is a gateman in one of the piers in Hoboken . . . . Johnny Buff works on board the excursion boat *Americana*, in Jersey City.

Send your news to the writer by the tenth of each month at 514-26th Street, Union City, N. J.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

COCOA KID, all the necessary fighting stamina sapped out of him, was dry as chalk when he entered the ring against Bat Battalino, former featherweight king. Beaten like a carpet, Cocoa fought back gamely until his arms and legs could no longer do their duty. He was technically knocked out in the seventh round of the main event at Foot Guard Hall, Hartford.

In an eight-round semifinal Charlie Eagle, "Brass City" middleweight, received a setback at the hands of Frankie Nichols of Tariffville. Sal Carta, Middletown welterweight, was measured out on the canvas by Charlie Gordon of Orange, N. J., in the first stanza of a scheduled six rounder. In another six-spot, Frankie Litt, lightweight of Orange, N. J., succeeded in outpointing Johnny Colon of Hartford, Conn. Freddie Foran, featherweight of Burnside was credited with a three-round technical knockout over Red Flori of Waterbury.

Al Nelson Gainer, pride of New Haven, stepped one step higher up the fistic ladder by winning with plenty to spare over Lew Poster, rugged battler of Pottstown, Pa., in a feature ten-round bout at the New Haven Arena.

Frankie Britt, rugged welterweight, of Fall River, Mass., had a tough job in winning an eight-round bout over Relampago Saguero, welterweight champion of Cuba. Eddie Moore of Bridgeport, punched his way out to a decision over Elmer Bezemah of New Haven.

In a thrilling bout that bubbled with steam, Andy Callahan, Boston welterweight, bravely weathered the heavy bombardment fired from the fists of Mike "Kid" Frattini, Italian welterweight title holder, in a ten-rounder at the New Haven Arena. The best that Callahan could get for his efforts was a draw.

In a ten-round semi-windup Frankie Britt, welterweight ringster of Fall River, Mass., won on a technical knockout over Billy Bridges of Willimantic in the seventh round. Tony Kayer, light-heavyweight battler of Willimantic, was kayoed in the second round in his fight with Nathan Mann of Hamden. Elmer Bezemah, welterweight of New Haven, punched a little too hard to suit Gene Thomas, whom he polished off in the first frame.

A pair of lightweights, Frankie Williams of New Haven and Carmine Nacchio of New York, stepped along at a lively clip for six rounds to a draw.

Attention! Fistic Talents: Any good fighters without written agreements, seeking action to display their wares, can get in touch with this scribe; also send good photos and newsclipping, and address letter to 50 Crown Street, Waterbury, Conn.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JOHNNY ROSSI, of Worcester, 160 pounds, won a decision over Charlie Weise of New York, 161 pounds, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the Valley Arena. Dominic "Kid" Nico of New York won over Charley Turco, Worcester, in eight rounds, and Jimmy Martin, of New York, lost a decision to Johnny Bangs of Holyoke, Mass., in the other eight-rounder. Long Sing Cue of New York won a six-round decision over Joe Geno of Boston. Jerry Maloni of Springfield, Mass., lost a four-round bout to Johnny Vargas of Thompsonville, Conn.

Doc Graves keeps his gym open for the boys of Springfield but he is finding it quite difficult to make both ends meet.

Professor Joe O'Brien is keeping his amateur boxers busy in Connecticut. The same holds true for Billy Snyder who handles the reins of Young Richie, Tommy O'Brien, Young Ace Clark and Johnny McGuire.

Manager Jimmy Burns of Union, N. J., would like to show his boys up this way: Manny Davis, 160 lbs; Joe Kukal, 175 lbs; Jimmy Slatery and Butch Mohoney, 147 lbs; and Clem White, 160 lbs. Burns's address is 1022 Falls Terrace, Union, N. J.

Holyoke Valley Arena's main bout spoiled a good card when Frankie Smith backed away from Tom Jones for seven rounds before it was stopped by Referee Chet Lucia. Midget St. Hiliare of Boston won over Lou Fox of New York. Al Annone, of Springfield, lost a decision to Sal Canata, Holyoke, in six rounds, and Ruby Bradley lost to Johnny Scibelli of Springfield, Mass.

Al Mercier, Springfield heavyweight wrestler, is still the New England Champion. Since Election, dog racing is the most talked of sport this way; horse racing, boxing and wrestling trailing in the order named.

Jack Dempsey refereed a wrestling match in Springfield and kayoed one of the principals in a punch. Old-time fighters are knocking out young and coming wrestlers every evening in different parts of the country, but it is hard to convince the wrestler that the fighter is the best man.

Vermon Cormier, of Worcester, in his last American appearance before making a trip to Australia, won handily over Jose Santos of New York. Midget St. Hiliare won over Johnny Alba, a Filipino, in eight rounds, Joe Vignali, of Waterbury, Conn., won over Carmine Nacchio, New York, in eight rounds; Jimmy Adams, of Worcester, lost on a technical K.O. to Nick Motyka, Springfield, Mass.; Roland Lecuyer, making a comeback, won over Tom Grady, Springfield bootblack, in six rounds.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

JOE LOUIS, Detroit's leading heavyweight, kayoed Jack O'Dowd, veteran Detroit heavy. He dropped O'Dowd in the first round, and finished him off in the second.

Amsey Rinnson, colored welterweight, looked good in beating Jimmy Cholak, rising young Detroiter, in a six-round preliminary.

Manuel Cantera, 140-pounder, won by a technical knockout over the Coca Cola Kid in the second round. Cliff McWherter, London, Ont., and Pee Wee Gale, Three Rivers, Mich., put up a nice six-round fight, with McWherter taking the duke. Art Bowman shaded Frankie Pallo in another prelim.

Roger Bernard turned in a good fight in Flint when he floored Mickey Barron, durable lad from Pennsylvania, three times before stopping him in round two. Bobby Gignac and Foster Young, Lansings' best fighters, reversed decisions previously rendered against them when they walloped Johnny Thomas and Speedy Johnson respectively.

OTHER BOUTS DURING THE MONTH—Tony Zale beat Frankie Misko by a six-round K.O. Jack Gibbons beat Mickey Misko. Billy Celebron stopped Pee Wee Jarrell. Joey Mandell kayoed Danny Wright. Shake Lepoirs stopped Johnny Marvin and whipped Ivan Harburn. Din Harvey beat Henry Kenew and then stopped him. Pee Wee Magley beat Frank Bayles. St. Louis Kid beat Harry Tyler. Milton Albrecht outscored Tommy Meeking. Wad Sidorki beat Walter McTaglen and Arizona Kid. Eddie Curtis beat Steve Takas. Chuck Woods kayoed Mickey McAllister. Nick Torres beat Custer Perry and Oliver Johnson. Jess McMurtry beat Johnny Kanasky. Billy Burke T. K. O.'ed Cliff Chick. Stan Sabin beat Cecil Lothery and stopped Bill Ferris. Nick Torres stopped Otto Worth. Harry Nelson stopped Chet Raynor. Jackie Young beat Vin Miller. Miller was stopped by Pat Spurling. Gene Barrett stopped Young Sharkey and Mickey Harris beat Dick Hackett. Ed Kuhns beat Eddie Curtis. Jackie Young beat Billy Walker. Walter Darge kayoed Ken Levy and Gus Papaas. Bob Kallay stopped Conny Chaplin. Ed Plant beat Joe Szilagyi. Oscar Cook scored over Jack Revak. Ed Normand kayoed Stan Ryan. Billy Hubbard beat Albert Host. Joe Miehielove knocked out Art Smith. Johnny McGuire beat Billy Hubbard. Bart Nelson flattened Paddy Mozham. Frank Pallo stopped Nick Carter. Billy Porter beat Bud Chester. Fight managers wanting boxing promoters' lists may get same by sending twenty-five cents to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

Wilbur Chevalier is still on the lookout for good fighters. Wilbur has hopes of becoming a big fight manager. Address him 1205 Joseph Street, Bay City, Mich.

U. S. Chocolate, clever Negro featherweight from Detroit, has been inactive the last month. He was on the shelf with a sprained ankle but has started training again.

It is rumored that the Olympia will start holding shows again. They haven't had a fight there since Teddy Yarosz walloped Eddie Ran. Grand Rapids has started again, but Alpena has apparently quit boxing. No shows in Alpena the next month. All the boys getting ready for the Golden Gloves.

Another good fighter went down before the clubbing fists of the veteran Roger Bernard, in the scheduled ten-round main bout at Lansing. Foster Young was the victim, and he was stopped in the seventh round. Lin Harvey, hard hitting Lansing middleweight, knocked out Mickey Harris of Flint in the second round of the semifinal.

Cecil King, of Lansing, returned to the ring and boxed a six-round draw with Gene Barrett of Flint. Pee Wee Magley technically kayoed Dick Barrett of Flint, in a six-round preliminary. Ford McGinley and Tommy DeRizz drew in four rounds.

Frankie Genovese, Canadian welterweight, who was an amateur sensation two years ago, is going good as a pro now. Frankie beat Billy Walker in Detroit in his pro debut, and Detroiters are watching with interest his progress as a professional. Genovese beat Eddie Dempsey in Toronto.

George Riley, lightweight, and Johnny Thomas, flyweight, colored boxers from Detroit, were beaten on the Toronto card. Riley lost to Eddie Carroll and Thomas to Lefty Gwynne.

Morrie Sherman is still boxing in New York. He drew with Izzy Jannazzo in an eight-round bout last month.

Walter Karpinski, Grand Rapids heavyweight, lost to Frank Ketter in Chicago. Roscoe Tooles, hard hitting Negro from Monroe, outscored Pettit Ferarer, state light-heavyweight champ, in an eight-rounder at Hazel Park.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

SOME of Big Jim Farley's smoke in a political campaign was captured by G. C. Williams, former Cincinnati boxing manager, when the latter staged what was expected to be a rout for his man, the Honorable Martin L. Davey's routine for the governorship of Ohio.

Previous to the August primaries, Davey was considered and given little chance to win the semifinal election, but with the ardent help of Williams and his strong New Deal Club, which incidentally started down and climbed up to a large organization in southern Ohio territory, Davey came through the winner, later going through to win the November election and the governorship.

Much credit is given to Williams who used his unceasing tactics of fighting to the last ditch for his man, duplicating his methods while in the boxing game. This column takes its hat off to G. C. Williams, the "Jim Farley of Ohio."

Herman Katz, offered a pair of ten-rounders on one of his recent cards and two of his headline attractions pulled in another victory. Frankie Sanzone downed Bad Boy Harper of Louisville in eight rounds, while Joey Palmo, Cincinnati's Italian bantamweight, trounced Jimmy Fox in Indianapolis.

Sanzone and Palma also turned in wins two weeks later at the Music Hall on the Katz Enterprises. Sanzone stopped King Brady and Palmo scored over Jackie Collins of Muncie, Ind.

The record crowds which greeted Sammy Slaughter, Terra Haute, and Alabama Kid, Columbus middleweight, at the Music Hall arena, expected a knockout but were badly upset when the match went twelve rounds to a draw. Alabama Kid has long been cast aside by the leaders in his division and it is high time the rating experts go over his record and place him where he deserves.

Jack Davis, former welterweight from New York and Cincinnati is now making Covington, Ky., his home and is looking for a few prospects. Youngsters are advised to write Jack at 1322 Wheeler Street, Covington, Ky. For information in these parts write the scribbler at 2810 Sidney Avenue, and for real connections, top flight boxers and managers should get in touch with Bob Bonner at 1326 Vine Street, Cincinnati, O.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Frankie Boehm, the light-heavyweight champion wrestler, has not wrestled for a month . . . . Frankie is laid up with a broken thumb . . . . Mickey Kilcher is staging some great boxing cards every week at his American Legion arena in Newport, Ky. . . . Mickey's best bet is Ray Kietz, a real slugging lightweight from Ft. Thomas . . . . Visiting fighters should get in touch with Mickey through this writer . . . . Kilcher was formerly connected here with Joe Anderson as trainer, later moving to Cleveland where he promoted many shows . . . . rumor is on foot that the Ft. Thomas Army Post will restart with weekly boxing cards this winter . . . . a real sport for a live wire . . . . Milford, up to this writing, was still operating semi-monthly cards . . . . Roger Bernard and Tiger Walker were slated for a return meeting at the Music Hall . . . . Bernard stopped the Negro the last time out . . . .

And now for the ratings in Ohio.
Heavyweight—Johnny Risko, Cleveland.
Light-heavyweight—Alabama Kid, Columbus.
Middleweight—Roughhouse Glover, Cincinnati.
Welterweight—Open
Lightweight—Franky Sanzone, Cincinnati.
Featherweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati.
Bantamweight—Joey Palmo, Cincinnati.
Flyweight—Open.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

THE Rochester Elk's Club has started its indoor amateur boxing season and they are planning on running weekly shows. The first show drew close to 1,500 people and the fans went away satisfied.

Al Traino, Rochester's Toy Bull Dog, is back from Cincinnati. Al won his fight by a K.O. in the second round in Cincinnati and a week later he went to Syracuse and gave Connie Morris of Syracuse a good licking in six rounds.

Joe Di Carlo, Rochester's amateur 147-pound champ, and Stanley Ketchel, 135-pound champ, packed the house at the Elks' open show. Di Carlo gave Tony Polizzo a good licking in five rounds and Ketchel defeated Bobby Smith in five rounds.

The following pro boys are training daily at the K. of C.: Jimmy Downs, Al Traino, Red Foster, Dominic Chickie, George Quanana, Mike Rago and Big Bill Fogarty.

Billy Nitchy, hard hitting light-heavyweight from Pittsburgh, is ready for the best in the game. Nitchy is a good showman and can be booked by the writer at 121 North Union Street.

The following amateur boxers are training daily at the Elks' Club: Jake Hagerman, Irish Jim Flood, Joe Di Carlo, Stanley Ketchel, Georgie Sprague, Bobby Smith, Nick August and Patsy Guerra.

The following cities are running pro shows: Syracuse, Albany, Buffalo, Utica and Binghamton. The following amateur clubs going weekly: Rome, New York, Auburn, Syracuse, Buffalo, Rochester and Utica.

In the absence of Eddie Walker, Dewey Fragetta will be in charge of Eddie Walker's large stable of fighters.

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

IT is reported that private interests, headed by James Norris, Sr., millionaire grain broker, will take over the Chicago Stadium in January in reorganization plans announced last August. Negotiations were conducted for Mr. Norris and his associates by Arthur M. Wirtz and at the time he said sufficient capital had been subscribed to pay off back taxes.

The Chicago Stadium corporation had been in the hands of a Federal court receiver, Fred E. Hummel, since bankruptcy proceedings were instituted on Jan. 20, 1933. The Stadium, which was opened in 1929, went into receivership after the corporation had defaulted on its bond issue in January, 1932.

At that time there was $1,679,000 in first mortgage notes and $1,183,000 in second mortgages outstanding. Since the Stadium corporation went into bankruptcy, the building at 1800 West Madison street had been operated under lease from the receiver to the Stadium Operating Company of which Charles Bidwill was president. It is understood that the operating company showed a profit and that returns to the receiver had permitted payment of a year and a half back taxes in addition to current expenses.

Joe Foley and Soldier Mickey Farr, co-promoters of the Frank Sagilio-Davey Day encounter and Promoters Nate Lewis and James C. Mullen, who presented the Art Lasky-King Levinsky battle, both of which were held at the $5,000,000 west side arena in recent months, dealt with the new Norris combine and then with Trustee Hummel.

The Stadium was planned by the late Patrick J. (Paddy) Harmon, who engineered the preliminary financing and then interested Sidney Strotz and his brother Harold in it. Construction started at the height of the boom days, but the building was not opened until March 28, 1929, when Tommy Loughran successfully defended the light heavyweight title against Mickey Walker with ringside tickets selling for $25 each. Harmon was replaced as president by Sidney late in 1929. Authorization by the court made it possible for the Stadium Operating Company to continue operations to effect equitable settlement for all creditors.

Lasky and Levinsky each were paid 25 per cent of the net gate receipts for their 10 round return match at the Stadium . . . . Johnny Behr, Golden Gloves coach, said he would not renew his Illinois athletic commission referee's license after it expired . . . . Stanley Poreda, Jersey City, N. J., received $488 for his unsuccessful comeback effort against Joe Louis of Detroit at Arcadia Gardens . . . . Louis was paid $732 for the knockout which came after 2 minutes and 50 seconds of the first round.

Ernest Tonelli, Marseilles, Ill., welterweight, got his nickname of Laddie from his mother who callied him "Leelie," which is Italian for Laddie . . . . Bob Tinsley, St. Philip High School lightweight champion, has signed to box professional in January under the management of Jimmy Bidwill . . . . Art Lasky was 25 years old Nov. 16, five years younger than his brother and manager, Maurice.

Solly Schuman, promising featherweight a few years ago, and Miss Rose Rugman have been married for almost a year . . . . Ray Pelky, veteran California middleweight, is 38 years old . . . . Jack Gibbons, 20 year old St. Paul son of Mike Gibbons, demonstrated that Pelky is through as a fighter by scoring a two round technical knockout over him at Marigold Gardens . . . . Tom Kenneally, who weighed 218 in the 1933 Catholic Youth organization tournament, was 30 pounds lighter in the 1934 competition.

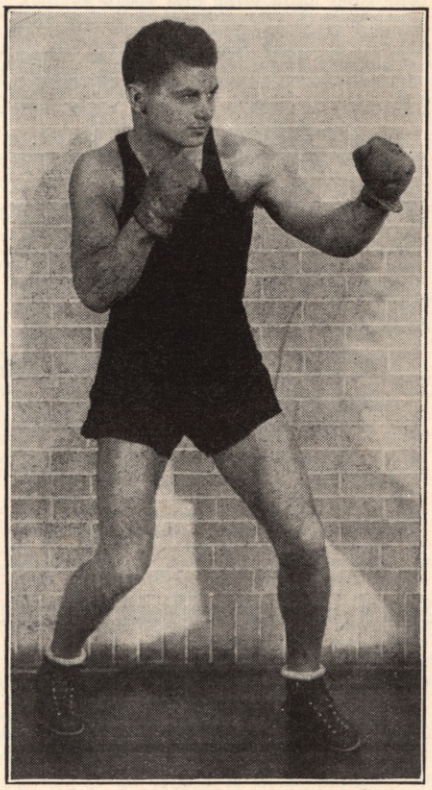
John E. Lewis Sr., father of John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz., light heavyweight, served as trainer for the University of Southern California's football team from 1909 to 1914, inclusive . . . . He serves in the same capacity for his 20 year old son, who is managed by Frank Schuler of San Francisco . . . . Christy Lewis, a middleweight, is a year older than his brother John . . . . Mike (Little Pal) Primich, Indiana Harbor, Ind., junior lightweight, has engaged in 13 matches under the management of Sam Buxbaum, trainer of Harry Dublinsky, Chicago junior welterweight . . . . Pal, who is 21 years of age, lost two.

Joe Foley is the second eldest of a family composed of four brothers . . . . Charles is the senior member and then comes Joe, Matt and Orman . . . . Orman and Matt are on the staff of a Louisville, Ky., newspaper while Charles is publisher of a Chicago medical journal.

Charley Retzlaff, Leonard, N. D., heavyweight boxer, earned $1,000 for a mixed bout with Abe Kashey, wrestler, at St. Paul . . . . Charley, who is the father of two children, Junior, 6 months old, and Doris, 6 years, can retire tomorrow and live on the $250 monthly income he receives from a St. Paul brewery for use of a motor truck he owns . . . . The right name of Tommy Thomas, ex-boxer, veteran state boxing commission referee, is Thomas Rosin . . . . The Rev. Louis Kroeck, director of the C. Y. O., scratched Packey McFarland on the right cheek during a wrestling drill at C. Y. O. center.

Edward C. Foster, president of the National Boxing association, has dispatched membership cards to various newspapermen . . . . Joe Burman says the last contest he engaged in was against Dick Griffin and not Ernie Gooseman . . . . Burman, who fought as a bantamweight 12 years back, now scales 158 pounds . . . . Leo Rodak is given a gulp of orange juice and Mike Primich is served spirits of ammonia between rounds of fights . . . . In his Marigold Chatter-Boxer Press Agent Dick Axman says the Dempsey-Carpentier title fight was the first to be broadcast by radio in 1921.

Champion Max Baer got $72 for appearing in an exhibition bout at Shawnee, Okla., and his hotel bill was $68 . . . . Buddy Baer, young brother of the titleholder, was paid $1,000 and $700 for expenses for his four round preliminary against Frank Ketter on the Levinsky-Lasky card.



Al Demedowitz, former amateur heavyweight, now a pro under the tutelage of Sid Terris.

Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight challenger, has returned to Hollywood, Cal., after a several months' sojourn here . . . . Mickey Patrick, ex-East Chicago, Ind., light heavyweight, athletic committee chairman of the East Chicago Elks, Lodge No. 981, conducted a Christmas charity amateur show at East Chicago in December . . . . J. R. Basco, manager of Frank Wolfram, writes from his base of operations at Barberton, O., that his bantamweight charge has won his last 24 starts.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—The flyweight title became vacant with the death of Pancho Villa, but Fidel La Barba was given recognition by the National Boxing association . . . . Johnny Dundee retired undefeated as featherweight titleholder . . . . Leo Fornaciari of Chicago managed Jabber Young, junior welterweight, and Tillie Kid Herman . . . . Bobby Barrett of Philadelphia was a sensational lightweight . . . . Ace Hudkins beat Joe Benjamin at Los Angeles, Cal.

Nick Scalba, who retired from the ring because of bad hands, was recently married. Scalba was doing great work around New York until the injury forced him to suspend operations in the fistic market.

If Barney Ross agrees to defend his title against Tony Canzoneri at the Chicago Stadium, it will be one of the biggest money gates that the Windy City will have attracted in some time . . . . Canzoneri has a host of friends here and visited here for several days after his return from Excelsior Springs . . . . Babe Barron, Dave Halper and Tom De Pino were his chief guides around town . . . . Billy Stevens, who used to run the "Bang" magazine here, is now around Connecticut with Jackie Davis and doing very nicely.

Whitey Ekwert trained Levinsky for the Lasky go. Whitey is recognized as one of the most capable trainers in the country . . . . Harry Dublinsky has caught on in New York with his aggressive style of fighting and seems to be doing most of his fighting there.

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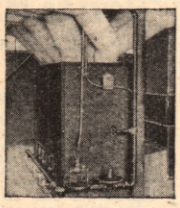

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

WHILE there is no fixed season in Australia for the staging of boxing and wrestling fixtures, promoters generally reported a quiet month in September. The National Boxing Club had a couple of blank nights through the lack of real fistic material, but with the breaking through of October, Matchmaker Lucas got into his stride again.

A Filipino importation, Tony Sacremento, made his debut against Wally Walker, holder of the flyweight title. Unfortunately it was a sad one, as Sacremento, after taking a neat lacing for most of the rounds, was knocked out in the eighth stanza. There was one bright spot for Tony in the early part of the fight when Walker grew a little careless and parked his chin at the wrong end of a smart right-handed counter, which sat the home fighter on the canvas for five—but after that, it was just a shame what Tony took.

Originally it was intended that Sacremento should meet Mickey Miller, but the latter, who had just come back from a fairly long rest, was not prepared to make 118 pounds in the time required. Perhaps it was as well things happened that way, as, on his showing against Walker, Sacremento would have received a bigger lacing.

With the relinquishing by Merv Blandon, of the bantam title, owing to difficulty in making the weight, the usual uproar is in progress as to who shall be his successor. Some opinions favor Pat Craig, the former holder of the "crown," but Mickey Miller, on performances, is getting the most backing. Miller is the youngster who won on a T.K.O. over Speedy Dado, and went down gallantly on points to Star Frisco. He fought Frisco with one hand from the seventh. At the moment the bantams could be rated respectively Mickey Miller, Wally Walker, Pat Craig, Dal Costa, Ron Leonard and Spider Roach.

Wrestling is still holding sway on Saturday nights at both Sydney and Leichhardt Stadiums. Dan Koloff and Gus Sonnenberg have been the outstanding cards to date for the N.B.C., while Tom Lurich holds to his prestige at Leichhardt. With Koloff having returned to the States, it is left to Dean Detton, Dr. Freddie Myers and Harry Mamos to stir things up against Sonnenberg in which to hold the fans.

Sonnenberg and Wong Bock Cheung open the Melbourne season at the week-end, but they have the job in front of them in making a success of the venture. Melbourne was once a Mecca for the grapplers when Ted Thye, Al Karasick, Bob Kruse, John Kilonis, Billy Edwards, Ad Santel and John Pesek did their stuff, but it takes something out of the box to make them sit up and take notice these days. Other grapplers staying on are Jack Clarke and Ali Bey.

With Sonnenberg's return from N.Z., once again Sydney folk are clamoring for a Sonnenberg-Lurich match. It is impossible to see daylight yet, but they may yet get together—although with Lurich doing all right for himself at the opposition resort, it is easy to understand his attitude in sitting on the fence and awaiting developments. As I have mentioned previously, the wrestling season at Leichhardt is perhaps the longest on record, having been going without a break for nigh on three years.

Jack Portney got off the boat a few weeks ago. Very quiet and unassuming, he is adopting the correct method of becoming popular with Australians outside of the ring. If he is of the standard his American performances denote, he should make some nice money, but that rests solely with him. He has started training at Slam Sullivan's gymnasium. In his initial start, he won the decision over Herb Bishop and went over in good style.

The return contest between Tod Morgan and Herb Bishop ended very disappointingly, Referee Joe Wallis declaring it "no fight" in the fifth round. The decision amazed both fighters, who appeared to be pelting away at each other like the very devil when a halt was called.

There were constant rumors throughout the day of the fight that the match was "on the ice." The betting perhaps may have caused some to query the situation, seeing that Morgan was only a 5 to 4 favorite following his previous convincing win over Bishop. It must be said for Referee Wallis that he did not hesitate in coming to his decision, having twice warned the fighters before shouting "no fight" and leaving the ring. However, fans—at least most of them—seemed to think that Wallis acted a little hastily.

According to the boxers, they each allege that when the referee called them together prior to sending them on the job, he handed out a warning about certain things that he had heard. Morgan stated afterwards that this warning so rattled him, it being strictly without foundation, that he could not settle down. Probably with the idea of proving that there was nothing attached to the rumor, both Morgan and Bishop, especially the latter, fought viciously, committing innumerable breaches, such as hitting in the break-away, palming, roughing, and ignoring the referee. One gained the impression that both were fighting on their nerve.

An inquiry was being held as to whether the boxers concerned shall receive any payment. Such happenings are to be regretted as they give the game a nasty kick. None could doubt the honest intentions of Referee Wallis in acting according to the dictates of his conscience; yet Morgan and Bishop are so emphatic that they were doing their best, that it looks as if the N.B.C. has a prize puzzle to solve.

Claude Varner fights Merv Blandon next week. Their bout was listed a couple of weeks ago, but an injured optic suffered in Blandon caused a delay. Varner is keep on taking out at Blandon's expense, but he has the job in front of him, despite the fact that Blandon has been rather disappointing since hitting out with the featherweights.

Ambrose Palmer, Jack Carroll, and Fred Henneberry are all marking time waiting for something to crop up. There is a fair wad of notes to be picked up in Australia for any class middleweights, but they have got to be class. Would-be scrappers had better stay home to avoid doing a freeze. I'll repeat . . . . Australians are among the world's best when it comes to summing up the merits of a boxer.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

JESUS STO. TOMAS CORTES, Eastern Boxing Club promoter, is soliciting the permission of the New York, California, and Australian boxing commissions for the awarding of the world's bantamweight diadem to the winner of an elimination series which will be held in Manila next month. Among the entries are: Sixto Escobar, Speedy Dado, Darky Blandon, Star Frisco, Young Tommy, Cris Pineda, Little Pancho, and Baby Casanova.

The Osmena Boxing Park was inaugurated successfully with a capacity crowd attending the Jose Villanueva-Young Dumaguilas bout. Dumaguilas was handicapped in height and weight but, with years of experience behind him, smacked Villanueva, bantam champ, with all sorts of blows to win the verdict in ten.

Herb Bishop, Australian lightweight, is scheduled to arrive here by the middle of this month to tackle Kid Vicente, Mariano Adriano, Baby Johnson, Young Tarley, and B. de Guzman.

The Eastern Boxing Club will open its doors to the public with Star Frisco and Cris Pineda heading the program. The E. B. C. plus the Osmena Boxing Park will give the city two boxing centers from which to choose on Saturday nights.

Tony Darcy, Spanish flyweight, lost to Little Moro on a foul in the fourth, after the latter was well on the way to the decision. Dommy Reyes held Johnny Morttel, Hawaii, to a slashing good draw in six.

Speed Cabanela, Apeng Cuyugan's flyweight, drubbed O. K. Cruz at the San Juan Stadium, Rizal. Silverio Apostol and Cip. B. Santos are the promoter and matchmaker, respectively, of the stadia.

Baby Johnson, crack featherweight, walloped Mariano Adriano in ten rounds, scoring two knockdowns, to snatch the junior-lightweight crown of the Orient.

The Managers' and Boxers' Association approved the applications of Jesus Sto. Tomas Cortes, and Manuel Eloriaga, for membership. "Mac" Bayan Rivera, president, promised to co-operate with Cortes in his future ventures in the Philippines.

Paquito Lituco, formerly of the Olympic Stadium, and La Loma Stadium, is now connected with the Osmena boxing people in the capacity of clerk, office boy, and publicity man, all rolled into one, while A. G. Ner is the "ad" man for the Eastern Boxing Club.

The National University copped the Big Three boxing championship over the strong University of the Philippines, winning four bouts out of five. However, N. U.'s best bet, F. Nunag, declared to be the Far East's flyweight king, fared badly at the hands of Calupitan, U. P.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS: Young Tarley kayoed Kid Surigao (3); Kid Tacio T. K. O'ed Rush Dundee (2); M. Seria drew with Fgt. de Guzman (4); Al Medina won over Yg. Magbanua.

TICKTACKS ALONG THE BOXING BORDER—J. Sto. Tomas Cortes had to get Nat Fleischer to communicate with Sixto Escobar . . . . Cortes spoke highly of his protege, Star Frisco. . . . . Plaza Cafe is the rendezvous of the leaders of the fistic population . . .